





OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. VII.

TANCRED AND GISMUNDA

WOUNDS OF CIVIL WAR

MUCEDORUS.

THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGTON

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BY  
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TANCRED AND GISMUNDA.

VOL VII

## EDITION

*The Tragedie of Tancred and Gismund* Compiled by  
the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, and by them pre-  
sented before her Maestie Newly reuined and polished  
according to the decorum of these daies. By R W  
London, Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be sold  
by R. Robinson, 1591, 4to

[Some copies are dated 1592, but there was only a single edition. Of the original text, as written in 1568, there is no printed copy, but MSS of it are in MS Lansdowne 786, and Hargrave MS. 205, neither of which appears to present any evidence of identity with the copy mentioned by Isaac Reed below as then in private hands. Both these MSS have now been collated with the text of 1591, and the conclusion must be, that Wilmot, though he unquestionably revived, did not do so much, as he might wish to have it inferred, in *polishing* the play. The production was formed on a classical model, and bears marks of resemblance in tone and style to the "Jocasta" of Euripides, as paraphrased by Gascoigne in 1566. The Lansdowne MS of "Tancred and Gismunda" was written about 1568-70, while the Hargrave is much more modern.]

## INTRODUCTION.

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It appears from William Webb's Epistle prefixed to this piece, that after its first exhibition it was laid aside, and at some distance of time was new-written by R. Wilmot. The reader, therefore, may not be displeased with a specimen of it in its original dress. It is here given from the fragment of an ancient MS. taken out of a chest of papers formerly belonging to Mr Powell, father-in law to the author of "Paradise Lost," at Forest Hill, about four miles from Oxford, where in all probability some curiosities of the same kind may remain, the contents of these chests (for I think there are more than one) having never yet been properly examined. The following extract is from the conclusion of the piece — *Reed* [Reed's extract has been collated with the two MSS before-mentioned, where the Powell MS. may now be, the editor cannot say. The differences, on the whole, are not material; but the Lansdowne MS. 786 has supplied a few superior readings and corrections ]

But in thy brest if eny spark remaine  
 Of thy dere love If ever yet I coulede  
 So moche of thee deserve, or at the least  
 If with my last desire I may obtaine  
 This at thy handes, geve me this one request  
 And let me not spend my last breath in vaine  
 My life desire I not, which neither is  
 In thee to geve nor in my self to save,  
 Althoughe I wolde Nor yet I aske not this  
 As mercye for myne Erle in ought to crave,  
 Whom I to well do knowe howe thou hast slayen  
 No, no, father, thy hard and cruell wronge  
 With pacience as I may I will sustaine  
 In woefull life which now shall not be longe  
 But this one suite, father, if unto me  
 Thou graunt, though I cannot the same reacquite  
 Th' immortall goddes shall render unto thee  
 Thy due reward and largely guerdon it,  
 That sins it pleased thee not thus secretly  
 I might enjoy my love, his coips and myne  
 May nathelesse together graved be  
 And in one tombe our bodies both to shrine  
 With which this small request eke do I praye  
 That on the same graven in brasse thou place  
 This woefull epitaphe which I shall saye,  
 That all lovers may rue this mornefull case,  
 Loe here within one tombe where harbor twaine  
 Gismonda Quene and Countie Palluine  
 She loved him, he for her love was slayen,  
 For whoes revenge eke lyes she here in shine

[GISMONDA *ditt*]

TANCRED O me alas, nowe do the cruell paines  
 Of cursed death my dere daughter bereave  
 Alas whie bide I here? the sight constraines  
 Me woefull man this woefull place to leaue

## SCENE III

TANCRED *cometh out of GISMOND's Chamber*

TANCRED O dolorous happe, ruthfull and all of woe  
Alas I carefull wretche what resteth me?  
Shall I now live that with these eyes did soe  
Beholde my daughter die? what, shall I see  
Her death before my face that was my lyfe  
And I to lyve that was her lyves decay?"  
Shall not this hand reache to this hart the knife  
That maye bereve bothe sight and life away,  
And in the shadowes darke to seke her ghoste  
And wander there with her? shall not, alas,  
This spedy death be wrought, sith I have lost  
My dearest ioy of all? what, shall I passe  
My later dayes in paine, and spende myne age  
In teres and plaint? shall I now leade my life  
All solitarie as doeth bird in cage,  
And fede my woefull yeres with wailfull greife?  
No, no, so will not I my dayes prolonge  
To seke to live one houre sith she is gone  
This brest so can not bende to suche a wronge,  
That she shold dye and I to live alone  
No, this will I she shall have her request  
And in most royall sorte her funerall  
Will I performe Within one tombe shall rest  
Her earle and she, her eptaph withall  
Graved thereon shal be This will I doe  
And when these eyes some aged teres have shed  
The tomb my self then will I crepe into  
And with my blood all bayne their bodies dead  
This heart there will I perce, and reve this brest  
The irksome life, and wreke my wrathful ire  
Upon my self. She shall have her request,  
And I by death will purchase my desyre

FINIS

## EPILOGUS

If now perhappes ye either loke to see  
 Th' unhappie lovers, or the cruell sire  
 Here to be buried as fittes their degree  
 Or as the dyeng ladie did require  
 Or as the iuthefull kinge in deepe despaire  
 Behight of late (who nowe himself hath slauen)  
 Or if perchause you stand in doutfull fere  
 Sithe mad Megera is not returnde againe  
 Least wandring in the world she so bestowe  
 The snakes that brall about her furious face  
 As they may raise new ruthes, new kindes of woe  
 Bothe so and there, and such as you percase  
 Wold be full lothe so great so nere to see  
 I am come forth to do you all to wete  
 Through grefe wherein the lordes of Salerne be  
 The buriall pompe is not prepared yet  
 And for the furie, you shall onderstand  
 That neither doeth the litle greatest god  
 Finde such rebelling here in Britain land  
 Against his royall power as asketh rod  
 Of ruth from hell to wreke his names decaye  
 Nor Pluto heareth English ghostes complaine  
 Our dames disteyned lyves Therefore ye maye  
 Be free from feare, sufficeth to maintaine  
 The vertues which we honor in you all,  
 So as our Britain ghostes when life is past  
 Maie praise in heven, not plaine in Plutoes hall  
 Our dames, but hold them vertuous and chast,  
 Worthie to live where furie never came,  
 Where love can see, and beares no deadly bowe,  
 Whoes lyves eternall tromp of glorious fame  
 With joyfull sounde to honest eares shall blowe

FINIS

The Tragedie of Gismonde of Salerne

Such is a specimen of the play as it was originally acted before Queen Elizabeth, at the Inner Temple, in the year 1568. It was the production of five gentlemen, who were probably students of that society, and by one of them, Robert Wilmot, afterwards much altered and published in the year 1591.<sup>1</sup> [Wilmot had meanwhile become rector of North Okenham, in Essex],<sup>2</sup> and in his Dedication to the Societies of the Inner and Middle Temples, he speaks of the censure which might be cast upon him from the indecorum of publishing a dramatic work arising from his calling. When he died, or whether he left any other works, are points equally uncertain.

"Nearly a century after the date of that play," observes Lamb, in his "Extracts from the Garrick Plays," "Dryden produced his admirable version of the same story from Boccaccio. The speech here extracted (the

<sup>1</sup> He is mentioned by Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 1586, Sign C 4, with other poets of that time, as Whetstone, Munday, Grange, Knight, *Wilmot*, Dairrell, F C F K, G B, and others, whose names he could not remember.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Wilmot, A M, was presented to the rectory of North Okenham, in Essex, the 28th of November 1582, by Gabriel Poyntz and to the vicarage of Horndon on the Hill, in the same county, the 2d December 1585, by the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's — Newcourt's "Repertorium" — *Steevens*





To the Right Worshipful and Virtuous Ladies, the Lady MARY PETER and the Lady ANNE GRAY, long health of body, with quiet of mind, in the favour of God and men for ever.

It is most certain (right virtuous and worshipful) that of all human learning, poetry (how contemptible soever it is in these days) is the most ancient, and, in poetry, there is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than is the matter of love, for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship. So amongst others these gentlemen, which with what sweetness of voice and liveliness of action they then expressed it, they which were of her Majesty's right Honourable maidens can testify.

Which being a discourse of two lovers, perhaps it may seem a thing neither fit to be offered unto your ladyships, nor worthy me to busy myself withal yet can I tell you, madames, it differeth so far from the ordinary amorous discourses of our days, as the manners of our time do from the modesty and innocency of that age.

And now for that weary winter is come upon us, which bringeth with him drooping days and tedious nights, if it be true, that the motions of our minds follow the temperature of the air wherein we live, then I think the perusing of some mournful matter, tending to the view of a notable example, will refresh your wits in a gloomy day, and ease your weariness of the lousing night. Which if it please you, may serve ye also for a solemn revel against this festival time, for *Gismund's* bloody shadow, with a little cost, may be entreated in her self-like person to speak to ye.

Having therefore a desire to be known to your W.,

I devised this way with myself to procure the same, persuading myself, there is nothing more welcome to your wisdoms than the knowledge of wise, grave, and worthy matters, tending to the good instructions of youths, of whom you are mothers

In this respect, therefore, I shall humbly desire ye to bestow a favourable countenance upon this little labour, which when ye have graced it withal, I must and will acknowledge myself greatly indebted unto your ladyships in this behalf neither shall I amongst the rest, that admire your rare virtues (which are not a few in Essex), cease to commend this undeserved gentleness

Thus desiring the king of heaven to increase his graces in ye both, granting that your ends may be as honourable as your lives are virtuous, I leave with a vain babble of many needless words to trouble you longer

Your Worships' most dutiful  
and humble Orator,

ROBERT WILMOT

## TO HIS FRIEND R W

Master R W, look not now for the terms of an intreater I will beg no longer, and for your promises, I will refuse them as bad payment neither can I be satisfied with anything but a peremptory performance of an old intention of yours, the publishing I mean of those waste papers (as it pleaseth you to call them, but, as I esteem them, a most exquisite invention) of Gismund's tragedy Think not to shift me off with longer delays, nor allege more excuses to get further respite, lest I arrest you with my *actum est*, and commence such a suit of unkindness against you, as when the case shall be scann'd before the judges of courtesy, the court will cry out of your immoderate modesty. And thus much I tell you before you shall not be able to wage against me in the charges growing upon this action, especially if the worshipful company of the Inner-Temple gentlemen patronise my cause, as undoubtedly they will, yea, and rather plead partially for me, than let my cause miscarry, because themselves are parties The tragedy was by them most pithily framed, and no less curiously acted in view of her Majesty, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as of the whole honourable audience notably applauded yea, and of all men generally desired, as a work, either in stateliness of show, depth of conceit, or true ornaments of poetical art, inferior to none of the best in that kind no, were the Roman Seneca the censurer The brave youths that then (to their high praises) so feelingly performed the same in action, did shortly after lay up the book unregarded, or perhaps let it run abroad (as many parents do their children once past dandling) not respecting so much what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fingers as how their heroical wits might again be quickly conceived

with new inventions of like worthiness, whereof they have been ever since wonderful fertile. But this orphan of theirs (for he wand'reth as it were fatherless) hath notwithstanding, by the rare and beautiful perfections appearing in him, hitherto never wanted great favourers and loving preservers. Among whom I cannot sufficiently commend your charitable zeal and scholarly compassion towards him, that have not only rescued and defended him from the devouring jaws of oblivion, but vouchsafed also to apparel him in a new suit at your own charges, wherein he may again more boldly come abroad, and by your permission return to his old parents, clothed perhaps not in richer or more costly furniture than it went from them, but in handsomeness and fashion more answerable to these times, wherein fashions are so often altered. Let one word suffice for your encouragement herein, namely, that your commendable pains in disrobing him of his antique curiosity, and adorning him with the approved guise of our state-highest English terms (not diminishing, but more augmenting his artificial colours of absolute poesy, derived from his first parents) cannot but be grateful to most men's appetites, who upon our experience we know highly to esteem such lofty measures of sententious composed tragedies.

How much you shall make me and the rest of your private friends beholden to you, I list not to discourse, and therefore grounding upon these alleged reasons, that the suppressing of this tragedy, so worthy for the press, were no other thing than wilfully to defraud yourself of an universal thank, your friends of their expectations, and sweet Gismund of a famous eternity, I will cease to doubt of any other pretence to cloak your bashfulness, hoping to read it in print (which lately lay neglected amongst your papers) at our next appointed meeting.

I bid you heartily farewell From Pyrgo in Essex,  
August the eighth, 1591.

*Tuus fide & facultate*

GUIL WEBBE<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The same person, who was the author of "A Discourse of English Poetrie together with the Authors iudgment, touching the reformation of our English Verse" B L. 4to, 1586 [This "Discourse" is reprinted in Haslewood's "Ancient Critical Essays," 1811-15 ]<sub>1</sub>

To the Worshipful and Learned Society, the GENTLEMEN STUDENTS of the Inner Temple, with the rest of his singular good Friends, the GENTLEMEN of the Middle Temple, and to all other courteous Readers, R. W wisheth increase of all health, worship, and learning, with the immortal glory of the graces adorning the same

Ye may perceve (right Worshipful) in perusing the former epistle sent to me, how sore I am beset with the importunities of my friends to publish this pamphlet truly I am and have been (if there be in me any soundness of judgment) of this opinion, that whatsoever is committed to the press is commended to eternity, and it shall stand a lively witnes with our conscience, to our comfort or confusion, in the reckoning of that great day

Advisedly, therefore, was that proverb used of our elder philosophers, *Manum a tabula* withhold thy hand from the paper, and thy papers from the print or light of the world for a lewd word escaped is irrevocable, but a bad or base discourse published in print is intolerable

Hereupon I have endured some conflicts between reason and judgment, whether it were convenient for the commonwealth, with the *indecorum* of my calling (as some think it) that the memory of Tancred's tragedy should be again by my means revived, which the oftener I read over, and the more I considered thereon, the sooner I was won to consent thereunto calling to mind that neither the thrice reverend and learned father, M Beza, was ashamed in his younger years to send abroad, in his own name, his tragedy of "Abraham,"<sup>1</sup> nor that rare Scot (the scholar of our age) Buchanan, his most pathetical Jephtha.

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<sup>1</sup> [An English translation was published in 1577]

Indeed I must willingly confess this work simple, and not worth comparison to any of theirs for the writers of them were grave men, of this, young heads in them is shown the perfection of their studies, in this, the imperfection of their wits. Nevertheless herein they all agree, commending virtue, detesting vice, and lively deciphering their overthrow that suppress not their unruly affections. These things noted herein, how simple soever the verse be, I hope the matter will be acceptable to the wise.

Wherefore I am now bold to present Gismund to your sights, and unto yours only, for therefore have I conjured her, by the love that hath been these twenty-four years betwixt us, that she wax not so proud of her fresh painting, to straggle in her plumes abroad, but to contain herself within the walls of your house, so am I sure she shall be safe from the *tragedian tyrants* of our time, who are not ashamed to affirm that there can no amorous poem savour of any sharpness of wit, unless it be seasoned with scurrilous words.

But leaving them to their lewdness, I hope you, and all discreet readers, will thankfully receive my pains, the fruits of my first harvest. The rather, perceiving that my purpose in this tragedy tendeth only to the exaltation of virtue and suppression of vice, with pleasure to profit and help all men, but to offend or hurt no man. As for such as have neither the grace, nor the good gift, to do well themselves, nor the common honesty to speak well of others, I must (as I may) hear and bear their bairtings with patience.

Yours devoted in his ability,

R. WILMOT.





## A PREFACE TO THE QUEEN'S MAIDENS OF HONOUR.<sup>1</sup>

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### 1 A SONNET OF THE QUEEN'S MAIDS

THEY which tofo1e thought that the heaven's throne  
Is placed above the skies, and there do feign  
The gods and all the heavenly powers to reign,  
They err, and but deceive themselves alone  
Heaven (unless you think mo be than one)  
Is here in earth, and by the pleasant side  
Of famous Thames at Greenwich court doth bide  
And as for other heaven is there none.  
There are the goddesses we honour so  
There Pallas sits there shineth Venus' face  
Bright beauty there possesseth all the place.  
Virtue and honour there do live and grow  
There reigneth she such heaven that doth deserve,  
Worthy whom so fair goddesses should serve.

### 2 ANOTHER TO THE SAME

Flowers of prime, pearls couched all in gold,  
Light of our days, that glads the fainting hearts

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<sup>1</sup> [These three sonnets following occur both in Lansdowne MS (786) and Hargrave MS (205), but the first was not included in the printed copy of 1591]

Of them that shall your shining gleams behold,  
 Salve of each sore, recure of inward smarts,  
 In whom virtue and beauty striveth so  
 As neither yields: behold here, for your gain,  
 Gismund's unlucky love, her fault, her woe,  
 And death; at last her cruel father slain  
 Through his mishap; and though you do not see,  
 Yet read and rue their woful tragedy.  
 So Jove, as your high virtues done deserve,  
 Grant you such pheers<sup>1</sup> as may your virtues serve  
 With like virtues; and blissful Venus send  
 Unto your happy loves an happy end.

### 3. ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

Gismund, that whilome liv'd her father's joy  
 And died his death, now dead, doth (as she may)  
 By us pray you to pity her annoy.  
 And, to requite the same, doth humbly pray,  
 Heavens to forefend<sup>2</sup> your loves from like decay.  
 The faithful earl doth also make request,  
 Wishing those worthy knights whom ye embrace,  
 The constant truth that lodged in his breast.  
 His hearty love, not his unhappy case,  
 Befall to such as triumph in your grace.  
 The king prays pardon of his cruel hest,<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Pheer* signifies a husband, a friend, or a companion, and in all these senses it is used in our ancient writers. It here means *a husband*. So in Lyly's "Euphues," 1581. p. 29: "If he be young, he is the more fitter to be thy *pheere*. If he bee olde, the lyker to thine aged father."

It occurs again in act ii. sc. 3, and act iv. sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> *Prevent*, or *forbid*. So in "Euphues and his England," 1582, p. 40: "For never shall it be said that Iffida was false to Thirsus, though Thirsus be faithlesse (which the gods *forefend*) unto Iffida."

<sup>3</sup> *Command*. So in Lyly's "Euphues and his England," p. 78: "For this I sweare by her whose lightes canne never die, Vesta, and by her *whose hearts* are not to be broken, Diana," &c.

And for amends desires it may suffice  
 That by his blood he waineth all the rest  
 Of fond fathers, that they in kinder wise  
 Intreat the jewels where their comfort lies  
 We, as their messengers, beseech ye all  
 On their behalfs to pity all their smart  
 And for ourselves (although the worth be small)  
 We pray ye to accept our humble hearts,  
 Avow'd to serve with prayer and with praise  
 Your honours, all unworthy other ways <sup>1</sup>

Again, in Shakespeare's "Tempest," act iii sc 1—

"O my father,  
 I have broke *your* *hest* to say so!"

And in the prologue to [Peele's] "Araynement of Paris,"  
 1584—

"Done by the pleasure of the powers above,  
 Whose *hestes* men must obey,"

The word occurs again in act iv sc 2, act iv sc 4, and  
 act v sc 1

<sup>1</sup> [The second and third sonnets are now given (*scilicet*  
*et literatim*) in a note, as they stand in Lansdowne MS 786  
 They will serve to show how slight were Wilmot's improve-  
 ments, and will leave it perhaps open to doubt whether the  
 changes made in 1591 were always changes for the better

*An other to the same.*

Flowers of prime, pearles couched in gold,  
 sonne of our day that gladdeneth the hart  
 of them that shall yo<sup>r</sup> shining beames behold,  
 salve of eche sore, recure of euery smart,  
 in whome vertue and beautie striueth soe  
 that neither yeldes loe here for you againe  
 Gismondes vn lucky loue, her fault, her woe,  
 and death at last, here fere and father slayen  
 through her missehap And though ye could not see,  
 yet rede and rue their woefull destinie  
 So Joue, as your hye vertues doen deserue,  
 geue you such féres as may yo<sup>r</sup> vertues seue  
 w<sup>th</sup> like vertues and blissfull Venus send  
 Vnto your happy loue an happy end

*An other to the same.*

GISMOND, that whilom liued her fathers ioy,  
and dyed his death, now dead doeth (as she may)  
by vs pray you to pitie her anoye;  
and, to reacquite the same, doeth humbly pray  
Joue shield yo<sup>r</sup> vertuous loues from like decay.  
The faithfull earle, byside the like request,  
doeth wish those wealfull wightes, whom ye embrace,  
the constant truthe that liued within his brest;  
his hearty loue, not his unhappy case  
to fall to such as standen in your grace.  
The king, prayes pardon of his cruel hest :  
and for amendes desireth it may suffice,  
that w<sup>th</sup> his blood he teacheth now the rest  
of fond fathers, that they in kinder wise  
entreat the iewelless where their comfort lyes.  
And we their messagers besече ye all  
on their behalves, to pitie all their smartes :  
and on our own, although the worth be small,  
we pray ye to accept our simple hartes  
auowed to serue, w<sup>th</sup> prayer and w<sup>th</sup> praise  
your honors, as vnable otherwayes.]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ <sup>1</sup>

CUPID

TANCRED, *the King*

GISMUNDA, *the King's Daughter*

LUCECE, *her Aunt*

GUISCARD, *Count Palurn*

RENUCHIO, *Captain of the Guard*

JULIO, *Lord Chamberlain*

MEGERA

## CHORUSES <sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> [The play, as written in 1568, and as altered by Wilmot in 1591, differs so much throughout, that it has been found impracticable, without giving the earlier production entire, to notice all the changes. Certain of the variations, however, and specialties in the Lansdowne MS, as far as the first and second scenes of the first act, will be printed (as a specimen) in the notes.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the Lansdowne MS another person of the drama is mentioned "Claudia, a woman of Gismunda's privie chamber," and for *Choruses* we have "Chorus, four gentle women of Salerne"]



## ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDY <sup>1</sup>

TANCRED, the Prince of Salerne, overloves  
His only daughter (wonder of that age)  
Gismund, who loves the County<sup>2</sup> Palurin  
Guiscard, who quites her likings with his love  
A letter in a cane describes the means  
Of their two meetings in a secret cave  
Unconstant fortune leadeth forth the king  
To this unhappy sight, wherewith in rage  
The gentle earl he doometh to his death,  
And greets his daughter with her lover's heart  
Gismunda fills the goblet with her tears,  
And drinks a poison which she had distill'd,  
Whereof she dies, whose deadly countenance  
So grieves her father, that he slew himself

### ANOTHER OF THE SAME, MORE AT LARGE, IN PROSE <sup>3</sup>

Tancred, King of Naples and Prince of Salerne, gave his only daughter Gismund (whom he most dearly loved) in marriage to a foreign prince, after whose death she returned home to her father, who

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<sup>1</sup> [Not in the MSS ]

<sup>2</sup> The County Palurin, a few lines lower, is called Earl Mr Tyrwhitt says that *County* signified *noblemen* in general, and the examples which might be quoted from this play would sufficiently prove the truth of the observation. See "Shakespeare," vol x, p 39 [*County* for *Count* is not very unusual, but it may be doubted if, as Tyrwhitt thought, *County* signified *noblemen* in general ]

<sup>3</sup> [This is in the two MSS, but varies in many verbal particulars ]



having felt great grief of her absence whilst her husband lived, immeasurably esteeming her, determined never to suffer any second marriage to bereave him of her. She, on the other side, waxing weary of that her father's purpose, bent her mind to the secret love of the Count Paluin to whom (he being likewise inflamed with love of her) by a letter subtly enclosed in a cloven cane, she gave to understand a convenient way for their desired meetings, through an old ruinous vault, whose mouth opened directly under her chamber floor. Into this vault when she was one day descended (for the conveyance of her lover), her father in the mean season (whose only joy was in his daughter) came to her chamber, and not finding her there, supposing her to have been walked abroad for her<sup>1</sup> disport, he threw him down on her bed, and covered his head with a curtain, minding to abide and rest there till her return. She, nothing suspecting this her father's unseasonable coming, brought up her lover out of the cave into her chamber, where her father espied their secret love. and he (not espied of them) was upon this sight stricken with marvellous grief, but either for that the sudden despite had amazed him, and taken from him all use of speech, or for that he resolved himself to a more convenient revenge, he then spake nothing, but noted their return into the vault, and secretly departed. Afterward, bewailing his mishap, he commanded the earl to be attached, imprisoned, strangled, unbowed, and his heart in a cup of gold to be presented to his daughter<sup>2</sup> she thankfully re-

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<sup>1</sup> [Not in the copy of 1591 ]

<sup>2</sup> [Presented to Gismond. She filled up the cup wherein the heart was brought with her tears and with certain poisonous water, by her distilled for that purpose, and drank out this deadly drink — *Copy of 1568* ]

ceiveth the present, filling the cup (wherem the heart was) with her tears, with a venomous potion (by her distilled for that purpose) she drank to her earl Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her last request besought him that her lover and herself might in one tomb be together buried for a perpetual memory of their faithful loves, which request he granted, adding to the burial himself, slain with his own hands, to his own reproach, and the terror of all other hard-hearted fathers

## INTRODUCTIO IN ACTUM SECUNDUM

BEFORE the second act there was heard a sweet noise of still pipes, which sounding, Lucrece entered, attended by a maiden of honour with a covered goddard of gold, and, drawing the curtains, she offereth unto Gismunda to taste thereof, which when she had done, the mūd returned, and Lucrece raiseth up Gismunda from her bed, and then it followeth *ut in act u sc 1*

## INTRODUCTIO IN ACTUM TERTIUM

Before this act the hautboys sounded a lofty almun, and Cupid ushereth after him Guiscard and Gismunda, hand in hand, Julio and Lucrece, Renuchio and another maiden of honour. The measures trod, Gismunda gives a cane into Guiscard's hand, and they are all led forth again by Cupid, *ut sequitur*

## INTRODUCTIO IN ACTUM QUARTUM

Before this act there was heard a consort of sweet music, which playing, Tancred cometh forth, and draweth Gismunda's curtains, and lies down upon her bed, then from under the stage ascendeth Guiscard, and he helpeth up Gismunda they amorously embrace and depart. The king ariseth enraged. Then was heard and seen a storm of thunder and lightning, in which the funes rise up, *ut sequitur*

## INTRODUCTIO IN ACTUM QUINTUM

Before this act was a dead march played, during which entered on the stage Renuchio, Captain of the Guard, attended upon by the guard. They took up Guiscard from under the stage, then after Guiscard had kindly taken leave of them all, a strangling-cord was fastened about his neck, and he haled forth by them. Renuchio bewaileth it, and then, entering in, bringeth forth a standing cup of gold, with a bloody heart reeking hot in it, and then saith, *ut sequitur*

# TANCRED AND GISMUNDA<sup>1</sup>



## ACT I, SCENE 1

CUPID *cometh out of the heavens in a cradle of flowers,  
drawing forth upon the stage, in a blue twist of  
silk, from his left hand, Van Hope, Brittle  
Joy and with a carnation twist of silk from  
his right hand, Fair Resemblance, Late Re-  
pentance*

CUPID There rest my chariot on the mountaintops<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> The story of this tragedy is taken from Boccaccio's "Decameron," day 4th, novel first [It was turned into verse] by William Walter, a retainer to Sir Henry Muney, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, [and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1532. A different version appeared in] 1597, under the title of "The Statly Tragedy of Guistard and Sismond, in two Bookes," in a volume entitled, "Certayne Worthye Manuscript Poems of great Antiquitie, reserved long in the Studie of a Northfolke Gent, and now first published by J S." Mr Dryden also versified it a second time. See his works, vol. iii, 8vo edition, p. 245. Oldys, in his MSS Notes on Langbaine, says the same story is in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, vol. 1, and a French novel called "Guiscard et Sigismonde fille de Tancredus Prince de Salerne mis en Latin Par Leon Aretin, et traduit en vers François, par Jean Fleury" [See Brunet, *dein* edit v. *Aretinus*, Hazlitt's edit of Warton, 1871, and "Popular Poetry," ii 66]

<sup>2</sup> [This line is not in the MSS]

I, that in shape appear unto your sight<sup>1</sup>  
 A naked boy, not cloth'd but with my wings,  
 And that great God of Love, who with his might  
 Ruleth the vast wide world and living things,<sup>2</sup>  
 This left hand bears Vain Hope, short joyful state,  
 With Fair Resemblance, lovers to allure  
 This right hand holds Repentance all too late,  
 War, fire,<sup>3</sup> blood, and pains without recure  
 On sweet ambrosia is not my food,  
 Nectar is not my drink as to the rest  
 Of all the gods I drink the lover's blood,  
 And feed upon the heart<sup>4</sup> within his breast  
 Well hath my power in heaven and earth been  
 try'd,  
 And deepest hell my piercing force hath known  
 The marble seas<sup>5</sup> my wonders hath descri'd,  
 Which elder age throughout the world hath  
 blown<sup>6</sup>  
 To me the king of gods and men doth yield,  
 As witness can the Greekish maid,<sup>7</sup> whom I  
 Made like a cow go glowing through<sup>8</sup> the field,  
 Lest jealous Juno should the 'scape espy

<sup>1</sup> [Lo I in shape that seem unto your sight — *Lansdowne MS*]

<sup>2</sup> [Do rule the world, and every living thing — *Ibid*]

<sup>3</sup> This word seems anciently to have been pronounced as two syllables See "Cornelia," act iv, Chorus

<sup>4</sup> [And eat the living heart — *Lansdowne MS*]

<sup>5</sup> An epithet adopted from Virgil's "*Æneid*," lib vi line 729—

"Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquoie pontus"

*Ibid* lib vii v 28—

"Lento luctantur marmore tonsæ"

Again, "Georg I," v 254—

"Infidum iemmis impellere marmor"—*Steevens*

<sup>6</sup> [What secret hollow doth the huge seas hide,  
 When blasting fame mine acts hath not forth blown —  
*Lansdowne MS*]

<sup>7</sup> Io.

<sup>8</sup> [Grazing in — *Lansdowne MS*]

The doubled night, the sun's restrained course,  
 His secret stealths, the slander to eschew,  
 In shape transform'd,<sup>1</sup> we<sup>2</sup> list not to discourse  
 All that and more we forced him to do  
 The warlike Mars hath not subdu'd our<sup>3</sup> might,  
 We fear'd him not, his fury noi disdain,  
 That can the gods record, before whose sight  
 He lay fast wrapp'd in Vulcan's subtle chain  
 He that on earth yet hath not felt our power,  
 Let him behold the fall and cruel spoil  
 Of thee, fair Troy, of Asia the flower,  
 So foul defac'd, and levell'd<sup>4</sup> with the soil  
 Who forc'd Leander with his naked breast  
 So many nights to cut the frothy waves,  
 But Hero's love, that lay inclos'd in Sest?  
 The stoutest hearts to me shall yield them slaves  
 Who could have match'd the huge Alcides'<sup>5</sup>  
 strength?  
 Great Macedon<sup>6</sup> what force might have subdu'd?  
 Wise Scipio who overcame at length,  
 But we, that are with greater force endu'd?  
 Who could have conquered the golden fleece?  
 But Jason, aided by Medea's art?  
 Who durst have stol'n fair Helen out of Greece  
 But I, with love that bold'ned Paris' heart?  
 What bond of nature, what restraint avails<sup>8</sup>  
 Against our power? I vouch to witness truth  
 The myrrh tree,<sup>9</sup> that with shamefast tears bewails

---

<sup>1</sup> Like to Amphytrio [when he presented himself] to Alcmena

<sup>2</sup> [Me — *Lansdowne MS*]

<sup>3</sup> [The bloody Mars hath felt my — *Do*]

<sup>4</sup> [Evened — *Do*]

<sup>5</sup> Hercules

<sup>6</sup> Alexander

<sup>7</sup> [Won the famous golden fleece — *MS*]

<sup>8</sup> [What nature's bond or law's restraint avails,  
To conquer and deface me every hour — *MS*]

<sup>9</sup> Myrrha.

Her father's love, still weepeth yet for ruth,<sup>1</sup>  
 But now, this world not seeing in these days  
 Such present proofs of our all-daring<sup>2</sup> power  
 Disdains our name, and seeketh sundry ways  
 To scorn and scoff, and shame us every hour  
 A brat, a bastard, and an idle boy  
 A<sup>3</sup> rod, a staff, a whip to beat him out  
 And to be sick of love, a childish toy  
 These are mine honours now the world about,  
 My name disgrac'd to raise again therefore  
 And in this age mine ancient renown  
 By mighty acts intending to restore,  
 Down to the earth in wrath now am I come,  
 And in this place such wonders shall ye hear,  
 As these your stubborn and disdainful hearts  
 In melting tears and humble yielding fear  
 Shall soon relent by sight of others' smarts  
 This princely palace will I enter in,  
 And there inflame the fair Gismunda so,  
 Enraging all her secret veins within,  
 Through fiery love that she shall feel much woe<sup>4</sup>  
 Too-late-Repentance, thou shalt bend my bow  
 Vain Hope, take out my pale, dead, heavy shaft,  
 Thou, Fair Resemblance, foremost forth shalt go,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, For pity So, act II sc 2—

"As easily befalls that age which loveth *ruth*"

Act V sc 1—

"That hath the tyrant king  
 Withouten *ruth* commanded us to do"

Again, in Milton's "Lycidas," l 163—

"Look homeward, angel, now and melt with *ruth*,  
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the helpless youth"

And in Churchyard's "Worthiness of Wales," 1587—

"Great *ruth*, to let so trim a seate goe downe,  
 The countries strength, and beautie of the towne"

<sup>2</sup> [Mine almighty — *MS*]

<sup>3</sup> [This, and the three following lines, are not in the MSS]

<sup>4</sup> [In creeping thorough all her veins within,  
 That she thereby shall raise much ruth and woe — *MS*]

With Brittle Joy myself will not be least,  
 But after me comes Death and deadly Pain  
 Thus shall ye march, till we return again <sup>1</sup>  
 Meanwhile, sit still, and here I shall you show  
 Such wonders, that at last with one accord  
 Ye shall relent, and say that now you know  
 Love rules the world, Love it a mighty lord <sup>2</sup>  
 [CUPID with his train entereth into KING  
 TANCRED'S palace

## ACT I, SCENE 2.

GISMUNDA *in purple cometh out of her chamber,  
 attended by four maids that are the Chorus*

“GISMUNDA. O vain, unsteadfast state of mortal things!  
 Who trust this world, leans to a brittle stay  
 Such fickle fruit his flattering bloom forth brings,  
 Ere it be ripe, it falleth to decay”  
 The joy and bliss that late I did possess,  
 In weal at will, with one I loved best,  
 Is turned now into so deep distress,  
 As teacheth me to know the world's unrest  
 For neither wit nor princely stomachs serve  
 Against his force, that slays without respect  
 The noble and the wretch ne doth reserve  
 So much as one for worthiness elect  
 Ah me, dear lord! what well of tears may serve

---

<sup>1</sup> [This, and the five preceding lines, are not in the MSS.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lo, this before your eyes so will I show,  
 That ye shall justly say with one accord  
 We must relent and yield, for now we know  
 Love rules the world, love only is the lord —MS]  
 \* [Hath taught me plain to know our state's unrest —MS]



To feed the streams of my foedulled eyes,  
 To weep thy death, as thy death doth deserve,  
 And wail thy want in full sufficing wise?<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye lamps of heaven, and all ye heavenly powers,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wherein did he procure your high disdain?  
 He never sought with vast huge mountain towers  
 To reach aloft, and over-view your reign  
 Or what offence of mine was it unwaies,  
 That thus your fury should on me be thrown  
 To plague a woman with such endless cares?  
 I fear that envy hath the heavens this shown  
 The sun his glorious virtues did disdain,  
 Mars at his manhood mightily repm'd,  
 Yea, all the gods no longer could sustain,  
 Each one to be excelled in his kind  
 For he my lord surpass'd them every one,<sup>2</sup>  
 Such was his honour all the world throughout  
 But now, my love, oh! whither art thou gone?<sup>2</sup>  
 I know thy ghost doth hover hereabout,  
 Expecting me, thy heart, to follow thee  
 And I, dear love, would fain dissolve this strife  
 But stay awhile, I may perhaps foresee  
 Some means to be disburden'd of this life,  
 "And to discharge the duty of a wife,"<sup>3</sup>  
 Which is, not only in this life to love,  
 But after death her fancy not remove"  
 Meanwhile accept of these our daily rites,  
 Which with my maidens I shall do to thee,

<sup>1</sup> [O mighty Jove, O heavens and heavenly powers — *MS*]

<sup>2</sup> [This, and the next line, do not occur in the MSS.]

<sup>3</sup> [Thy spite, I know, doth linger hereabout  
 And looks that I, poor wretch, should after come,  
 I would, God wot, my lord, if so I mought  
 But yet abide, I may perhaps devise  
 Some way to be unburdened of my life,  
 And with my ghost approach thee in some wise  
 To do therein the duty of a wife — *MS*]

Which is in songs to cheer our dying spites  
With hymns of praises of thy memory

*Cantant*

*Quæ mihi cantio nondum occurrat*<sup>1</sup>

### ACT I, SCENE 3

*The song ended, TANCRED the King cometh out of  
his palace with his guard*

TANCRED Fair daughter, I have sought thee  
out with grief,  
To ease the sorrows of thy vexed heart  
How long wilt thou torment thy father thus,  
Who daily dies to see thy needless tears ?  
Such bootless plants, that know nor mean nor  
end,  
Do but increase the floods of thy lament,  
And since the world knows well there was no want  
In thee of ought, that did to him belong,  
Yet all, thou seest, could not his life prolong.  
Why then dost thou provoke the heavens to  
wrath ?  
His doom of death was dated by his stars,  
“And who is he that may withstand his fate ?”  
By these complaints small good to him thou dost,  
Much grief to me, more hurt unto thyself,  
And unto nature greatest wrong of all  
GISMUNDA Tell me not of the date of nature's  
days,  
Then in the April of her springing age  
No, no, it was my cruel destiny,  
That spited at the pleasure of my life

---

<sup>1</sup> These omissions are frequent in our old plays. See  
note on “Love's Labour Lost,” edit of Shakspeare, 1778,  
vol II p 410 — *Steevens*.

TANCRED My daughter knows the proof of  
nature's course

"For as the heavens do guide the lamp of life,  
So can they reach no farther forth the flame,  
Than whilst with oil they do maintain the same"

GISMUNDA Must be the stars, and vanish may  
they curst,  
Or fall from heaven, that in their dire aspect<sup>1</sup>  
Abridg'd the health and welfare of my love

TANCRED Gismund, my joy, set all these griefs  
apart,

"The more thou art with hard mishap beset,  
The more thy patience should procure thine  
ease"

GISMUNDA What hope of hap may cheer my  
hapless chance?  
What sighs, what tears may countervail my  
cares?

What should I do, but still his death bewail,  
That was the solace of my life and soul?  
Now, now, I want the wonted guide and stay  
Of my desires and of my wreakless thoughts  
My lord, my love, my life, my liking gone,  
In whom was all the fulness of my joy,  
To whom I gave the first-fruits of my love,  
Who with the comfort of his only sight  
All care and sorrows could from me remove  
But, father, now my joys forepast to tell,  
Do but revive the horrors of my hell  
As she that seems in darkness to behold  
The gladsome pleasures of the cheerful light

TANCRED. What then avails thee fruitless thus  
to rue

His absence, whom the heavens cannot return?  
Impartial death thy husband did subdue,

---

<sup>1</sup> In this manner the word was formerly accented See  
Dr Farmer's "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare"

Yet hath he spar'd thy kingly father's life  
Who during life to thee a double stay,  
As father and as husband, will remain,  
With double love to ease thy widow's want,  
Of him whose want is cause of thy complaint  
Forbear thou therefore all these needless tears,  
That nip the blossoms of thy beauty's pride.

GISMUNDA Father, these tears love challengeth  
of due

TANCRED But reason saith thou shouldst the  
same subdue

GISMUNDA His funerals are yet before my  
sight

TANCRED In endless moans princes should not  
delight

GISMUNDA The turtle pines in loss of her true  
mate

TANCRED And so continues poor and desolate

GISMUNDA. Who can forget a jewel of such  
price?

TANCRED She that hath learn'd to master her  
desires

' Let reason work, what time doth easily frame  
In meanest wits, to bear the greatest ills "

GISMUNDA So plenteous are the springs  
Of sorrows that increase my passions,  
As neither reason can recure my smart,  
Nor can your care nor fatherly comfort  
Appease the stormy combats of my thoughts,  
Such is the sweet remembrance of his life  
Then give me leave of pity, pity me,  
And as I can, I shall allay these griefs

TANCRED These solitary walks thou dost frequent,  
Yield fresh occasions to thy secret moans  
We will therefore thou keep us company,  
Leaving thy maidens with their harmony.

Wend<sup>1</sup> thou with us Virgins, withdraw yourselves

[TANCRED and GISMUNDA, with the guard  
depart into the palace, the four maidens  
stay behind, as Chorus to the Tragedy]

CHORUS 1 The diverse haps which always work  
our care,

Our joys so far, our woes so near at hand,  
Have long ere this, and daily do declare  
The fickle foot on which our state doth stand  
“Who plants his pleasures here to gather root,  
And hopes his happy life will still endure,  
Let him behold how death with stealing foot  
Steps in when he shall think his joys most sure  
No ransom serveth to redeem our days  
If prowess could preserve, or worthy deeds,  
He had yet liv’d, whose twelve labours display  
His endless fame, and yet his honour spreads  
And that great king,<sup>2</sup> that with so small a power  
Bereft the mighty Persian of his crown,  
Doth witness well our life is but a flower,  
Though it be deck’d with honour and renown

CHORUS 2 “What grows to-day in favour of  
the heaven,

<sup>1</sup> Go So in Epilogue—

“With violent hands he that his life doth end,  
His damned soul to endless night doth *wend*”

Again, in the “Return from Parnassus,” 1606, act v sc 4—

“These my companions still with me must *wend*”

In “George a Green Pinnet of Wakefield,” [Dyce &  
“Greene and Peele,” 1861, p 259, &c]—

“Wilt thou leave Wakefield and *wend* with me  
So will I *wend* with Robin all along  
For you are wrong, and may not *wend* this way”

And in Chaucer’s “Canterbury Tales,” Prologue, line 19—

“Byfel, that, on that sesoun on a day,  
In Southwerk at the Tabbard as I lay,  
Redy to *wenden* on my pilgrimage,  
To Canturbury with ful devout corage”

<sup>2</sup> Alexander

Nuis'd with the sun and with the showers sweet,  
 Pluck'd with the hand, it withereth ere even  
 So pass our days, even as the rivers fleet "  
 The valiant Greeks, that unto Troia gave  
 The ten years' siege, left but their names behind  
 And he that did so long and only save  
 His father's walls,<sup>1</sup> found there at last his end  
 Proud Rome herself, that whilome laid her yoke  
 On the wide world, and vanquish'd all with war,  
 Yet could she not remove the fatal stroke  
 Of death from them that stretch'd her pow'r so  
 far

CHORUS 3 Look, what the cruel sisters once  
 decree'd,  
 The Thunderer himself cannot remove  
 They are the ladies of our destiny,  
 To work beneath what is conspir'd above.  
 But happy he that ends this mortal life  
 By speedy death who is not forc'd to see  
 The many cares, nor feel the sundry griefs,  
 Which we sustain in woe and misery  
 Here fortune rules who, when she list to play,  
 Whirls her wheel, and brings the high full low  
 To-morrow takes, what she hath given to-day  
 To show she can advance and overthrow  
 Not Euipeus'<sup>2</sup> (unquiet flood) so oft  
 Ebbs in a day, and floweth to and fro  
 As fortune's change plucks down that was aloft,  
 And mingl's joy with interchange of woe

---

<sup>1</sup> Hector

<sup>2</sup> *Euipeus Euboeus*, or *Chalcidicus*, is a narrow passage of sea dividing *Attica* and the Island of *Eubœa*, now called the *Gulf of Negropont*. It ebbs and flows seven times every day the reason of which, it is said, when Aristotle could not find, he threw himself into the sea with these words *Quia ego non capio te, tu capias me*. Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Enquiries into Vulgar Errors," b vii c 14, appears to have been not satisfied with this account of Aristotle's death, which he has taken some pains to render doubtful.

CHORUS 4 "Who lives below, and feeleth not  
 the strokes,  
 Which often-times on highest towers do fall,  
 Nor blustering winds, wherewith the strongest oaks  
 Are rent and torn, his life is sur'st of all "  
 For he may fortune scorn, that hath no power  
 On him, that is well pleas'd with his estate  
 He seeketh not her sweets, nor fears her sou,  
 But lives contented in his quiet rate,  
 And marking how these worldly things do vade <sup>1</sup>  
 Rejoiceth to himself, and laughs to see  
 The folly of men, that in their wits have made  
 Fortune a goddess, placed in the sky

[Exeunt ROD STAN]

## FINIS ACTUS I

## ACT II, SCENE 1

### GISMUNDA AND LUCRECE

GISMUNDA. Dear aunt, my sole companion in  
 distress,  
 And true copartner of my thoughtful cares  
 When with myself I weigh my present state,  
 Comparing it with my forepassed days,  
 New heaps of cares afresh begin t' assay  
 My pensive heart, as when the glittering rays  
 Of bright Phoebus are suddenly o'erspread  
 With dusky clouds, that dim his golden light

---

<sup>1</sup> [Go] So act II sc 3—

"Therefore my counsel is you shall not stir,  
 Nor farther *wade* in such a case as this "

And in Turbervile's "Tragical Tales," 1587—

"Eate thou doe *wade* so farre, revoke  
 to munde the bedlam boy  
 That in his forged wings of waxe  
 reposed too great a joy."

Namely, when I, laid in my widow's bed,  
 Amid the silence of the quiet night,  
 With curious thought the fleeting course observe  
 Of gladsome youth, how soon his flower decays,  
 "How time once past may never have recourse,  
 No more than may the running streams revert  
 To climb the hills, when they been rolled down  
 The hollow vales There is no curious art,  
 Nor worldly power no, not the gods can hold  
 The sway of flying time, nor him return,  
 When he is past all things unto his might  
 Must bend, and yield unto the iron teeth  
 Of eating time." This in the shady night  
 When I record how soon my youth withdraws  
 Itself away, how swift my pleasant spring  
 Runs out his race,—this, this, aunt, is the cause,  
 When I advise me sadly<sup>1</sup> on this thing,  
 That makes my heart in pensive dumps dismay'd  
 For if I should my springing years neglect,  
 And suffer youth fruitless to fade away,  
 Whereto live I? or whereto was I born?  
 Wherefore hath nature deck'd me with her grace?  
 Why have I tasted these delights of love,

<sup>1</sup> *Sadly*, in most of our ancient writers, is used as here for *seriously*. So in Nash's "Lenten Stuff," 1599 "Nay, I will lay no wagers, for, now I perpende more *sadly* upon it, I think I am out indeed."

Again, in Hall's "Chronicle," 1550, fo 2 "His cosyn germaine was nowe brought to that trade of livinge, that he litle or nothyng regarded the counsaill of his uncles, nor of other grave and *sadde* persones, but did all thyng at his pleasure."

In Ascham's "Toxophilus," 1571 "And when I sawe not you amanges them, but at the last espyed you lookinge on your booke here so *sadlye*, I thought to come and hold you with some communication."

And in Walton's "Life of Sir Thomas Pope," p 30 "Wherein is an abbes namyd Dame Alice Fitzherbert, of the age Lx yeares, a very *sadde*, discrete, and releygious woman."



And felt the sweets of Hymeneus' bed ?  
 But to say sooth, dear aunt, it is not I,  
 Sole and alone, can thus content to spend  
 My cheerful years my father will not still  
 Prolong my mournings, which have griev'd him,  
 And pleased me too long Then thus I crave  
 To be resolved of his princely mind  
 For, stood it with the pleasure of his will  
 To marry me, my fortune is not such,  
 So hard, that I so long should still persist  
 Makeless alone in woful widowhood  
 And shall I tell mine aunt ? Come hither then,  
 Give me that hand By thine own right hand,  
 I charge thy heart my counsels to conceal  
 Late have I seen, and seeing took delight,  
 And with delight, I will not say, I love  
 A prince, an earl, a county in the court  
 But love and duty force me to refrain,  
 And drive away these fond affections,  
 Submitting them unto my father's hest  
 But this, good aunt, this is my chiefest pain,  
 Because I stand at such uncertain stay.  
 For, if my kingly father would decree  
 His final doom, that I must lead my life  
 Such as I do, I would content me then  
 To frame my fancies to his princely hest,  
 And as I might, endure the grief thereof  
 But now his silence doubleth all my doubts,  
 Whilst my suspicious thoughts 'twixt hope and  
 fear

Distract me into sundry passions  
 Therefore, good aunt, this labour must be yours,  
 To understand my father's will herein,  
 For well I know your wisdom knows the means,  
 So shall you both allay my stormy thoughts,  
 And bring to quiet my unquiet mind.

LUCRECE Sufficeth this, good niece, that you  
 have said,

For I perceive what sundry passions  
 Strive in your breast, which oftentimes ere this  
 Your countenance confused did bewray  
 The ground whereof since I perceive to grow  
 On just respect of this your sole estate,  
 And skilful care of fleeting youth's decay,  
 Your wise foresight such sorrowing to eschew  
 I much commend, and promise as I may  
 To break this matter, and impart your mind  
 Unto your father, and to work it so,  
 As both your honour shall not be impeach'd,  
 Nor he unsatisfied of your desire  
 Be you no farther grieved, but return  
 Into your chamber I shall take this charge,  
 And you shall shortly truly understand  
 What I have wrought, and what the king affirms  
 GISMUNDA I leave you to the fortune of my  
 stairs

[GISMUNDA *departeth into her chamber,*  
 LUCRECE *abiding on the stage*

LUCRECE The heavens, I hope, will favour your  
 request  
 My niece shall not impute the cause to be  
 In my default, her will should want effect  
 But in the king is all my doubt, lest he  
 My suit for her new marriage should reject  
 Yet shall I prove him and I heard it said,  
 He means this evening in the park to hunt<sup>1</sup>  
 Here will I wait attending his approach

---

<sup>1</sup> Formerly this diversion was as much followed in the evening, as it was at an earlier hour in the day. In "Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle," we find that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. "Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in till five a clock in the evening, what time it pleas'd to ride forth into the chase to hunt the hart of fiers which found anon, and after sore chased," &c. Again,

## ACT II, SCENE 2

TANCRED *cometh out of his palace with* GUISCARD,  
*the* COUNTY PALURIN, JULIO, *the Lord Cham-*  
*berlain,* RENUCHIO, *captain of his guard, all*  
*ready to hunt*

TANCRED Uncouple all our hounds, lords, to  
 the chase—

Fair sister Lucre[ce], what's the news with you?

LUCRECE Sir, as I always have employ'd my  
 power

And faithful service, such as lay in me,  
 In my best wise to honour you and yours  
 So now my bounden duty moveth me  
 Your majesty most humbly to entreat  
 With patient ears to understand the state  
 Of my poor niece, your daughter

TANCRED What of her?

Is she not well? Enjoys she not her health?  
 Say, sister ease me of this jealous fear?

LUCRECE She lives, my lord, and hath her out-  
 ward health,  
 But all the danger of her sickness lies  
 In the disquiet of her princely mind

TANCRED Resolve me, what afflicts my daugh-  
 ter so?

LUCRECE Since when the princess hath entomb'd  
 her lord,  
 Her late deceased husband of renown,  
 Brother, I see, and very well perceive,

---

"Munday the 18 of this July, the weather being hot, her  
 highness kept the castle for coolness, till about *five a clock*,  
 her majesty in the chase, hunted the hart (as before) of  
 forz," &c.

She hath not clos'd together in his grave  
All sparks of nature, kindness, nor of love  
But as she lives, so living may she feel  
Such passions as our tender hearts oppress,  
Subject unto th' impressions of desire  
For well I wot my niece was never wrought  
Of steel, nor carved from the stony rock  
Such stern hardness we ought not to expect  
In her, whose princely heart and springing years  
Yet flow'ring in the chiefest heat of youth,  
Is led of force to feed on such concerts,  
As easily befalls that age, which asketh ruth  
Of them, whom nature bindeth by foresight  
Of then grave years and careful love to reach  
The things that are above their feeble force.  
And for that cause, dread lord, although——

TANCRED Sister, I say,  
If you esteem or ought respect my life,  
Her honour and the welfare of our house,  
Forbear, and wade<sup>1</sup> no farther in this speech  
Your words are wounds I very well perceive  
The purpose of this smooth oration  
This I suspected, when you first began  
This fair discourse with us Is this the end  
Of all our hopes, that we have promised  
Unto ourself by this her widowhood?  
Would our dear daughter, would our only joy,  
Would she forsake us? would she leave us now,  
Before she hath clos'd up our dying eyes,  
And with her tears bewail'd our funeral?  
No other solace doth her father crave,  
But, whilst the fates maintain his dying life,  
Her healthful presence glad some to his soul,  
Which rather than he willing would forego,  
His heart desires the bitter taste of death  
Her late marriage hath taught us to our grief,

---

<sup>1</sup> That is, proceed no further.

That in the fruits of her perpetual sight  
Consists the only comfort and relief  
Of our unwieldy age for what delight,  
What joy, what comfort, have we in this world  
Now grown in years, and overworn with cares,  
Subject unto the sudden stroke of death,  
Already falling, like the mellowed fruit,  
And dropping by degrees into our grave?  
But what revives us, what maintains our soul  
Within the prison of our wither'd breast,  
But our Gismunda and her cheerful sight?  
O daughter, daughter! what desert of mine,  
Wherein have I been so unkind to thee,  
Thou shouldst desire to make my naked house  
Yet once again stand desolate by thee?  
O, let such fancies vanish with their thoughts—  
Tell her I am her father, whose estate,  
Wealth, honour, life, and all that we possess,  
Wholly relies upon her presence here  
Tell her, I must account her all my joy,  
Work as she will but yet she were unjust  
To haste his death, that liveth by her sight

LUCRECE Her gentle heart abhors such ruthless thoughts

TANCRED Then let her not give place to these desires

LUCRECE She craves the right that nature challengeth

TANCRED Tell her, the king commandeth otherwise

LUCRECE The king's commandment always should be just

TANCRED Whate'er it be, the king's command is just

LUCRECE Just to command but justly must he charge

TANCRED He chargeth justly that commands as king

LUCRECE The king's command concerns the  
body best

TANCRED The king commands obedience of the  
mind

LUCRECE That is exempted by the law of kind.

TANCRED That law of kind<sup>1</sup> to children doth  
belong

LUCRECE In due obedience to their open wrong<sup>2</sup>

TANCRED I then, as king and father, will com-  
mand

LUCRECE No more than may with right of  
reason stand

TANCRED Thou knowest our mind, resolve<sup>2</sup>.  
her, depart—

Return the chase, we have been chas'd enough

[TANCRED *returneth into his palace, and  
leaveth the hunt*

LUCRECE He cannot hear, anger hath stopp'd  
his ears,

And over-love his judgment hath decay'd

Ah, my poor niece! I shrewdly fear thy cause

Thy just complaint, shall never be reliev'd

## ACT II, SCENE 3

GISMUNDA *cometh alone out of her chamber*

GISMUNDA By this I hope my aunt hath mov'd  
the king,

<sup>1</sup> i e, Of nature

<sup>2</sup> Acquaint her with my resolution *To resolve*, however,  
was sometimes used for *convince*, or *satisfy* It may there-  
fore mean, *convince her of the propriety of my command* So  
in Middleton's "More Dissemblers besides Women," act 1  
sc 3—

"The blessing of perfection to your thoughts, lady,  
For I'm *resolv'd* they are good ones"

And knows his mind, and makes return to me  
 To end at once all this perplexity  
 Lo, where she stands O, how my trembling heart  
 In doubtful thoughts panteth within my breast  
 For in her message doth rely my smart,  
 Or the sweet quiet of my troubled mind

LUCRECE. Niece, on the point you lately willed  
 me

To treat of with the king on your behalf,  
 I brake even now with him so far, till he  
 In sudden rage of grief, ere I scarce had  
 My tale out-told, pray'd me to stint my suit.  
 As that from which his mind abhorred most  
 And well I see his fancy to refute,  
 Is but displeasure gain'd and labour lost  
 So firmly fixed stands his kingly will  
 That, till his body shall be laid in grave,  
 He will not part from the desired sight  
 Of your presence, which silder he should have.  
 If he had once allied you again  
 In marriage to any prince or peer—  
 This is his final resolution.

GISMUNDA A resolution that resolves my  
 blood  
 Into the icy drops of Lethe's flood

Reed is right in his first explanation, it is so used in Chapman's "May Day," act 1 sc 1

"Tell her such a man will *resolve* her naming me"—  
 "Anc Dram," vol vi p 6—*Gulchrust*

[A few lines further on in the text, however,] *resolic* has the same meaning as *dissolve*, and so in Lyly's "Euphues and his England," p 38 "I could be content to *resolic* myself into teares to rid thee of trouble"

Marlowe, as quoted in "England's Parnassus," 1600, p 480 [see Dyce's "Marlowe," iii, 301], uses it in the same way—

"No molten Chustall but a Richer mine,  
 Euen natures rarest alchumie ran thence,  
 Diamonds *resolu'd*, and substance more diuine,  
 Through whose bright gliding current might appeare

LUCRECE Therefore my counsel is, you shall  
not still,  
Nor farther wade in such a case as this  
But since his will is grounded on your love,  
And that it lies in you to save or spill  
His old forewasted age, you ought t' eschew  
The thing that grieves so much his crazed heart,  
And in the state you stand content yourself  
And let this thought appease your troubled mind,  
That in your hands relies your father's death  
Or blissful life, and since without your sight  
He cannot live, nor can his thoughts endure  
Your hope of marriage, you must then relent,  
And overrule these fond affections,  
Lest it be said you wrought your father's end

GISMUNDA Dear aunt, I have with patient ears  
endur'd  
The hearing of my father's hard behest,  
And since I see that neither I myself,  
Nor your request, can so prevail with him,  
Nor any sage advice persuade his mind  
To grant me my desire, in willing wise  
I must submit me unto his command,  
And frame my heart to serve his majesty  
And (as I may) to drive away the thoughts  
That diversely distract my passions,  
Which as I can, I'll labour to subdue,  
But sore I fear I shall but toil in vain,  
Wherein, good aunt, I must desire your pain

LUCRECE What lies in me by comfort or advice,  
I shall discharge with all humility

[GISMUNDA and LUCRECE depart into  
GISMUNDA'S chamber

---

A thousand naked Nymphes, whose yuonie shine,  
Enameling the bankes, made them more deare  
Then euer was that glorious Pallas gate  
Where the day shining sunne in triumph sate

See also Shakespeare's "Hamlet," act 1 sc 2, and Mr  
Stevens's note on it.



CHORUS 1 Who marks our former times and  
 present years,  
 What we are now, and looks what we have been  
 He cannot but lament with bitter tears  
 The great decay and change of all women  
 For as the world wore on, and waxed old,  
 So virtue quail'd,<sup>1</sup> and vice began to grow  
 So that that age, that whilome was of gold,  
 Is worse than brass, more vile than iron now  
 The times were such (that if we aught believe  
 Of elder days), women examples were  
 Of rare virtues Luciece disdain'd to live  
 Longer than chaste, and boldly without fear  
 Took sharp revenge on her enforced heart  
 With her own hands for that it not withstood  
 The wanton will, but yielded to the force  
 Of proud Tarquin, who bought her fame with blood

CHORUS 2 Queen Artemisia thought an heap of  
 stones  
 (Although they were the wonder of that age)<sup>2</sup>  
 A worthless grave, wherein to rest the bones  
 Of her dear lord, but with bold courage  
 She drank his heart, and made her lovely breast  
 His tomb, and failed not of wifely faith,  
 Of promis'd love and of her bound behest,  
 Until she ended had her days by death  
 Ulysses' wife (such was her steadfastness)  
 Abode his slow return whole twenty years

<sup>1</sup> *To quail*, is to languish to sink into dejection So in Churchyard's "Challenge," 24—

"Where malice sows, the seedes of wicked waies,  
 Both honor quaiies, and credit crackes with all  
 Of noblest men, and such as feare no fall"

See also Mr Steevens's notes on the "First Part of Henry IV," act iv sc 2, and "Cymbeline," act v sc 5

<sup>2</sup> [Had the writer this passage in his mind when he wrote the well-known lines on Shakespeare, "What need my Shakespeare," &c, which occur in the folio of 1632?]

And spent her youthful days in pensiveness,  
 Bathing her widow's bed with brinish tears <sup>1</sup>

CHORUS 3 The stout daughter of Cato, Brutus'  
 wife, Portia,

When she had heard his death, did not desire  
 Longer to live and lacking use of knife  
 (A most strange thing) ended her life by fire,  
 And ate whot-burning coals O worthy dame !  
 O virtues worthy of eternal praise !

The flood of Lethe cannot wash out thy fame,  
 To others' great reproach, shame, and dispraise

CHORUS 4. Rare are those virtues now in  
 women's mind !

Where shall we seek such jewels passing strange ?  
 Scarce can you now among a thousand find  
 One woman stedfast · all delight in change  
 Mark but this princess, that lamented here  
 Of late so sore her noble husband's death,  
 And thought to live alone without a pheer ,  
 Behold how soon she changed hath that breath !  
 I think those ladies that have lived 'tofore,  
 A mirror and a glass to womenkind ,  
 By those their virtues they did set such store,  
 That unto us they none bequeath'd behind ,  
 Else in so many years we might have seen  
 As virtuous as ever they have been

CHORUS 1 Yet let not us maidens condemn our  
 kind,

Because our virtues are not all so rare  
 For we may freshly yet record in mind,  
 There lives a virgin,<sup>2</sup> one without compare,  
 Who of all graces hath her heavenly share ,

<sup>1</sup> [The second Chorus to leave off abruptly with this word,  
 the third Chorus taking up the narrative ]

<sup>2</sup> A compliment to Queen Elizabeth —S P

It was, as Mr Steevens observes, no uncommon thing to  
 introduce a compliment to Queen Elizabeth in the body of

In whose renown, and for whose happy days,  
Let us record this pæan of her praise

*Cantant*

FINIS ACTUS II *Per* HEN NO<sup>1</sup>

a play See "Midsummer's Night's Dream," act ii sc 2  
See also "Locrine," act v sc last

<sup>1</sup> Probably Henry Noel, younger brother to Sir Andrew Noel, and one of the gentlemen pensioners to Queen Elizabeth, a man, says Wood, of excellent parts, and well skilled in music See "Fasti," p 145 A poem, entitled, 'Of this dainful Daphne,' by M[aster] H Nowell, is printed in "England's Helicon," 1600, 4to The name of Mr Henry Nowell also appears in the list of those lords and gentlemen that ran at a tilting before Queen Elizabeth See Peele's "Polyhymnia," 1590

"I cannot here let pass unremembered a worthy gentleman, Master Henry Noel, brother to the said Sir Andrew Noel, one of the gentlemen pensioners<sup>1</sup> to Queen Elizabeth a man for personage, parentage, grace, gesture valour, and many excellent parts, inferior to none of his rank in the court, who, though his lands and livelihoods were but small, having nothing known certain but his annuity and his pension, yet in state, pomp, magnificence and expenses, did equalise barons of great worth If any shall demand whence this proceeded, I must make answer with that Spanish proverb—

*' Aquello qual vinne de arriba ninguno lo pregunta*

' That which cometh from above let no one question

"This is the man of whom Queen Elizabeth made this enigmatical distich—

*' The word of denial, and letter of fifty,*

*Is that gentleman's name that will never be thifty*

He, being challenged (as I have heard) by an Italian gentleman at the *baloue* (a kind of play with a great ball tossed with wooden braces upon the arm), used therein such violent motion, and did so overheat his blood, that he fell into a calenture, or burning fever, and thereof died, Feb 26, 1596, and was by her majesty's appointment buried in the abbey church of Westminster, in the chapel of St Andrew"—*Benton in Nichols's "Leicestershire,"* vol iii p 249

<sup>1</sup> See Peck's "Life of Milton," p 225, for the Gentlemen Pensioners

## ACT III, SCENE 1

CUPID So now they feel what lordly Love can do

That proudly practise to deface his name ;

In vain they wrastle with so fierce a foe ,

Of little sparks arise a blazing flame

“ By small occasions love can kindle heat,

And waste the oaken breast to cinder dust ”

Gismund I have enticed to forget

Her widow's weeds, and burn in raging lust

'Twas I enforc'd her father to deny

Her second marriage to any peer ,

'Twas I allur'd her once again to try

The sour sweets that lovers buy too dear

The County Palum, a man right wise,

A man of exquisite perfections,

I have like wounded with her piercing eyes,

And burnt her heart with his reflections

These two shall joy in tasting of my sweet,

To make them prove more feelingly the grief

That bitter brings for when their joys shall fleet,

Their dole shall be increas'd without relief

Thus Love shall make worldlings to know his

might,

Thus Love shall force great princes to obey ;

Thus Love shall daunt each proud, rebelling spirit ,

Thus Love shall wreak his wrath on their decay.

Their ghosts shall give black hell to understand,

How great and wonderful a god is Love :

And thus shall learn the ladies of this land

With patient munds his mighty power to prove

---

Henry Noel was the second son of Sir Edward Noel, of Dalby, by his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter and heir of William Hopton, of —, Shropshire, relict of Sir John Peryent, Knt.—*Ibid.* 254 — *Gulchrust*

From whence I did descend, now will I mount  
 To Jove and all the gods in their delights.  
 In throne of triumph there will I recount,  
 How I by sharp revenge on mortal wights  
 Have taught the earth, and learned hellish spites  
 To yield with fear their stubborn hearts to Love,  
 Lest their disdain his plagues and vengeance  
 prove. [CUPID *mounteth into the heavens*

### ACT III, SCENE 2.

LUCRECE *cometh out of GISMUNDA'S chamber  
 solitary*

LUCRECE Pity, that moveth every gentle heart  
 To rue their griefs, that be distress'd in pain,  
 Enforceth me to wail my niece's smart,  
 Whose tender breast no long time may sustain  
 The restless toil, that her unquiet mind  
 Hath caus'd her feeble body to endure,  
 But why it is (alack!) I must not find,  
 Nor know the man, by whom I might procure  
 Her remedy, as I of duty ought,  
 As to the law of kinship doth belong  
 With careful heart the secret means I sought,  
 Though small effect is of my travail sprung  
 Full often as I durst I have assay'd  
 With humble words the princess to requere  
 To name the man which she hath so deny'd,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> In the former edition, the word *deny'd* was altered to the more modern one of *deny'd*. *Denay'd*, however, was the ancient manner of spelling it. So in the "Second Part of Henry VI," act 1 sc 3—

"Then let him be *denay'd* the regentship"

Again, in the "First Part of Jeronimo," 1605—

"And let not wonted fealty be *denayel*"

And in "Gammer Gurton's Needle"—

"Loke, as I have promised, I will not *denay* it"

—*Collier*

That it abash'd me further to desire,  
Or ask from whence those cloudy thoughts proceed,  
Whose stony force, that smoky sighs forth send,  
Is lively witness how that careful dread  
And hot desire within her do contend  
Yet she denies what she confess'd of yore,  
And then conjoin'd me to conceal the same ;  
She loved once, she saith, but never more,  
Nor ever will her fancy thereto frame  
Though daily I observed in my breast  
What sharp conflicts disquiet her so sore,  
That heavy sleep cannot procure her rest,  
But fearful dreams present her evermore  
Most hideous sights her quiet to molest ,  
That starting oft therewith, she doth awake,  
To muse upon those fancies which torment  
Her thoughtful heart with horror, that doth make  
Her cold chill sweat break forth incontinent  
From her weak limbs And while the quiet night  
Gives others rest, she, turning to and fro,  
Doth wish for day but when the day brings  
light,  
She keeps her bed, there to record her woe  
As soon as when she riseth, flowing tears  
Stream down her cheeks, immixed with deadly  
groans,  
Whereby her inward sorrow so appears,  
That as salt tears the cruel cause bemoans  
In case she be constrained to abide  
In prease<sup>1</sup> of company, she scarcely may

---

<sup>1</sup> *Prease* signifies a *crowd* or *multitude*, or *any assemblage of a number of persons* So in "*Damon and Pithias*," vol iv, pp 49, 53—

"The King is at hand, stand close in the *prease*, beware," &c.  
And *ibid* —

"Away from the prisoner, what a *prease* have we here!"

Her trembling voice restrain it be not spy'd,  
 From careful plants her sorrows to bewray  
 By which restraint the force doth so increase,  
 When time and place give liberty to plain,  
 That as small streams from running never cease,  
 Till they return into the seas again,  
 So her laments, we fear, will not amend,  
 Before they bring her princely life to end  
 To others' talk when as she should attend,  
 Her heaped cares her senses so oppress,  
 That what they speak, or whereto their words  
     tend,  
 She knows not, as her answers do express  
 Her chief delight is still to be alone,  
 Her pensive thoughts within themselves debate  
 But whereupon this restless life is grown,  
 Since I know not, nor how the same t'abate  
 I can no more but wish it as I may,  
 That he which knows it, would the same allay,  
 For which the Muses with my song shall pray

### ACT III, SCENE 3.

*After the song, which was by report very sweetly repeated by the Chorus, LUCRECE departeth into GISMUNDA'S chamber, and GUISCARD cometh out of the palace with JULIO and RENUCHIO, gentlemen, to whom he turneth, and saith*

GUISCARD. Leave me, my friends, this solitary walk

---

Again, in the "History of Euordanus Prince of Denmark," 1605, sig H "The Prince passing forwards sorely shaken, having lost both his stirrups at length recovering himselfe, entred the prease, where on all sides he beate downe knights, and unbarred helms."

Enticeth me to break your company  
Leave me, my friends, I can endure no talk  
Let me entreat this common courtesy

[*The gentlemen depart*]

What grievous pain they 'dure, which neither may  
Forget their loves, ne yet enjoy their love,  
I know by proof, and daily make assay  
Though Love hath brought my lady's heart to love,  
My faithful love with like love to requite,  
This doth not quench, but rather cause to flame  
The creeping fire which, spreading in my breast  
With raging heat, grants me no time of rest  
If they bewail their cruel destiny,  
Which spend their love, where they no love can  
find,

Well may I plain, since fortune haleth<sup>1</sup> me  
To this torment of far more grievous kind,  
Wherein I feel as much extremity,  
As may be felt in body or in mind  
For by that sight, which should recure my pain,  
My sorrows are redoubled all in vain  
Now I perceive that only I alone  
Am her belov'd, her looks assure me so  
The thought thereof provokes me to bemoan  
Her heavy plight that grieveth at my woe  
This intercourse of our affections—  
I her to serve, she thus to honour me—  
Bewrays the truth of our elections,  
Delighting in this mutual sympathy  
Thus love for love entreats the queen of love,  
That with her help Love's solace we may prove  
I see my mistress seeks as well as I

---

[It must be repeated, once for all, that such totally unnecessary notes as this have been retained only from a reluctance to impart to these volumes the character of an abridged or mutilated republication]

<sup>1</sup> [Draweth]



To stay the strife of her perplexed mind  
 Full fain she would our secret company,  
 If she the wished way thereof might find  
 Heavens, have ye seen, or hath the age of man  
 Recorded such a miracle as this—  
 In equal love two noble hearts to frame,  
 That never spake one with another's bliss ?  
 I am assured that she doth assent  
 To my relief, that I should reap the same,  
 If she could frame the means of my content,  
 Keeping herself from danger of defame  
 In happy hour right now I did receive  
 This came from her, which gift though it be small,  
 Receiving it, what joys I did conceive  
 Within my fainting spirits therewithal !  
 Who knoweth love aright, may well conceive  
 By like adventures that to them befall  
 "For needs the lover must esteem that well,  
 Which comes from her, with whom his heart doth  
 dwell "

Assuredly it is not without cause  
 She gave me this, something she meant thereby  
 For therewithal I might perceive her pause  
 Awhile, as though some weighty thing did lie  
 Upon her heart, which she concealed, because  
 The standers-by should not our loves descry  
 This clift bewrays that it hath been disclos'd,  
 Perhaps herein she hath something inclos'd .

*[He breaks it*

O thou great thunderer ! who would not seive,  
 Where wit with beauty chosen have their place ?  
 Who could devise more wisely to conserve  
 Things from suspect ? O Venus, for this grace  
 That deigns me, all unworthy, to deserve  
 So rare a love, in heaven I should thee place  
 This sweet letter some joyful news contains,  
 I hope it brings recue to both our pains

*[He reads it*

*Mine own, as I am yours, whose heart, I know,  
 No less than mine, for lingering help of woe  
 Doth long too long. love, tendering your case  
 And mine, hath taught recure of both our pain.  
 My chamber-floor doth hide a cave, where was  
 An old vault's mouth. the other in the plain  
 Doth rise southward, a furlong from the wall.  
 Descend you there This shall suffice And so  
 I yield myself, mine honour, life, and all,  
 To you Use you the same, as there may grow  
 Your bliss and mine, mine earl, and that the same  
 Free may abide from danger of defame  
 Farewell, and fare so well, as that your joy,  
 Which only can, may comfort mine annoy.*

*Yours more than her own,*

GISMUND

O blissful chance my sorrows to assuage !  
 Wonder of nature, marvel of our age !  
 Comes this from Gismund ? did she thus enfold  
 This letter in the cane ? may it be so ?  
 It were too sweet a joy, I am deceiv'd  
 Why shall I doubt, did she not give it me ?  
 Therewith she smil'd, she joy'd, she laugh'd<sup>1</sup> the  
 cane,  
 And with her own sweet hand she gave it me  
 And as we danc'd, she dallied with the cane,  
 And sweetly whisper'd I should be her king,  
 And with this cane, the sceptre of our rule,  
 Command the sweets of her surpris'd heart  
 Therewith she laugh'd from her alluring locks  
 This golden tress, the favour of her grace,  
 And with her own sweet hand she gave it me .  
 O peerless queen, my joy, my heart's decree !

---

<sup>1</sup> *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the word *reach* It is frequently used by Spenser, Shakespeare, and other ancient writers

And, thou fair letter, how shall I welcome thee ?  
 Both hand and pen, wherewith thou written wert,  
 Blest may ye be, such solace that impart !  
 And blessed be this cane, and he that taught  
 Thee to descry the hidden entry thus  
 Not only through a dark and dreadful vault,  
 But fire and sword, and through whatever be,  
 Mistress of my desires, I come to thee

[GUISCARD *departeth in haste unto the palace*

CHORUS 1 Right mighty is thy power, O cruel  
 Love,

High Jove himself cannot resist thy bow,  
 Thou sent'st him down, e'en from the heavens above,  
 In sundry shapes here to the earth below.  
 Then how shall mortal men escape thy dart,  
 The fervent flame and burning of thy fire,  
 Since that thy might is such, and since thou art  
 Both of the seas and land the lord and sire ?

CHORUS 2 But why doth she that sprang from  
 Jove's high head,

And Phœbus's sister sheen, despise thy power,  
 Ne fear thy bow ? Why have they always led  
 A maiden life, and kept untouch'd the flower ?  
 Why doth Ægistus love, and to obtain  
 His wicked will, conspire his uncle's death ?  
 Or why doth Phædra burn, from whom is slain  
 Theseus' chaste son, or Helen, false of faith ?  
 "For love assaults not but the idle heart,  
 And such as live in pleasure and delight,  
 He turneth oft their gladsome joys to smart,  
 Their play to plaint, their sport into despite"

CHORUS 3 'Tis true, that Dian chaseth with  
 her bow

The flying hart, the goat, and foamy boar.  
 By hill, by dale in heat, in frost, in snow  
 She recketh not, but laboureth evermore,  
 Love seeks not her, ne knoweth where<sup>1</sup> to find

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *where her*]

Whilst Paris kept his herd on Ida down,  
Cupid ne'er sought him out, for he is blind,  
But when he left the field to live in town,  
He fell into his snare, and brought that brand  
From Greece to Troy, which after set on fire  
Strong Ilium, and all the Phryges land.

"Such are the fruits of love, such is his hire"<sup>1</sup>

CHORUS 4. Who yieldeth unto him his captive  
heart,

Ere he resist, and holds his open breast  
Withouten war to take his bloody dart,  
Let him not think to shake off, when him list,  
His heavy yoke "Resist his first assault,  
Weak is his bow, his quenched brand is cold,  
Cupid is but a child, and cannot daunt  
The mind that bears him, or his virtues bold"  
But he gives poison so to drink in gold,  
And hideth under pleasant baits his hook,  
But ye beware, it will be hard to hold  
Your greedy minds, but if ye wisely look  
What sly snake lurks under those flowers gay  
But ye mistrust some cloudy smokes, and fear  
A stormy shower after so fair a day  
Ye may repent, and buy your pleasure dear,  
For seldom-times is Cupid wont to send  
"Unto an idle love a joyful end"

FINIS ACTUS G Al

## ACT IV, SCENE I

*Before this act MEGÆRA riseth out of hell, with the  
other furies, ALECTO and TYSIPHONE dancing  
an hellish round, which done, she saith*

MEGÆRA. Sisters, begone, bequeath the rest to  
me,

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<sup>1</sup> [Reward]

That yet belongs unto this tragedy

[*The two furies depart down*  
 Vengeance and death from forth the deepest hell  
 I bring the cursed house, where Gismund dwells  
 Sent from the grisly god, that holds his reign  
 In Tartar's ugly realm, where Pelops' sue  
 (Who with his own son's flesh, whom he had slain,  
 Did feast the gods) with famine hath his hue,  
 To gape and catch at flying fruits in vain,  
 And yielding waters to his gasping throat,  
 Where stormy Æol's son with endless pain  
 Rolls up the rock, where Tytius hath his lot  
 To feed the gripe that gnaws his growing heart,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where proud Ixion, whirled on the wheel,  
 Pursues himself, where due deserved smart  
 The damned ghosts in burning flame do feel—  
 From thence I mount thither the winged god,  
 Nephew to Atlas that upholds the sky,  
 Of late down from the earth with golden rod  
 To Stygian ferry Salerne souls did guide,  
 And made report how Love, that lordly boy,  
 Highly disdaining his renown's decay,  
 Slipp'd down from heaven, and filled with fickle

joy

Gismunda's heart, and made her throw away  
 Chasteness of life to her immortal shame  
 Minding to show, by proof of her foul end,  
 Some terror unto those that scorn his name  
 Black Pluto (that once found Cupid his friend  
 In winning Ceres' daughter, queen of hells,)  
 And Parthie, moved by the grieved ghost  
 Of her late husband, that in Tartar dwells,

---

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the vulture that gnawed the liver of Tityus  
 In "Ferrex and Porrex," act ii sc 1, is this line—

"Or cruel gripe to gnaw my groaning hart"

—*Reed.* The allusion is rather to the vulture of Prometheus — *Steevens*

Who pray'd due pains for her, that thus hath lost  
 All care of him and of her chastity  
 The senate then of hell, by grave advice  
 Of Minos, Æac, and of Radamant,  
 Commands me draw this hateful air, and rise  
 Above the earth, with dole and death to daunt  
 The pride and present joys, wherewith these two  
 Feed their disdained hearts, which now to do,  
 Behold I come with instruments of death  
 This stinging snake, which is of hate and wrath,  
 I'll fix upon her father's heart full fast,  
 And into hers this other will I cast,  
 Whose rankling venom shall infect them so  
 With envious wrath and with recureless woe,  
 Each shall be other's plague and overthrow  
 "Furies must aid, when men surcease to know  
 Their gods and hell sends forth revenging pain  
 On those whom shame from sin cannot restrain"

## ACT IV, SCENE II

MEGERA *entereth into the palace, and meeteth with  
 TANCRED coming out of GISMUNDA'S chamber with  
 RENUCHIO and JULIO, upon whom she throweth her  
 snake*<sup>1</sup>

TANCRED Gods! are ye guides of justice and  
 revenge?  
 O thou great Thunderer! dost thou behold  
 With watchful eyes the subtle 'scapes of men  
 Harden'd in shame, sear'd up in the desire  
 Of their own lusts? why then dost thou withhold  
 The blast of thy revenge? why dost thou grant

---

<sup>1</sup> *Vipeream inspirans animam* The image is from Virgil  
 Rowe likewise adopts it in his "Ambitious Stepmother" —

"And send a snake to every vulgar breast" — *Steevens*

Such liberty, such lewd occasion  
To execute their shameless villainy?  
Thou, thou art cause of all this open wrong,  
Thou, that forbear'st thy vengeance all too long  
If thou spare them, rain then upon my head  
The fulness of thy plagues with deadly ire,  
To reave this ruthful soul, who all too soie  
Burns in the wrathful torments of revenge  
O earth, the mother of each living wight,  
Open thy womb, devour this wither'd corpse  
And thou, O hell (if other hell there be  
Than that I feel), receive my soul to thee  
O daughter, daughter (wherefore do I grace  
Her with so kind a name?) O thou fond girl,  
The shameful ruin of thy father's house,  
Is this my hoped joy? Is this the stay  
Must glad my grief-ful years that waste away?  
For life, which first thou didst receive from me,  
Ten thousand deaths shall I receive by thee  
For all the joys I did repose in thee  
Which I, fond man, did settle in thy sight,  
Is this thy recompense—that I must see  
The thing so shameful and so villanous  
That would to God this earth had swallowed  
This worthless burthen into lowest deeps,  
Rather than I, accursed, had beheld  
The sight that hourly massacres my life?  
O whither, whither fly'st thou forth, my soul?  
O whither wand'reth my tormented mind?  
Those pains, that make the miser<sup>1</sup> glad of death,  
Have seiz'd on me, and yet I cannot have  
What villains may command—a speedy death  
Whom shall I first accuse for this outrage?

---

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.*, The wretch. The word *miser* was anciently used without comprehending any idea of avarice. See note on "King Henry VI, Part I," edit of Shakespeare, 1778, vol vi. p. 279.—*Steevens*.

That God that gudgeth all, and gudgeth so  
This damned deed? Shall I blaspheme their  
names—

The gods, the authors of this spectacle?  
Or shall I justly curse that cruel star,  
Whose influence assign'd this destiny?  
But may that traitor, shall that vile wretch live,  
By whom I have receiv'd this injury?  
Or shall I longer make account of her,  
That fondly prostitutes her widow's shame?—  
I have bethought me what I shall request

*[He kneels.*

On bended knees, with hands heav'd up to heaven,  
This, sacred senate of the gods, I crave  
First on the traitor your consuming ire,  
Next on the cursed strumpet dire revenge,  
Last on myself, the wretched father, shame

*[He riseth*

O! could I stamp, and therewithal command  
Armies of furies to assist my heart,  
To prosecute due vengeance on their souls!  
Hear me, my friends, but as ye love your lives,  
Reply not to me, hearken and stand amaz'd  
When I, as is my wont, O fond delight!  
Went forth to seek my daughter, now my death—  
Within her chamber, as I thought, she was,  
But there I found her not—I deemed then  
For her disport she and her maidens were  
Down to the garden walk'd to comfort them,  
And thinking thus, it came into my mind  
There all alone to tarry her return  
And thereupon I, weary, threw myself  
Upon her widow's bed, for so I thought,  
And in the curtain wrapp'd my cursed head  
Thus as I lay, anon I might behold  
Out of the vault, up through her chamber floor,  
My daughter Gismund bringing hand in hand  
The County Palurin Alas! it is too true,



At her bed's feet this traitor made me see  
 Her shame, his treason, and my deadly grief—  
 Her princely body yielded to this thief,  
 The high despite whereof so wounded me  
 That, trance-like, as a senseless stone I lay,  
 For neither wit nor tongue could use the mean  
 T' express the passions of my pained heart  
 Forceless, perforce, I sank down to this pain,  
 As greedy famine doth constrain the hawk  
 Piecemeal to rend and tear the yielding pie  
 So far'd it with me in that heavy stound  
 But now what shall I do? how may I seek  
 To ease my mind, that burneth with desire  
 Of due revenge? For never shall my thoughts  
 Grant ease unto my heart, till I have found  
 A mean of vengeance to requite his pains,  
 That first convey'd this sight unto my soul—  
 Renuchio!

RENUCHIO What is your highness' will?

TANCRED Call my daughter my heart boils,  
 till I see

Her in my sight, to whom I may discharge  
 All the unrest that thus distempereth me

[Exit RENUCHIO  
 Should I destroy them both? O gods, ye know  
 How near and dear our daughter is to us  
 And yet my rage persuades me to imbue  
 My thirsty hands in both their trembling bloods,  
 Therewith to cool my wrathful fury's heat  
 But, Nature, why repin'st thou at this thought?  
 Why should I think upon a father's debt  
 To her that thought not on a daughter's due?  
 But still, methinks, if I should see her die,  
 And therewithal reflex her dying eyes  
 Upon mine eyes, that sight would slit my heart  
 Not much unlike the cockatrice, that slays  
 The object of his foul infections,  
 O, what a conflict doth my mind endure!

Now fight my thoughts against my passions ·  
 Now strive my passions against my thoughts  
 Now sweats my heart, now chill cold falls it dead  
 Help, heavens, and succour, ye celestial powers !  
 Infuse y our secret virtue on my soul  
 Shall nature win ? shall justice not prevail ?  
 Shall I, a king, be proved partial ?  
 “ How shall our subjects then insult on us,  
 When our examples, that are light to them,  
 Shall be eclipsed with our proper deeds ? ”  
 And may the arms be rent from the tree,  
 The members from the body be dissever'd ?  
 And can the heart endure no violence ?  
 My daughter is to me mine only heart,  
 My life, my comfort, my continuance ,  
 Shall I be then not only so unkind  
 To pass all nature's strength, and cut her off ?  
 But therewithal so cruel to myself,  
 Against all law of kind to shred in twain  
 The golden thread that doth us both maintain ?  
 But were it that my rage should so command,  
 And I consent to her untimely death,  
 Were this an end to all our miseries ?  
 No, no, her ghost will still pursue our life,  
 And from the deep her bloodless, ghastful spirit  
 Will, as my shadow in the shining day,  
 Follow my footsteps, till she take revenge  
 I will do thus therefore the traitor dies,  
 Because he scorned the favour of his king,  
 And our displeasure wilfully incur'd  
 His slaughter, with her sorrow for his blood,  
 Shall to our rage supply delightful food  
 Julio—

JULIO What is't your majesty commands ?

TANCRED. Julio, if we have not our hope in  
 van,

Nor all the trust we do repose in thee,  
 Now must we try, if thou approve the same.

Herein thy force and wisdom we must see,  
For our command requires them both of thee.

JULIO. How by your grace's bounty I am bound  
Beyond the common bond, wherein each man  
Stands bound unto his king : how I have found  
Honour and wealth by favour in your sight,  
I do acknowledge with most thankful mind.  
My truth (with other means to serve your grace,  
Whatever you in honour shall assign)  
Hath sworn her power true vassal to your hest :  
For proof let but your majesty command,  
I shall unlock the prison of my soul ;  
Although unkindly horror would gainsay,  
Yet in obedience to your highness' will,  
By whom I hold the tenor of this life,  
This hand and blade will be the instruments  
To make pale death to grapple with my heart.

TANCRED. Well, to be short, for I am griev'd  
too long  
By wrath without revenge, I think you know  
Whilom there was a palace builded strong  
For war within our court, where dreadless peace  
Hath planted now a weaker entrance.  
But of that palace yet one vault remains  
Within our court, the secret way whereof  
Is to our daughter Gismund's chamber laid :  
There is also another mouth hereof  
Without our wall, which now is overgrown ;  
But you may find it out, for yet it lies  
Directly south a furlong from our palace !  
It may be known—hard-by an ancient stoop,<sup>1</sup>  
Where grew an oak in elder days decay'd ;  
There will we that you watch ; there shall you see  
A villain traitor mount out of a vault.

---

<sup>1</sup> "A *stoop*, or *stowp* ; a post fastened in the earth, from the Latin *stupa*."—Ray's "North Country Words," p. 58, edit. 1742.

Bring him to us , it is th' Earl Palurin  
 What is his fault, neither shall you inquire,  
 Nor list we to disclose These cursed eyes  
 Have seen the flame, this heart hath felt the fire  
 That cannot else be quench'd but with his blood  
 This must be done , this will we have you do  
 JULIO Both this, and else whatever you think  
 good [JULIO *departeth into the palace*

## ACT IV , SCENE 3

RENUCHIO *bringeth GISMUND out of her chamber, to  
 whom TANCRED saith*

TANCRED Renuchio, depart leave us alone  
 [*Exit RENUCHIO*]

Gismund, if either I could cast aside  
 All care of thee ' or if thou wouldst have had  
 Some care of me, it would not now betide,  
 That either thorough thy fault my joy should  
 fade,  
 Or by thy folly I should bear the pain  
 Thou hast procur'd but now 'tis neither I  
 Can shun the grief, whom thou hast more than  
 slain  
 Nor may'st thou heal or ease the grievous wound  
 Which thou hast given me That unstained life,  
 Wherein I joy'd, and thought it thy delight,  
 Why hast thou lost it? Can it be restor'd?  
 Where is thy widowhood, there is thy shame.  
 Gismund, it is no man's nor men's report,  
 That have by likely proofs inform'd me thus  
 Thou know'st how hardly I could be induc'd  
 To vex myself, and be displeas'd with thee,  
 With flying tales of flattering sycophants  
 No, no, there was in us such settled trust  
 Of thy chaste life and uncorrupted mind

That if these eyes had not beheld thy shame,  
In vain ten thousand censures could have told  
That thou didst once unprincelike make agree  
With that vile traitor County Palurin :  
Without regard had to thyself or me,  
Unshamefastly to stain thy state and mine.  
But I, unhappiest, have beheld the same,  
And, seeing it, yet feel th' exceeding grief  
That slays my heart with horror of that thought :  
Which grief commands me to obey my rage,  
And justice urgeth some extreme revenge,  
To wreak the wrongs that have been offer'd us.  
But nature, that hath lock'd within thy breast  
Two lives, the same inclineth me to spare  
Thy blood, and so to keep mine own unspilt.  
This is that overweening love I bear  
To thee undutiful, and undeserved.  
But for that traitor, he shall surely die ;  
For neither right nor nature doth entreat  
For him, that wilfully, without all awe  
Of gods or men, or of our deadly hate,  
Incurr'd the just displeasure of his king ;  
And to be brief, I am content to know  
What for thyself thou canst object to us.  
Why thou should'st not together with him die.  
So to assuage the griefs that overthrow  
Thy father's heart.

GISMUND. O king and father, humbly give her  
leave

To plead for grace, that stands in your disgrace.  
Not that she recks this life,<sup>1</sup> for I confess  
I have deserv'd, when so it pleaseth you,

---

<sup>1</sup> Not that she is careful or anxious about, or regrets the loss of this life. So in Milton's "Paradise Lost," Bk. ix, line 171—

"Revenge at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils ;  
Let it ; I reck not, so it light well aim'd."

To die the death, mine honour and my name,  
 As you suppose, distained with reproach  
 And well contented shall I meet the stroke  
 That must dis sever this detested head  
 From these lewd limbs But this I wish were  
 known,

That now I live not for myself alone  
 For when I saw that neither my request,  
 Nor the entreaty of my careful aunt,  
 Could win your highness' pleasure to our will,  
 "Then love, heat of the heart, life of the soul,  
 Fed by desire, increasing by restraint,"  
 Would not endure controlment any more,  
 But violently enforc'd my feeble heart  
 (For who am I, alas ! still to resist  
 Such endless conflicts ?) to relent and yield  
 Therewith I chose him for my lord and ppeer,  
 Guiscard mine Earl, that holds my love full dear  
 Then if it be so settled in your mind,  
 He shall not live, because he dar'd to love  
 Your daughter thus I give your grace to know  
 Within his heart there is inclos'd my life  
 Therefore, O father, if that name may be  
 Sweet to your ears, and that we may prevail  
 By name of father, that you favour us.  
 But otherwise, if now we cannot find  
 That which our falsed hope did promise us,  
 Why then proceed, and rid our trembling hearts  
 Of these suspicions, since neither in this case  
 His good deserts in service to your grace,  
 Which always have been just, nor my desires,  
 May mitigate the cruel rage of grief  
 That strains your heart, but that mine Earl must  
 die,

---

And again, in the "History of Sir John Oldcastle," 1600—

"I reek of death the less in that I die,  
 Not by the sentence of that envious priest "

Then all in vain you ask, what I can say,  
Why I should live. Sufficeth for my part  
To say I will not live, and so resolve.

TANCRED. Dar'st thou so desperate decree thy  
death?

GISMUND. A dreadless heart delights in such  
decrees.

TANCRED. Thy kind abhorreth such unkindly  
thoughts.

GISMUND. Unkindly thoughts they are to them  
that live

In kindly love.

TANCRED. As I do unto thee.

GISMUND. To take his life who is my love from  
me?

TANCRED. Have I then lost thy love?

GISMUND. If he shall lose

His life, that is my love.

TANCRED. Thy love? Begone.

Return into thy chamber.

GISMUND. I will go.

[GISMUND departeth to her chamber.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 4.

JULIO *with his guard bringeth in the* COUNTY  
PALURIN *prisoner.*

JULIO. If it please your highness, hither have  
we brought

This captive Earl, as you commanded us.

Whom, as we were foretold, even there we found.

Where by your majesty we were enjoin'd

To watch for him. What more your highness wills.

This heart and hand shall execute your hest.

TANCRED. Julio, we thank your pains. Ah.  
Palurin!

Have we deserved in such traitorous sort  
Thou shouldst abuse our kingly courtesies,  
Which we too long in favour have bestow'd  
Upon thy false, dissembling heart with us ?  
What grief thou therewithal hast thrown on us,  
What shame upon our house, what dire distress  
Our soul endures, cannot be uttered  
And dost thou, villain, dare to undermine  
Our daughter's chamber ? durst thy shameless face  
Be bold to kiss her ? th' rest we will conceal  
Sufficeth that thou know'st I too well know  
All thy proceedings in thy private shames  
Herein what hast thou won ? thine own content,  
With the displeasure of thy lord and king,  
The thought whereof if thou hadst had in mind  
The least remorse of love and loyalty  
Might have restrain'd thee from so foul an act  
But, Palurin, what may I deem of thee,  
Whom neither fear of gods, nor love of him,  
Whose princely favour hath been thine uprear,  
Could quench the fuel of thy lewd desires ?  
Wherefore content thee, that we are resolv'd  
(And therefore laid to snare thee with this bait)  
That thy just death, with thine effused blood,  
Shall cool the heat and choler of our mood.

GUISCARD My lord the king, neither do I mis-  
like

Your sentence, nor do you smoking sighs,  
Reach'd from the entrails of your boiling heart,  
Disturb the quiet of my calmed thoughts  
For this I feel, and by experience prove,  
Such is the force and endless might of love,  
As never shall the dread of carrion death,  
That hath envy'd our joys, invade my breast  
For if it may be found a fault in me,  
That evermore hath lov'd your majesty,  
Likewise to honour and to love your child ;  
If love unto you both may be a fault—



But unto her my love exceeds compare—  
 Then this hath been my fault, for which I joy,  
 That in the greatest lust of all my life,  
 I shall submit for her sake to endure  
 The pangs of death O mighty lord of Love,  
 Strengthen thy vassal boldly to receive  
 Large wounds into this body for her sake !  
 Then use my life or death, my lord and king,  
 For your relief to ease your grieved soul  
 For whether I live, or else that I must die  
 To end your pains, I am content to bear ,  
 Knowing by death I shall bewray the truth  
 Of that sound heart, which living was her own,  
 And died alive for her, that lived mine

TANCRED Thine, Palurn ? What ! lives my  
 daughter thine ?

Traitor, thou wrong'st me, for she liveth mine  
 Rather I wish ten thousand sundry deaths,  
 Than I to live, and see my daughter thine  
 Thine that is dearer than my life to me ?  
 Thine whom I hope to see an emp[er]ress ?  
 Thine whom I cannot pardon from my sight ?  
 Thine unto whom we have bequeath'd our  
 crown ?—

Julio, we will that thou inform from us  
 Renuchio the captain of our guard,  
 That we command this traitor be convey'd  
 Into the dungeon underneath our tower ,  
 There let him rest, until he be resolv'd  
 What farther we intend , which to understand  
 We will Renuchio repair to us

JULIO O, that I might your majesty entreat  
 With clemency to beautify your seat  
 Toward this prince, distress'd by his desires,  
 Too many, all too strong to captivate

TANCRED "This is the soundest safety for a  
 king,  
 To cut them off, that vex or hinder him "

JULIO "This have I found the safety of a king,  
To spare the subjects that do honour him"

TANCRED Have we been honour'd by this  
lecher's lust?

JULIO No, but by his devout submission

TANCRED Our fortune says we must do what  
we may

JULIO "This is praise-worth, not to do what  
you may"

TANCRED And may the subject countermand  
the king?

JULIO No, but entreat him

TANCRED What he shall decree?

JULIO What wisdom shall discern

TANCRED Nay, what our word  
Shall best determine We will not reply  
Thou know'st our mind our heart cannot be eas'd,  
But with the slaughter of this Palurin

[*The KING hasteth into his palace*

GUISCARD O thou great god, who from thy  
highest throne

Hast stooped down, and felt the force of love,  
Bend gentle ears unto the woful moan  
Of me poor wretch, to grant that I require '  
Help to persuade the same great god, that he  
So far remit his might, and slack his fire  
From my dear lady's kindled heart, that she  
May hear my death without her hurt Let not  
Her face, wherein there is as clear a light  
As in the rising moon let not her cheeks,  
As red as is the party-colour'd rose,  
Be paled with the news hereof and so  
I yield myself, my seely soul and all,  
To him, for her, for whom my death shall show  
I liv'd, and as I liv'd, I died her thrall  
Grant this, thou Thunderer this shall suffice,  
My breath to vanish in the liquid skies

[*GUISCARD is led to prison*

CHORUS 1 Who doth not know the fruits of  
 Paris' love,  
 Nor understand the end of Helen's joy ?  
 He may behold the fatal overthrow  
 Of Priam's house and of the town of Troy—  
 His death at last and her eternal shame ,  
 For whom so many noble knights were slain  
 So many a duke, so many a prince of fame  
 Bereft his life, and left there in the plain  
 Medea's armed hand, Eliza's sword,  
 Wretched Leander drenched in the flood  
 Phillis, so long that waited for her lord  
 All these too dearly bought their loves with blood

CHORUS 2 But he in virtue that his lady serves,  
 Ne wills but what unto her honour 'longs,  
 He never from the rule of reason swerves ,  
 He feeleth not the pangs ne raging throngs  
 Of blind Cupid · he lives not in despair,  
 As done his servants , neither spends his days  
 In joy and care, vain hope and throbbing fear  
 But seeks alway what may his sovereign please  
 In honour he that thus serves, reaps the fruit  
 Of his sweet service , and no jealous dread,  
 Nor base suspect of aught to let his suit,  
 Which causeth oft the lover's heart to bleed,  
 Doth fret his mind, or burneth in his breast  
 He waileth not by day, nor wakes by night,  
 When every other living thing doth rest ,  
 Nor finds his life or death within her sight

CHORUS 3 Remember thou in virtue serve  
 therefore  
 Thy chaste lady beware thou do not love,  
 As whilom Venus did the fawn Adone,  
 But as Diana lov'd th' Amazon's son ,  
 Through whose request the gods to him alone  
 Restor'd new life. The twine that was undone,  
 Was by the sisters twisted up again  
 The love of virtue in thy lady's looks,

The love of virtue in her learned talk,  
 This love yields matter for eternal books  
 This love enticeth him abroad to walk,  
 There to invent and write new roundelays  
 Of learn'd conceit, her fancies to allure  
 To vain delights such humours he allays,  
 And sings of virtue and her garments pure

CHORUS 4 Desire not of thy sovereign the  
 thing

Whereof shame may ensue by any mean,  
 Nor wish thou aught that may dishonour bring  
 So whilom did the learned Tuscan<sup>1</sup> serve  
 His fair lady, and glory was their end  
 Such are the praises lovers done deserve,  
 Whose service doth to virtue and honour tend

FINIS ACTUS IV COMPOSIT CH HAT<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Petrarch and Laura

<sup>2</sup> These initials were almost unquestionably intended for Christopher Hatton, afterwards knighted and created Lord Chancellor of England. In the fourth year of Queen Elizabeth, 1562, about six years before this play is supposed to have been written, we learn from Dugdale's "*Origines Juridicales*," p. 150, a magnificent Christmas was kept in the Inner Temple, at which her majesty was present, and Mr Hatton was appointed Master of the Game. Historians say he owed his rise, not so much to his mental abilities, as to the graces of his person and his excellence in dancing, which captivated the Queen to such a degree, that he arose gradually from one of her Gentlemen Pensioners to the highest employment in the law, which he, however, filled without censure, supplying his own defects by the assistance of the ablest men in the profession. *The grave Lord Keeper*, after his promotion, still retained his fondness for that accomplishment to which he was indebted for his rise and led the *Brawls* almost until his death. In 1589, on the marriage of his heir with Judge Gawdy's daughter, "the Lord Chancellor danced the measures at the solemnity, and left his gown on the chair, saying *Lie there, Chancellor*." His death, which happened two years after, was hastened by an unexpected demand of money from the Queen, urged

## ACT V, SCENE 1

*RENUCHIO cometh out of the palace*

RENUCHIO O cruel fate ! O miserable chance !  
O dire aspect of hateful destinies !  
O woe may not be told ! Suffic'd it not  
That I should see, and with these eyes behold  
So foul, so bloody, and so base a deed  
But more to aggravate the heavy cares  
Of my perplexed mind, must only I,  
Must I alone be made the messenger,  
That must deliver to her princely ears  
Such dismal news, as when I shall disclose  
I know it cannot but abridge her days ?  
As when the thunder and three-forked fire,  
Rent through the clouds by Jove's almighty power,  
Breaks up the bosom of our mother earth,  
And burns her heart, before the heat be felt  
In this distress, whom should I most bewail,  
My woe, that must be made the messenger  
Of these unworthy and unwelcome news ?  
Or shall I moan thy death, O noble Earl ?  
Or shall I still lament the heavy hap,  
That yet, O Queen, attends thy funeral ?

CHORUS 1. What moans be these ?  
Renuchio, is this Saleme I see ?  
Doth here King Tancred hold the awful crown ?  
Is this the place where civil people be ?  
Or do the savage Scythians here abound ?

CHORUS 2. What mean these questions ? whither  
tend these words ?

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in so severe a manner, that all the kindness she afterwards showed to him was insufficient to remove the impression it had made on him. See Birch's "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth" vol 1 pp 8, 56, [and Nicolas's "Life of Hatton," p 478]

Resolve us maidens, and release our fears  
Whatever news thou bring'st, discover them,  
Detain us not in this suspicious dread !

“ The thought whereof is greater than the woe ”

RENUCHIO O, whither may I cast my looks ? to  
heaven ?

Black pitchy clouds from thence rain down revenge  
The earth shall I behold, stain'd with the gore  
Of his heart-blood, that died most innocent ?  
Which way soe'er I turn mine eyes, methinks  
His butcher'd corpse stands staring in my face

CHORUS 3 We humbly pray thee to forbear  
these words,

So full of terror to our maiden hearts

“ The dread of things unknown breeds the suspect  
Of greater dread, until the worst be known ”

Tell therefore what hath chanc'd, and whereunto  
This bloody cup thou holdest in thy hand

RENUCHIO Since so is your request, that I shall  
do,

Although my mind so sorrowful a thing  
Repines to tell, and though my voice eschews  
To say what I have seen, yet since your will  
So fixed stands to hear for what I rue,  
Your great desires I shall herein fulfil  
Fast by Saleme city, amidst the plain,  
There stands a hill whose bottom, huge and round,  
Thrown out in breadth, a large space doth contain  
And gathering up in height, small from the ground,  
Still less and less it mounts there sometime was  
A goodly tower uprear'd, that flower'd in fame  
While fate and fortune serv'd, but time doth pass  
And with his sway suppresseth all the same  
For now the walls be even'd with the plain,  
And all the rest so foully lies defac'd,  
As but the only shade doth there remain  
Of that, which there was built in time forepass'd  
And yet that shows what worthy work tofore

Hath there been rear'd One parcel of that tower<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet stands, which eating time could not devour  
 A strong turret, compact of stone and rock,  
 Hugy without, but horrible within  
 To pass to which, by force of handy stroke,  
 A crooked strait is made, that enters in,  
 And leads into this ugly loathsome place  
 Within the which, carved into the ground,  
 A deep dungeon<sup>2</sup> there runs of narrow space.  
 Dreadful and dark, where never light is found  
 Into this hollow cave, by cruel hest  
 Of King Tancred, were divers servants sent  
 To work the horror of his furious breast,  
 Erst nourish'd in his rage, and now stein bent  
 To have the same perform'd I woful man,  
 Amongst the rest, was one to do the thing,  
 That to our charge so straitly did belong,  
 In sort as was commanded by the king  
 Within which dreadful prison when we came,  
 The noble County Paluin, that there

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<sup>1</sup> Dryden's translation of Boccaccio's "Description of the Cave" is as follows —

"Next the proud palace of Salerno stood  
 A Mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood  
 Through this a cave was dug with vast expence  
 The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,  
 Who, when abusing power with lawless might,  
 From public justice would secure his flight  
 The passage made by many a winding way,  
 Reach'd even the room in which the tyrant lay  
 Fit for his purpose on a lower floor,  
 He lodged, whose issue was an iron door,  
 From whence by stairs descending to the ground,  
 In the blind got a safe retreat he found  
 Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown  
 With brambles, choak'd by time, and now unknown  
 A rift there was, which from the mountain's height  
 Convey'd a glimm'ring and malignant light,  
 A breathing place to draw the damps away,  
 A twilight of an intercepted day"

— "Sigismonda and Guiscardo" Dryden's Works, vol. iii p. 251

<sup>2</sup> See Milton's "Paradise Lost," Bk. i. l. 60.

Lay chain'd in gyves,<sup>1</sup> fast fetter'd in his bolts,  
 Out of the dark dungeon we did upreai,  
 And hal'd him thence into a brighter place,  
 That gave us light to work our tyranny  
 But when I once beheld his manly face,  
 And saw his cheer, no more appall'd with fear  
 Of present death, than he whom never dread  
 Did once amate <sup>2</sup> my heart abhorred then  
 To give consent unto so foul a deed  
 That wretched death should reave so worthy a man  
 On false fortune I cried with loud complaint,  
 That in such sort o'erwhelms nobility  
 But he, whom never grief ne fear could taint,

<sup>1</sup> *Fetters* or *chains* So in Beaumont and Fletcher's  
 "Beggar's Bush," act III sc 4—

"Gyles I must wear, and cold must be my comfort"  
 Marston's "What You Will," act II sc 1—

"Think'st thou a libertine, an ungu'd beast,  
 Scoines not the shackles of thy envious clogs?"

Milton's "Samson Agonistes," l 1092—

"Dost thou already single me? I thought  
 Gyles and the mill had tam'd thee"

See Dr Newton's note on the last passage, and Mr  
 Steevens's note on "First Part of Henry IV," act IV sc 3

<sup>2</sup> *Amate* is to daunt or confound Skinner, in his "Ety  
 mologicon," explains it thus "Perterrefacere, Attonitum  
 reddere, Obstupefacere, mente consternare, Consilium inopem  
 reddere" So in "Thule or Vertue's Historie," by Francis  
 Rous, 1598, sig B—

"At last with violence and open force  
 They brake the posternes of the Castle gate,  
 And entred spoyling all without remorse,  
 Not could old Sobrin now resist his fate,  
 But stiffe with feare ev'n like a senceles corse  
 Whom grisly terior doth so much amate,  
 He lyes supine upon his fatall bed  
 Expecting ev'ry minute to be dead"

Again, *Ibid*, sig D—

"He would forsake his choyse, and change his fate,  
 And leave her quite, and so procure her woe,  
 Faines that a sudden grief doth her amate,  
 Wounded with piercing sicknes' Ebon bow"



With smiling cheer himself oft willeth me  
To leave to plain his case, or sorrow make  
For him, for he was far more glad apaid  
Death to embrace thus for his lady's sake,  
Than life or all the joys of life, he said  
For loss of life, quoth he, grieves me no more  
Than loss of that which I esteemed least  
My lady's grief, lest she should rue therefore,  
Is all the cause of grief within my breast  
He pray'd therefore, that we would make report  
To her of those his last words he would say  
That, though he never could in any sort  
Her gentleness requite, nor never lay  
Within his power to serve her as he would,  
Yet she possess'd his heart with hand and might,  
To do her all the honour that he could  
This was to him, of all the joys that might  
Revive his heart, the chiefest joy of all,  
That to declare the faithful heart which he  
Did bear to her, fortune so well did fall,  
That in her love he should both live and die  
After these words he stay'd, and spake no more,  
But joyfully beholding us each one,  
His words and cheer amazed us so sore,  
That still we stood, when forthwith thereupon  
But, why slack you, quoth he, to do the thing  
For which you come? make speed, and stay no  
more  
Perform your master's will Now tell the king  
He hath his life, for which he long'd so sore  
And with those words himself with his own hand  
Fast'ned the bands about his neck The rest  
Wond'ring at his stout heart, astonied<sup>1</sup> stand

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<sup>1</sup> Astonished. So in "Euphues and his England," p 102—"Philautus, *astonied* at this speech," &c And again, in the "Fable of Jeronimi," by G Gascoigne, p 209 "When Ferdinando (somewhat *astonied* with his strange

To see him offer thus himself to death  
 What stony breast, or what hard heart of flint  
 Would not relent to see this dreary sight?  
 So goodly a man, whom death nor fortune's  
     dint

Could once disarm, murder'd with such despite,  
 And in such sort bereft, amidst the flowers  
 Of his fresh years, that ruthless was to seen  
 "For violent is death, when he devours  
 Young men or virgins, while their years be  
     green"

Lo! now our servants seeing him take the  
     bands,

And on his neck himself to make them fast,  
 Without delay set to their cruel hands,  
 And sought to work their fierce intent with  
     haste

They stretch the bloody bands, and when the  
     breath

Began to fail his breast, they slack'd again  
 Thrice did they pull, and thrice they loosed him,  
 So did their hands repine against their hearts  
 And ofttimes loosed to his greater pain  
 "But date of death, that fixed is so fast,  
 Beyond his course there may no wight extend"  
 For strangled is this noble Earl at last,  
 Bereft of life, unworthy such an end

CHORUS O damned deed!

RENUCHIO                      What, deem you this to be  
 All the sad news that I have to unfold?  
 Is here, think you, end of the cruelty  
 That I have seen?

CHORUS                      Could any heavier woe  
 Be wrought to him, than to destroy him so?

speech) thus answered" And in "Thieves Falling Out,"  
 &c, 1615, by Rob Greene "The gentleman, *astonied* at  
 this strange metamorphosis of his mistress."

RENUCHIO What, think you this outrage did  
end so well ?

The horror of the fact, the greatest grief,  
The massacre, the terror is to tell

CHORUS Alack ! what could be more ? they  
threw percase  
The dead body to be devour'd and torn  
Of the wild beasts

RENUCHIO. Would God it had been cast a savage  
prey  
To beasts and birds but lo, that dreadful thing  
Which e'en the tiger would not work, but to  
Suffice his hunger, that hath the tyrant king  
Withouten ruth commanded us to do,  
Only to please his wrathful heart withal  
Happy had been his chance, too happy, alas !  
If birds or beasts had eaten up his corpse,  
Yea, heart and all within this cup I bring,  
And am constrained now unto the face  
Of his dear lady to present the same

CHORUS What kind of cruelty is this you name ?  
Declare forthwith, and whereunto doth tend  
This farther plaint

RENUCHIO After his breath was gone,  
Forced perforce thus from his panting breast,  
Straight they despoiled him, and not alone  
Contented with his death, on the dead corpse,  
Which ravenous beasts forbear to lacerate,  
Even upon this our villains fresh begun  
To show new cruelty ; forthwith they pierce  
His naked belly, and unripp'd it so,  
That out the bowels gush'd Who can rehearse  
Their tyranny, wherewith my heart yet bleeds ?  
The warm entrails were torn out of his breast,  
Within their hands trembling, not fully dead,  
His veins smok'd, his bowels all-to reeked,  
Ruthless were rent, and thrown about the place  
All clotted lay the blood in lumps of gore,

Sprent<sup>1</sup> on his coipse, and on his paled face,  
 His trembling heart, yet leaping, out they tore,  
 And cruelly upon a rapier  
 They fix'd the same, and in this hateful wise  
 Unto the king this heart they do present  
 A sight long'd for to feed his useful eyes  
 The king perceiving each thing to be wrought  
 As he had will'd, rejoicing to behold  
 Upon the bloody sword the pierced heart,  
 He calls then for this massy cup of gold,  
 Into the which the woful heart he cast,  
 And reaching me the same now go, quoth he,  
 Unto my daughter, and with speedy haste  
 Present her this, and say to her from me,  
 Thy father hath here in this cup thee sent  
 That thing to joy and comfort thee withal,  
 Which thou lovedst best, even as thou wert content  
 To comfort him with his chief joy of all

CHORUS O hateful fact! O passing cruelty!  
 O murder wrought with too much hard despite!  
 O heinous deed, which no posterity  
 Will once believe!

RENUCHIO                      Thus was Earl Paluin  
 Strangled unto the death, yea, after death  
 His heart and blood disbowell'd from his breast  
 But what availeth plaint? It is but breath  
 Forewasted all in vain    Why do I rest  
 Here in this place?    Why go I not, and do  
 The hateful message to my charge committed?  
 O, were it not that I am forced thereto

<sup>1</sup> *Sprent* is sprinkled    So in Spensers "Shepherd's  
 Calendar," December—

"My head *besprent* with hoary frost I find"  
 And Fairfax's "Tasso," cant xii st 101—

"His silver locks with dust he foul *besprent*"  
 Again in Milton's "Comus," l 542—

"Of knot grass dew *besprent*"

By a king's will, here would I stay my feet  
 Ne one whit farther wade in this intent !  
 But I must yield me to my prince's hest ,  
 Yet doth this somewhat comfort mine unrest  
 I am resolv'd her grief not to behold,  
 But get me gone, my message being told  
 Where is the princess' chamber ?

CHORUS Lo, where she comes

## ACT V , SCENE 2

GISMUND *cometh out of her chamber, to whom*  
 • RENUCHIO *delvereth his cup, saying*

RENUCHIO Thy father, O queen, here in this  
 cup hath sent

The thing to joy and comfort thee withal  
 Which thou lovedst best, even as thou wast content  
 To comfort him with his chief joy of all

GISMUNDA I thank my father, and thee, gentle  
 squire,

For this thy travail , take thou, for thy pains,  
 This bracelet, and commend me to the king

[RENUCHIO *departeth*

So, now is come the long-expected hour,  
 The fatal hour I have so looked for ,  
 Now hath my father satisfied his thirst  
 With guiltless blood, which he so coveted  
 What brings this cup ? Ah me ! I thought no less,  
 It is mine Earl's, my County's pierced heart  
 Dear heart, too dearly hast thou bought my love ,  
 Extremely rated at too high a price !  
 Ah, my sweet heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,  
 But in thy death thou provest passing sweet  
 A fitter hearse than this of beaten gold  
 Could not be 'lotted to so good an heart  
 My father therefore well provided thus

To close and wrap thee up in massy gold,  
And therewithal to send thee unto me,  
To whom of duty thou dost best belong  
My father hath in all his life bewray'd  
A princely care and tender love to me,  
But this surpasseth—in his later days  
To send me this, mine own dear heart, to me  
Wert thou not mine, dear heart, whilst that my  
love

Danced and play'd upon thy golden strings?  
Art thou not mine, dear heart, now that my love  
Is fled to heaven, and got him golden wings?  
Thou art mine own, and still mine own shalt be,  
Therefore my father sendeth thee to me  
Ah, pleasant harborough<sup>1</sup> of my heart's thought!  
Ah, sweet delight, the quickener of my soul!  
Seven times accursed be the hand that wrought  
Thee this despite, to mangle thee so foul  
Yet in this wound I see mine own true love,  
And in this wound thy magnanimity,  
And in this wound I see thy constancy  
Go, gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tomb,  
Receive this token at thy last farewell

[*She kisseth it*

Thine own true heart anon will follow thee,  
Which panting lusteth<sup>2</sup> for thy company  
Thus hast thou run, poor heart! thy mortal race,  
And rid thy life from fickle fortune's snares,  
Thus hast thou lost this world and worldly cares,  
And of thy foe, to honour thee withal,  
Receiv'd a golden grave to thy desert  
Nothing doth want to thy just funeral,  
But my salt tears to wash thy bloody wound  
Which to the end thou might'st receive, behold  
My father sends thee in this cup of gold,  
And thou shalt have them, though I was resolv'd

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<sup>1</sup> Harbour

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *hasteth*]

To shed no tears, but with a cheerful face  
 Once did I think to wet thy funeral  
 Only with blood and with no weeping eye  
 This done, forthwith my soul shall fly to thee .  
 For therefore did my father send thee me  
 Ah, my pure heart <sup>1</sup> with sweeter company  
 Or more content, how safer may I prove  
 To pass to places all unknown with thee '  
 Why die I not therefore ? why do I stay ?  
 Why do I not this woful life forego,  
 And with these hands enforce this breath away ?  
 What means this gorgeous glittering head-attire ?  
 How ill beseeem these billaments <sup>1</sup> of gold  
 Thy mournful widowhood ? away with them—

[*She undresseth her hair*]

So let thy tresses, flaring in the wind,  
 Untimmed hang about thy bared neck  
 Now, hellish furies, set my heart on fire,  
 Bolden my courage, strengthen ye my hands,  
 Against their kind to do a kindly deed  
 But shall I then unwreaken <sup>2</sup> down descend ?

<sup>1</sup> Habillments, *SP*

<sup>2</sup> Unrevenged [The more correct form would be *unwoken*] So in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," act ii sc 4—

"Would to heaven,  
 In *wreak* of my misfortunes, I were turn'd  
 To some fawn water nymph "

In "Sejanus his Fall," act iv —

"Made to speak  
 What they will have to fit their tyrannous *wreak*"

In Massinger's "Fatal Dowry," act iv sc 4—

"But there's a heaven above, from whose just *wreak*  
 No mists of policy can hide offenders "

In his "Very Woman," act i

"And our just *wreak*, by force or cunning practice  
 With scorn prevented "

See also Mr Steevens's note on "Coriolanus," act iv sc 5.  
 "Moriama *multæ* ?"—Virgil's "Æneid," lib iv —Steevens

Shall I not work some just revenge on him  
That thus hath slain my love? shall not these  
hands

Fire his gates, and make the flame to climb  
Up to the pinnacles with burning brands,  
And on his cinders wreak my cruel teen<sup>1</sup>?  
Be still, fond girl, content thee first to die,  
This venom'd water shall abide thy life

*[She taketh a vial of poison out of her pocket]*

This for the same intent provided I,  
Which can both ease and end this raging strife  
Thy father by thy death shall have more woe,  
Than fire or flames within his gates can bring  
Content thee then in patience hence to go, .  
Thy death his blood shall wreak upon the king  
Now not alone (a grief to die alone)  
"The only mirror of extreme annoy,"  
But not alone thou diest, my love, for I  
Will be copartner of thy destiny  
Be merry then, my soul, can'st thou refuse  
To die with him, that death for thee did choose?

CHORUS 1 What damned fury hath possessed  
our Queen?

Why sit we still beholding her distress?

Madam, forbear, suppress this headstrong rage

GISMUNDA Maidens, forbear your comfortable  
words

CHORUS 2 O worthy Queen, rashness doth over-  
throw

The author of his resolution

<sup>1</sup> Sorrow. Again, act v sc 3—

"His death, her woe, and her avenging teen"

And in Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis"—

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say,  
The text is old, the orator too green  
Therefore in sadness now I will away,  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen"



GISMUNDA Where hope of help is lost, what  
booteth fear ?

CHORUS 3 Fear will avoid the sting of infamy

GISMUNDA May good or bad reports delight  
the dead ?

CHORUS 4 If of the living yet the dead have  
care

GISMUNDA An easy grief by counsel may be  
cui'd

CHORUS 1 But headstrong mischiefs princes  
should avoid

GISMUNDA In headlong griefs and cases des-  
perate ?

CHORUS 2 Call to your mind, Gismund, you  
are the Queen

GISMUNDA. Unhappy widow, wife, and para-  
mour

CHORUS 3 Think on the king

GISMUNDA The king, the tyrant king ?

CHORUS 4 Your father

GISMUNDA Yes, the murderer of my love

CHORUS 4 His force

GISMUNDA The dead fear not the force of men

CHORUS 1 His care and grief

GISMUNDA That neither car'd for me,  
Nor grieved at the murder of my love

My mind is settled, you with these vain words

Withhold me but too long from my desire

Depart ye to my chamber

CHORUS We will haste  
To tell the king hereof

[CHORUS *depart into the palace*

GISMUNDA I will prevent  
Both you and him Lo, here this hearty draught,  
The last that in this world I mean to taste,  
Dreadless of death, mine Earl, I drink to thee  
So now work on, now doth my soul begin  
To hate this light, wherein there is no love,

No love of parents to their children ,  
 No love of princes to their subjects true ,  
 No love of ladies to their dearest loves  
 Now pass I to the pleasant land of love,  
 Where heavenly love immortal flourisheth  
 The gods abhor the company of men ,  
 Hell is on earth , yea, hell itself is heaven  
 Compar'd with earth I call to witness heaven ,  
 Heaven, said I ? No , hell <sup>1</sup> record I call,  
 And thou, stern goddess of revenging wrongs,  
 Witness with me, I die for his pure love  
 That lived mine  
 [*She lieth down, and covereth her face with her hair*]

## ACT V, SCENE 3

TANCRED *in haste cometh out of his palace*  
*with JULIO*

TANCRED Where is my daughter ?

JULIO Behold, here, woful king !

TANCRED Ah me ! break, heart , and thou, fly  
 forth, my soul

What, doth my daughter Gismund take it so ?

What hast thou done ? O, let me see thine eyes !

O, let me dress up those untrimmed locks ! <sup>2</sup>

Look up, sweet child, look up, mine only joy,

'Tis I, thy father, that beseecheth thee

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *but hell*]

<sup>2</sup> [*Untrimmed locks* are locks dishevelled or undressed  
*Trim*, in the language of the times, was frequently used  
 for dress So in Massinger's "Emperor of the East," act  
 11 sc 1—

"Our Eastern queens, at their full height bow to thee,  
 And are, in their best *trim*, thy foils and shadows"

See also Mr Steevens's note on "King John," act 111 sc 3

Rear up thy body, strain thy dying voice  
 To speak to him, sweet Gismund, speak to me  
 GISMUNDA Who stays my soul? who thus dis-  
 quiets me?

TANCRED 'Tis I, thy father, ah! behold my  
 tears,  
 Like pealed dew, that trickle down my cheeks,  
 To wash my silver hairs

GISMUNDA O father king,  
 Forbear your tears, your plaint will not avail

TANCRED O my sweet heart, hast thou receiv'd  
 thy life

From me, and wilt thou, to requite the same,  
 Yield me my death? yea, death, and greater grief—  
 To see thee die for him, that did defame  
 Thine honour thus, my kingdom, and thy name?

GISMUNDA Yea, therefore, father, gave you life  
 to me,

That I should die, and now my date is done  
 As for your kingdom and mine own renown,  
 Which you affirm dishonoured to be,  
 That fault impute it where it is, for he,  
 That slew mine Earl, and sent his heart to me,  
 His hands have brought this shame and grief on us  
 But, father, yet if any spark remain  
 Of your dear love, if ever yet I could  
 So much deserve, or at your hands desire,  
 Grant that I may obtain this last request

TANCRED Say, lovely child, say on, whate'er it  
 be,

Thy father grants it willingly to thee

GISMUNDA My life I crave not, for it is not now  
 In you to give, nor in myself to save,  
 Nor crave I mercy for mine Earl and me,  
 Who hath been slain with too much cruelty.  
 With patience I must a while abide  
 Within this life, which now will not be long.  
 But this is my request—father, I pray

That, since it pleased so your majesty,  
 I should enjoy my love alive no moie,  
 Yet ne'ertheless let us not parted be,  
 Whom cruel death could never separate  
 But as we liv'd and died together here,  
 So let our bodies be together tomb'd  
 Let him with me, and I with him, be laid  
 Within one shrine, wherever you appoint  
 This if you grant me, as I trust you will,  
 Although I live not to requite this grace,  
 Th' immortal gods due recompense shall give  
 To you for this and so, vain world, farewell—  
 My speech is painful, and mine eyesight fails  
 TANCRED My daughter dies—see how the bitter

pangs

Of tyrannous death torments her princely heart '  
 She looks on me, at me she shakes her head ,  
 For me she groans , by me my daughter dies ,  
 I, I the author of this tragedy —  
 On me, on me, ye heavens, throw down your ire '  
 Now dies my daughter ! [*she dies*] hence with  
 princely robes ! [*He throws aside his robes*]  
 O fan in life ! thrice fairer in thy death '  
 Deaf to thy father in thy life thou wert,  
 But in thy death dearest unto his heart ,  
 I kiss thy paled cheeks, and close thine eyes  
 This duty once I promis'd to myself  
 Thou shouldst perform to me , but ah ! false hope,  
 Now ruthless, wretched king, what resteth thee ?  
 Wilt thou now live wasted with misery ?  
 Wilt thou now live, that with these eyes didst see  
 Thy daughter dead ? wilt thou now live to see  
 Her funerals, that of thy life was stay ?  
 Wilt thou now live that wast her life's decay ?  
 Shall not this hand reach to this heart the stroke ?  
 Mine arms are not so weak, nor are my limbs  
 So feeble with mine age, nor is my heart  
 So daunted with the dread of cowardice,

But I can wreak due vengeance on that head,  
That wrought the means these lovers now be dead  
Julio, come near, and lay thine own right hand  
Upon my thigh<sup>1</sup>—now take thine oath of me

JULIO I swear to thee, my liege lord to discharge

Whatever thou enjoinest Julio

TANCRED First, then, I charge thee that my daughter have

Her last request thou shalt within one tomb

Inter her Earl and her, and thereupon

Engrave some royal epitaph of love

That done, I swear thee thou shalt take my corpse

Which thou shalt find by that time done to death,

And lay my body by my daughter's side—

Swear this, swear this, I say

JULIO

I swear

But will the king do so unkingly now?

TANCRED A kingly deed the king resolves to do

JULIO To kill himself?

TANCRED

To send his soul to ease

JULIO Doth Jove command it?

TANCRED

Our stars compel it

JULIO The wise man overrules his stars

TANCRED

So we

JULIO Undaunted should the minds of kings endure

TANCRED So shall it in this resolution

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to a custom of which mention is made in Genesis, chap xxiv 9—"And the servant put his *hand* under the *thigh* of Abraham his master, and *swore* to him concerning that matter" The same form was likewise observed by Jacob and Joseph when they were dying Some mystery is supposed to be couched under this practice The most probable, at least the most decent, supposition is, that it was a token of subjection or homage from a servant to his lord, when the former solemnly promised to perform whatever should be commanded by the latter —*Steevens*

Julio, forbear and as thou lov'st the king,  
When thou shalt see him welt'ring in his gore,  
Stretching his limbs, and gasping in his groans  
Then, Julio, set to thy helping hand,  
Redouble stroke on stroke, and drive the stab  
Down deeper to his heart, to rid his soul  
Now stand aside, stir not a foot, lest thou  
Make up the fourth to fill this tragedy  
These eyes that first beheld my daughter's shame  
These eyes that longed for the ruthless sight  
Of her Earl's heart, these eyes that now have seen  
His death, her woe, and her avenging teen,  
Upon these eyes we must be first aveng'd  
Unworthy lamps of this accursed lump,  
Out of your dwellings! [*Puts out his eyes*] So, it  
fits us thus

In blood and blindness to go seek the path  
That leadeth down to everlasting night  
Why fright'st thou, dastard? be thou desperate  
One mischief brings another on his neck,  
As mighty billows tumble in the seas,  
Now, daughter, seest thou not how I amerce  
My wiath, that thus bereft thee of thy love,  
Upon my head? Now, fathers, learn by me,  
Be wise, be warn'd to use more tenderly  
The jewels of your joys Daughter, I come  
[*Kills himself*]

FINIS



## EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY JULIO

Lo here the sweets of grisly pale despair !  
These are the blossoms of this cursed tree,  
Such are the fruits of too much love and care,  
O'erwhelmed in the sense of misery  
With violent hands he that his life doth end,  
His damned soul to endless night doth wend  
Now resteth it that I discharge mine oath,  
To see th' unhappy lovers and the king  
Laid in one tomb I would be very loth  
You should wait here to see this mournful thing  
For I am sure, and do ye all to wit,  
Through grief wherein the lords of Salerne be,  
These funerals are not prepared yet  
Nor do they think on that solemnity  
As for the fury, ye must understand,  
Now she hath seen th' effect of her desire,  
She is departed, and hath left our land  
Granting this end unto her hellish ire  
Now humbly pray we, that our English dames  
May never lead their loves into mistrust,  
But that their honours may avoid the shames,  
That follow such as live in wanton lust  
We know they bear them on their virtues bold,  
With blissful chastity so well content  
That, when their lives and loves abroad are told  
All men admire their virtuous government,  
Worthy to live where fury never came,



Worthy to live where love doth always see,  
Worthy to live in golden trump of fame,  
Worthy to live and honoured still to be.  
Thus end our sorrows with the setting sun :  
Now draw the curtains, for our scene is done.

R. W.

# THE WOUNDS OF CIVIL WAR.

## EDITION

*The Wounds of Civill War* Lively set forth in the true  
Tragedies of *Marius* and *Scilla*. As it hath bene  
publiquely plaide in London, by the Right Honourable  
the Lord high Admirall his Servants Written by  
*Thomas Lodge, Gent.* O vita! misero longa, fælici  
brevis London, Printed by *John Dancer*, and are to  
be sold at the signe of the Sunne in *Pauls Church*  
yard 1594 4to

## [MR COLLIER'S PREFACE.<sup>1</sup>]

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THOMAS LODGE, in his "Alarum against Usurers," 1584, speaks of his "birth," and of "the offspring from whence he came," as if he were at least respectably descended, and on the authority of Anthony Wood, it has been asserted by all subsequent biographers that he was of a Lincolnshire family [The fact is, that Lodge was the second son of Sir Thomas Lodge, Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1584, by his wife, the daughter of Sir William Laxton] Thomas Salter, about the year 1580, dedicated his "Munro of Modesty" to [the poet's mother, Lady Anne Lodge]

Langbaine seems to be under a mistake when he states that Lodge was of Cambridge Wood claims him for the University of Oxford,<sup>2</sup> where he traces him as early as 1573, when he must have been about seventeen years old, if he were born, as is generally supposed, in 1556 We are told by himself that he was

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<sup>1</sup> [The following account of Lodge and his works is very imperfect See the Shakespeare Society volume, 1853, containing much fuller particulars]

<sup>2</sup> In the "Epistle of England to her Three Daughters," in Clarke's "Polimanteia," 1595, Lodge is spoken of as belonging to Oxford — *Collier*.

a Servitor of Trinity College, and that he was educated under Sir Edward Hoby. At what time and for what cause Lodge left Oxford is not known, but Stephen Gosson, in the dedication of his "Plays Confuted in Five Actions," printed about 1582,<sup>1</sup> accuses him of having become "a vagrant person, visited by the heavy hand of God," as if he had taken to the stage, and thereby had incurred the vengeance of heaven. In 1584, when Lodge answered Gosson, he was a student of Lincoln's Inn,<sup>2</sup> and to "his courteous friends, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court," he dedicated his "Alarum against Usurers." He afterwards, as he informs Lord Hunsdon, in the epistle before his "Rosalynde, 1590, "fell from books to arms," and he calls it "the work of a soldier and a scholar," adding that he had sailed with Captain Clarke to the islands of Terceiras and the Canaries. In 1596, he published his "Margarite of America," and he mentions that it was written in the Straits of Magellan, on a voyage with Cavendish. To this species of vagrancy, however, Gosson did not refer.

That Lodge was vagrant in his pursuits we have sufficient evidence, for, after having perhaps been upon the stage, having entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, having become a soldier, and having sailed with Clarke and Cavendish, he went, according to Wood, to

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<sup>1</sup> Mr Malone ("Shakespeare," by Boswell, iii 40, note 9) says that it was printed about 1580, but Lodge himself, writing in 1584, speaks of Gosson's "Plays Confuted," as written "about two years since."

<sup>2</sup> "Scilla's Metamorphosis," 1589, "Diogenes in his Singularity," 1591, and "A Fig for Momus," 1595, are all stated to be by T L, or Thomas Lodge, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman.

study medicine at Avignon<sup>1</sup> This change, if it took place at all, which may admit of doubt,<sup>2</sup> did not occur until after 1596. In 1595 his "Fig for Momus" appeared Besides Satires, it contains Epistles and Eclogues; and in one of the latter Lodge speaks in his own person, under the character of "Golde" (the same letters that compose his name), and there states his determination no longer to pursue ill-rewarded poetry—

"Which sound rewards, since this neglected time,  
Repines to yield to men of high desert,  
I'll cease to ravel out my wits in rhyme,  
For such who make so base account of art,  
And since by wit there is no means to climb,  
I'll hold the plough awhile, and ply the cart,  
And if my muse to wonted course return,  
I'll write and judge, peruse, commend and burn "

The dedication of his "Wit's Misery, and the World's Madness," is dated "from my house, at Low Layton, 5th November 1596.'

The principal reasons for supposing that Lodge studied medicine are the existence of a "Treatise of the Plague," published by "Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Physic," in 1603, and of a collection of medical recipes in MS, called "The Poor Man's Legacy," addressed to the Countess of Arundel, and sold among the books of the Duke of Norfolk<sup>3</sup> [There can be little or no question

<sup>1</sup> A French sonnet by Thomas Lodge is prefixed to Robert Greene's "Spanish Masquerado" He has also some French verses in "Rosalynde"

<sup>2</sup> The lines upon Lodge in "The Return from Parnassus," 1606, would show that it did occur —

"He that turns over Galen every day,  
To sit and simper 'Euphues' Legacy,'" &c

—*Collier*

<sup>3</sup> [Afterwards purchased by Mr Collier]

that the physician and poet were one and the same In "England's Parnassus," 1600, he is called indifferently Thomas Lodge and Doctor Lodge ] The author of the "Treatise of the Plague" expressly tells the Lord Mayor of London, in the dedication, that he was "bred and brought up" in the city Thomas Heywood, in his "Troja Britannica," 1609, enumerates the celebrated physicians then living—

"As famous Butlei, Pedy, Turner, Poe,  
Atkinson, Lyster, *Lodge*, who still survive"—C 3

It hardly deserves remark that Lodge is placed last in this list, but had he been the same individual who had written for the stage, was the friend of so many dramatists, and was so well known as a lyric poet, it seems likely that Heywood would have said more about him <sup>1</sup> It is a singular coincidence, that having written how to prevent and cure the plague, he should die of that disease during the great mortality of 1625 Wood's expressions on this point, however, are not decisive "He made his last *exit* (of the plague, I think) in September 1625, leaving then behind him a widow called Joan" It has been conjectured [rather foolishly] that he was a Roman Catholic, from a statement made by one of his biographers that, while he practised medicine in London, he was much patronised by persons of that persuasion

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<sup>1</sup> [This does not appear quite to follow In a poem, "Upon London Physicians," written about 1620, and quoted in "Inedited Poetical Miscellanies," edit Hazlitt, 1870, sig Ff 5, he is mentioned in the same way, without any reference to his literary repute or performances ] It is to be observed in the list of Lodge's productions, that there is an interval between 1596, when "Wit's Misery and the World's Madness" appeared, and 1603, when the "Treatise of the Plague" was published

There are but two existing dramatic productions on the title-pages of which the name of Lodge is found <sup>1</sup> the one he wrote alone, and the other in partnership with Robert Greene —

(1) *The Wounds of Civill War* Lively set forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla, &c Written by Thomas Lodge, Gent 1594, 4to

(2) *A Looking Glasse for London and Englande* Made by Thomas Lodge, Gentleman, and Robert Greene, *in Artibus Magister* 1594, 1598, 1602, 1617, all in 4to <sup>2</sup>

The most remarkable [of his works], and that which has been most often reprinted, is his "Rosalynde" which, as is well known, Shakespeare closely followed in "As You Like It" <sup>3</sup>

Anterior to the date of any of his other pieces must have been Lodge's defence of stage-plays, because Stephen Gosson replied to it about 1582 It was long thought, on the authority of Prynne, that Lodge's tract was called "The Play of Plays," but Mr Malone ascertained that to be a different production The only copy of Lodge's pamphlet seen by Mr Malone was without a

<sup>1</sup> Others have been attributed to him in conjunction with Greene, but on no sufficient evidence—viz, "Lady Alimony," not printed until 1659, "The Laws of Nature," and "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," 1602

<sup>2</sup> [Reprinted in Mr Dyce's editions of Greene's Works, 1831 and 1861] Henslowe probably alludes to this play in his MSS, and if so, it was acted as early as 1591 The following is the entry "R (ie, received) at the *Looking Glasse*, the 8th of Marche, 1591, vij s" [See Mr Collier's edit, 1845, pp 23-8]

<sup>3</sup> [Here follows in the former edition a list of Lodge's works, which will be found more fully and correctly given in Hazlitt's "Handbook," in v]



title, and it was probably the same that was sold among the books of Topham Beauclerc in 1781. It is spoken of in "The French Academy" [1589] as having "lately passed the press," but Lodge himself, in his "Alarum against Usurers," very clearly accounts for its extreme rarity he says, "by reason of the slenderness of the subject (because it was in defence of plaies and play-makers) the godly and reverent that had to deal in the cause, mishiking it, forbad the publishing," and he charges Gosson with "comming by a private unperfect coppye," on which he framed his answer, entitled, "Plays confuted in Five Actions"

Mr Malone ("Shakespeare," by Boswell, ii 250) contends that Spenser alludes to Lodge, in his "Tears of the Muses," under the name of Alcon, in the following lines —

"And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise  
His tunes from lays to matters of more skill,"

and he adds that Spenser calls Lodge Alcon, from one of the characters in "A Looking Glasse for London and Englande," but this argument would apply just as much to Lodge's coadjutor Greene. Mr Malone further argues that Lodge, roused by this applause (which he repaid in his "Phyllis"), produced not long afterwards a "matter of more skill" in "The Wounds of Civil War"

THE MOST LAMENTABLE AND  
TRUE TRAGEDIES OF  
MARIUS AND SYLLA.<sup>1</sup>

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*Enter on the Capitol Sulpitius, Tribune, Caius Marius, Q Pompey, Consul, Junius Brutus, Lucretius, Caius Granius, Lectorius, Lucius Merula, Jupiter's Priest, and Cinna, whom placed, and their Lictors before them with their rods and axes, Sulpitius beginneth*

SULPITIUS. Grave senators, and fathers of this state,  
Our strange protractions and unkind delays  
Where weighty wars doth call us out to fight,

---

<sup>1</sup> In the course of the incidents of this historical tragedy, Lodge has very much followed the lives of Marius and Sylla, as given by Plutarch he was a scholar, and it was not necessary therefore for him to resort to Sir Thomas North's translation from the French, of which Shakespeare availed himself, and of which there were many editions subsequent

Our factious wits, to please aspiring lords,  
 (You see) have added power unto our foes,  
 And hazarded rich Phrygia and Bithinia,  
 With all our Asian holds and cities too  
 Thus Sylla seeking to be general,  
 Who is invested in our consul's pall,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hath forced murders in a quiet state,  
 The cause whereof even Pompey may complain,  
 Who, seeking to advance a climbing friend,  
 Hath lost by death a sweet and courteous son  
 Who now in Asia but Mithridates  
 Laughs at these fond dissensions I complain?  
 While we, in wrangling for a general,  
 Forsake our friends, forestal our forward war,

to its first appearance in 1579. It is pretty evident, however, from a comparison of a few passages quoted in the notes in the progress of the play, that Lodge did employ this popular work, although he has varied some of the events, and especially the death of Sylla.

It is not, perhaps, possible now to settle the point when this tragedy was first represented on the stage, but it was most likely some time before its publication in 1594. We know that Lodge had written in defence of the stage before 1582, and it is not unlikely that he did so, because he had already written for it. Robert Greene in his "Groatsworth of Wit," speaks of Lodge as a dramatic poet in 1592, and the comedy which they wrote together, it is ascertained, was acted in March 1591, if not earlier, although it was not printed until three years afterwards. The verification of "The Wounds of Civil War" certainly affords evidence that it was penned even before Marlowe had improved the measure of dramatic blank verse, which Shakespeare perfected. It is heavy, monotonous, and without the pauses subsequently introduced, if therefore Lodge produced it after Marlowe's "Edward II" was brought out, he did not at least profit by the example. All the unities are set at defiance.

<sup>1</sup> The "consul's *pall*" is the consul's robe. Thus Milton in "Il Penseroso"—

"Let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd *pall* come sweeping by"

Purple *pall* is very commonly met with in our old writers

And leave our legions full of dalliance  
Waiting our idle wills at Capua  
Fie, Romans ! shall the glories of your names,  
The wondrous beauty of this capitol,  
Perish through Sylla's insolence and pride ,  
As if that Rome were robb'd of true renown,  
And destitute of warlike champions now ?  
Lo, here the man, the rumour of whose fame  
Hath made Iberia tremble and submit  
See Marius, that in managing estate,  
Though many cares and troubles he hath pass'd,  
And spent his youth, upon whose reverend head  
The milk-white pledge of wisdom sweetly spreads  
He, six times consul, fit for peace or war, .  
Sits drooping here, content to brook disgrace,  
Who glad to fight through follies of his foes  
Sighs for your shame, whilst you abide secure  
And I that see and should recure these wrongs,  
Through Pompey's late vacation and delay,  
Have left to publish him for general,  
That merits better titles far than these  
But, nobles, now the final day is come,  
When I, your tribune, studying for renown,  
Pronounce and publish Marius general,  
To lead our legions against Mithridates,  
And crave, grave fathers, signs of your content

Q POMPEY Believe me, noble Romans and  
grave senators,  
This strange election, and this new-made law  
Will witness our unstable government,  
And dispossess Rome of her empery  
For although Marius be renown'd in arms,  
Famous for prowess, and grave in warlike drifts,  
Yet may the sunshine of his former deeds  
Nothing eclipse our Sylla's dignity  
By lot and by election he was made  
Chief general against Mithridates,  
And shall we then abridge him of that rule ?

'Twere injury to Sylla and to Rome  
 Nor would the height of his all-daring mind  
 Brook to the death so vile and foul disgrace  
 J BRUTUS Why, Pompey, as if the senate had  
     not power

To appoint, dispose, and change their generals '  
 Rome shall belike be bound to Sylla's rule,  
 Whose haughty pride and swelling thoughts  
     puff'd-up

Foreshows the reaching to proud Tarquin's state  
 Is not his ling'ring to our Roman loss

At Capua, where he braves it out with feasts,  
 Made known, think you, unto the senate here ?

Yes, Pompey, yes, and hereof are we sure,  
 If Romans' state on Sylla's pride should lie  
 Rome's conquests would to Pontus' regions fly,

Therefore, grave and renowned senators,  
 (Pillars that bear and hold our rule aloft,  
 You stately, true, and rich pyramids)

Descend into the depth of your estates,  
 Then shall you find that Sylla is more fit

To rule in Rome domestical affairs,  
 Than have the conquest of Bithinia,  
 Which, if once got, he'll but by death forego.

Therefore I say [let] Marius [be] our general

LUCRETIVS So thus we strive abroad to win  
     renown,

And nought regard at home our waning states

Brutus, I say, the many brave exploits,

The warlike acts that Sylla has achiev'd

Show him a soldier and a Roman too,

Whose care is more for country than himself.

Sylla will brook,<sup>1</sup> that in so many wars,

So hard adventures and so strange extremes,

<sup>1</sup> "Sylla will brook" is "Sylla *ne* will, or will not brook" Shakespeare uses the word See Mr Steevens's note, "Tam-ing of the Shrew," act II. sc 1.

Hath borne the palm and prize of victory  
 Thus with dishonour to give up his charge.  
 Sylla hath friends and soldiers at command,  
 That first will make the towers of Rome to  
 shake,

And force the stately capitol to dance,  
 Ere any rob him of his just renown  
 Then we that through the Caspian shores have  
 run,

And spread with ships the Oriental sea,  
 At home shall make a murder of our friends,  
 And massacre our dearest countrymen

LECTORIUS The power of Sylla nought will 'vail  
 'gainst Rome,

And let me die, Lucietius, ere I see  
 Our senate dread for any private man Therefore,  
 Renown'd Sulpitius, send for Sylla back.

Let Marius lead our men in Asia

L MERULA The law the senate wholly doth  
 affirm

Let Marius lead our men in Asia

CINNA Cinna affirms the senate's censure just,  
 And saith let Marius lead the legions forth

C GRANIUS Honour and victory follow Marius'  
 steps!

For him doth Granus wish to fight for Rome

SULPITIUS. Why then, you sage and ancient  
 sires of Rome,

Sulpitius here again doth publish forth,  
 That Marius by the senate here is made  
 Chief general to lead the legions out  
 Against Mithridates and his competitors  
 Now victory, for honour of Rome, follow Marius'

*[Here let MARIUS rouse himself]*

MARIUS Sage and imperial senators of Rome,  
 Not without good advisement have you seen  
 Old Marius silent during your discourse  
 Yet not for that he fear'd to plead his cause,

Or raise his honour trodden down by age,  
 But that his words should not allure his friends  
 To stand on stricter terms for his behoof  
 Six times the senate by election hath  
 Made Marius consul over wailike Rome,  
 And in that space nor Rome nor all the world  
 Could ever say that Marius was untrue  
 These silver hairs, that hang upon my face,  
 Are witnesses of my unfeigned zeal  
 The Cymbrians, that erewhile invaded France,  
 And held the Roman empire in disdain,  
 Lay all confounded under Marius' sword  
 Fierce Scipio, the mirror once of Rome,  
 Whose loss as yet my inward soul bewails,  
 Being ask'd who should succeed and bear his rule,  
 Even this, quoth he, shall Scipio's armour bear,  
 And therewithal clapp'd me upon the back"<sup>1</sup>  
 If then, grave lords, my former-passed youth  
 Was spent in bringing honours unto<sup>2</sup> Rome,  
 Let then my age and latter date of years,  
 Be sealed up for honour unto Rome

*Here enter SYLLA, with Captains and Soldiers*

SULPITIUS Sylla, what mean these arms and  
 wailike troops?  
 These glorious ensigns and these fierce alarm[']  
 'Tis proudly done to brave the capitol!

---

<sup>1</sup> "But specially one day above the rest, having made him sup with him at his table, some one after supper falling in talke of Captaines that were in Rome at that time, one that stood by Scipio asked him (either because he stood in doubt, or else for that he would curry favour with Scipio), what other Captaine the Romanes should have after his death, like unto him? Scipio having Marius by him, gently clapped him upon the shoulders and said, Peradventure this shall be he"—*North's Plutarch*, "*Life of Caius Marius*"

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *into*]

SYLLA These arms, Sulpitius, are not borne for  
 hate,  
 But maintenance of my confirmed state  
 I come to Rome with no seditious thoughts,  
 Except I find too froward injuries

SULPITIUS But wisdom would you did forbear  
 To yield these slight suspicions of contempt,  
 Where as the senate studieth high affairs

SYLLA What serious matters have these lords  
 in hand?

SULPITIUS The senators with full decree ap-  
 point  
 Old Marius for their captain-general,  
 To lead thy legions into Asia,  
 And fight against the fierce Mithridates

SYLLA To Marius? Jolly stuff! Why then  
 I see  
 Your lordships mean to make a babe of me  
 J. BRUTUS 'Tis true, Sylla, the senate hath  
 agreed

That Marius shall those bands and legions bear,  
 Which you now hold, against Mithridates

SYLLA Marius should<sup>1</sup> lead them then, if Sylla  
 said not no,  
 And I should be a consul's shadow then  
 Trustless senators and ungrateful Romans,  
 For all the honours I have done to Rome,  
 For all the spoils I brought within her walls,  
 Thereby for to enrich and raise her pride,  
 Repay you me with this ingratitude?  
 You know, unkind, that Sylla's wounded helm  
 Was ne'er hung up once, or distain'd with rust  
 The Marcians that before me fell amain,  
 And like to winter-hail on every side,  
 Unto the city Nuba I pursued,

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *shall*, and so in the next line.]



And for your sakes were thirty thousand slain  
 The Hippians and the Samnites Sylla brought  
 As tributaries unto famous Rome  
 Ay, where did Sylla ever draw his sword,  
 Or lift his warlike hand above his head  
 For Romans' cause, but he was conqueror?  
 And now unthankful, seek you to disgrace  
 And tear the plumes that Sylla's sword hath won?  
 Marius, I tell thee Sylla is the man  
 Disdains to stoop or veil his pride to thee  
 Marius, I say thou may'st nor shalt not have  
 The charge that unto Sylla doth belong,  
 Unless thy sword could tear it from my heart  
 Which in a thousand folds impales<sup>1</sup> the same

MARIUS And, Sylla, hereof be thou full assur'd  
 The honour, whereto mine undaunted mind  
 And this grave senate hath enhanced me,  
 Thou nor thy followers shall derogate  
 The space<sup>2</sup> of years that Marius hath o'erpass'd  
 In foreign broils and civil mutinies,  
 Hath taught him this that one unbridled foe  
 My former fortunes never shall o'erigo

SYLLA Marius, I smile at these thy foolish  
 words,  
 And credit me, should laugh outright, I fear,  
 If that I knew not how thy forward age  
 Doth make thy sense as feeble as thy joints  
 MARIUS Sylla, Sylla, Marius' years have taught  
 Him how to pluck so proud a youngker's plumes

<sup>1</sup> It is doubtful whether we ought to read *impale* or *impall*. If the latter, it means to enfold with a *pall*, but Cleveland uses *impale* in the same sense—

“I now *impale* her in my arms”

This, however, is rather a forced construction

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *spence*] This may mean “the *capense* of years that Marius hath o'erpast,” or it may be an easy misprint for “*space* of years” Either may be right

And know, these hairs, that dangle down my face,  
In brightness like the silver Rhodope,  
Shall add so haughty courage to my mind,  
And rest such piercing objects 'gainst thine eyes,  
That mask'd in folly age shall force thee stoop

SYLLA And by my hand I swear, ere thou shalt  
'maze me so,

My soul shall perish but I'll have thy beard  
Say, grave senators, shall Sylla be your general?

SULPITIUS No the senate, I, and Rome her-  
self agrees

There's none but Marius shall be general  
Therefore, Sylla, these daring terms unfit  
Beseem not thee before the capitol.

SYLLA Beseem not me? Senators, advise you  
Sylla hath vowed, whose vows the heavens record,  
Whose oaths have pierc'd and search'd the deepest  
vast,

Ay, and whose protestations reign on earth  
This capitol, wherem your glories shine,  
Was ne'er so press'd and thiong'd with scarlet  
gowns

As Rome shall be with heaps of slaughtered  
souls,

Before that Sylla yield his titles up  
I'll make<sup>1</sup> her streets, that peer into the clouds,  
Burnish'd with gold and ivory pillars fan,  
Shining with jasper, jet, and ebony,  
All like the palace of the morning sun,  
To swim within a sea of purple blood,  
Before I lose the name of general

MARIUS These threats against thy country and  
these lords,

Sylla, proceed from forth a traitor's heart,  
Whose head I trust to see advanced up  
On highest top of all this capitol,

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *mate*]

As erst was many of thy progeny,  
Before thou vaunt thy victories in Rome

SYLLA Greybeard, if so thy heart and tongue  
agree,

Draw forth thy legions and thy men at arms,  
Rear up thy standard and thy steeled crest,  
And meet with Sylla in the fields of Mars,  
And try whose fortune makes him general

MARIUS I take thy word MARIUS will meet  
thee there,

And prove thee, Sylla, traitor unto Rome,  
And all that march under thy trait'ous wings  
Therefore they that love the Senate and MARIUS,  
Now follow him

SYLLA And all that love Sylla come down to him  
For the rest, let them follow MARIUS,  
And the devil himself be their captain

*[Here let the Senate rise and cast away their  
gowns, having their swords by their sides*

*Exit MARIUS, and with him Sulpitius,*

JUNIUS, BRUTUS, LECTORIUS

Q POMPEY Sylla, I come to thee

LUCRETIVS Sylla, Lucietius will die with thee

SYLLA Thanks, my noble lords of Rome

*[Here let them go down, and SYLLA offers to go  
forth, and ANTHONY calls him back*

ANTHONY Stay, Sylla, hear Anthony breathe  
forth

The pleading plants of sad declining Rome

SYLLA Anthony, thou know'st thy honey words  
do pierce

And move the mind of Sylla to remorse

Yet neither words nor pleadings now must serve

When as mine honour calls me forth to fight

Therefore, sweet Anthony, be short for Sylla's  
haste

ANTHONY For Sylla's haste! O, whither wilt  
thou fly?

Tell me, my Sylla, what dost thou take in hand?  
What wars are these thou sturtest up in Rome?  
What fire is this is kindled by thy wiath?  
A fire that must be quench'd by Romans' blood  
A war that will confound our empery,  
And last, an act of foul impiety  
Brute beasts nill break the mutual law of love,  
And birds affection will not violate  
The senseless trees have concord 'mongst them-  
selves,  
And stones agree in links of amity.  
If they, my Sylla, brook not to have jar,  
What then are men, that 'gainst themselves do  
war?

Thou'lt say, my Sylla, honour stirs thee up,  
Is't honour to infringe the laws of Rome?  
Thou'lt say, perhaps, the titles thou hast won  
It were dishonour for thee to forego,  
O, is there any height above the highest,  
Or any better than the best of all?  
Art thou not consul? art thou not lord of Rome?  
What greater titles should our Sylla have?  
But thou wilt hence, thou'lt fight with Marius,  
The man the senate, ay, and Rome hath chose  
Think this, before thou never lift'st aloft,  
And lettest fall thy wailike hand adown,  
But thou dost raze and wound thy city Rome  
And look, how many slaughter'd souls lie slain  
Under thy ensigns and thy conquering lance,  
So many murders mak'st thou of thyself

SYLLA Enough, my Anthony, for thy honey'd  
tongue  
Washed in a syrup of sweet conserves,<sup>1</sup>  
Driveth confused thoughts through Sylla's mind  
Therefore suffice thee, I may nor will not hear  
So farewell, Anthony, honour calls me hence

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *conservatives*]

Sylla will fight for glory and for Rome

[*Exit SYLLA and his followers*]

L MERULA See, noble Anthony, the trustless  
state of rule,

The stayless hold of matchless sovereignty  
Now fortune beareth Rome into the clouds,  
To throw her down into the lowest hells,  
For they that spread her glory through the world,  
Are they that tear her proud, triumphant plumes  
The heart-burning pride of proud Tarquinius  
Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly mace,  
And now this discord, newly set abroad,  
Shall raze our consuls and our senates down

ANTHONY Unhappy Rome, and Romans thrice  
accurs'd!

That oft with triumphs fill'd your city walls  
With kings and conquering rulers of the world,  
Now to eclipse, in top of all thy pride,  
Through civil discords and domestic broils.  
O Romans, weep the tears of sad lament,  
And rend your sacred robes at this exchange,  
For fortune makes our Rome a banding ball,<sup>1</sup>  
Toss'd from her hand to take the greater fall

GRANIUS. O, whence proceed these foul, ambi-  
tious thoughts,

That fire men's hearts and make them thirst for  
rule?

Hath sovereignty so much bewitch'd the minds  
Of Romans, that their former busied cares,  
Which erst did tire in seeking city's good,  
Must now be chang'd to ruin of her walls?  
Must they, that rear'd her stately temples up,  
Deface the sacred places of their gods?  
Then may we wail, and wring our wretched hands,

---

<sup>1</sup> "To *bandy* a ball" Coles defines *clava pilam torquere*,  
"to bandy at tennis," "Dict" 1679. See Mr Malone's note  
on "Lear," act 1. sc. 4.

Sith both our gods, our temples, and our walls,  
Ambition makes fell fortune's spiteful thralls

[*Exeunt all*

[*A great alarm Let young MARIUS chase POMPEY  
over the stage, and old MARIUS chase LUCRE-  
TIUS. Then let enter three or four Soldiers,  
and his ancient with his colours, and SYLLA  
after them with his hat in his hand they offer  
to fly away*

SYLLA Why, whither fly you, Romans,  
What mischief makes this flight?

Stay, good my friends stay, dearest countrymen!  
1ST SOLDIER Stay, let us hear what our Lord  
Sylla say'th

SYLLA What, will you leave your chieftains,  
Romans, then,

And lose your honours in the gates of Rome?  
What, shall our country see, and Sylla rue,  
These coward thoughts so fix'd and firm'd in you?  
What, are you come from Capua to proclaim  
Your heartless treasons in this happy town?  
What, will you stand and gaze with shameless  
looks,

Whilst Marius' butchering knife assails our throats?  
Are you the men, the hopes, the stays of state?  
Are you the soldiers prest<sup>1</sup> for Asia?  
Are you the wondered legions of the world,  
And will you fly these shadows of resist?  
Well, Romans, I will perish through your pride,  
That thought by you to have return'd in pomp,  
And, at the least, your general shall prove,  
Even in his death, your treasons and his love

---

<sup>1</sup> Prest for Asia, is ready for Asia It is almost unneces-  
sary to multiply instances, but the following is very ap-  
posite —

"Dispisde, disdainde, starvde whipt and scordd,  
Prest through dispaire myself to quell,"

—R Wilson's "Cobbler's Prophecy," 1594, sig C4

Lo, this the wreath that shall my body bind,  
 Whilst Sylla sleeps with honour in the field  
 And I alone, within these columns shut,  
 Will blush your dastard follies in my death  
 So, farewell, heartless soldiers and untrue,  
 That leave your Sylla, who hath loved you. [*Exit*

1ST SOLDIER. Why, fellow-soldiers, shall we fly  
 the field,

And carelessly forsake our general?

What, shall our vows conclude with no avail?

First die, sweet friends, and shed your purple blood,

Before you lose the man that wills you good

Then to it, brave Italians, out of hand!

Sylla; we come with fierce and deadly blows

To venge thy wrongs and vanquish all thy foes

[*Exeunt to the alarm*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA

*Enter SYLLA triumphant* LUCRETIUS, POMPEY,  
*with Soldiers*

SYLLA. You, Roman soldiers, fellow-mates in arms,  
 The blindfold mistress of uncertain chance  
 Hath turn'd these traitorous climbers from the top,  
 And seated Sylla in the chiefest place—  
 The place befitting Sylla and his mind  
 For, were the throne, where matchless glory sits  
 Empal'd with furies, threatening blood and death,  
 Begirt with famine and those fatal fears,  
 That dwell below amidst the dreadful vast,  
 Tut, Sylla's sparkling eyes should dim with clear!

---

<sup>1</sup> Lodge and other writers not unfrequently use the adjective for the substantive thus, in "The Discontented Satyre"—

"Blush, dares eternal lampe, to see thy lot,  
 Since that thy cleare with cloudy darkeles is scar'd"

The burning brands of then consuming light,  
 And master fancy with a forward mind,  
 And mask repining fear with awful power  
 For men of baser metal and conceit  
 Cannot conceive the beauty of my thought  
 I, crowned with a wreath of warlike state,  
 Imagine thoughts more greater than a crown,  
 And yet befitting well a Roman mind  
 Then, gentle ministers of all my hopes,  
 That with your swords made way unto my wish,  
 Harken the fruits of your courageous fight  
 In spite of all these Roman basilisks,  
 That seek to quell us with their currish looks,  
 We will to Pontus we'll have gold, my hearts,  
 Those oriental pearls shall deck our brows  
 And you, my gentle friends, you Roman peers  
 Kind Pompey, worthy of a consul's name,  
 You shall abide the father of the state,  
 Whilst these brave lads, Lucretius, and I,  
 In spite of all these bawling senators,  
 Will, shall, and dare attempt on Asia,  
 And drive Mithridates from out his doors

POMPEY Ay, Sylla, these are words of mickle  
 worth,

Fit for the master of so great a mind  
 Now Rome must stoop, for Marius and his friends  
 Have left their arms, and trust unto their heels

SYLLA But, Pompey, if our Spanish jennets' feet  
 Have learnt to post it of their mother-wind,  
 I hope to trip upon the greybeard's heels,  
 Till I have clopp'd his shoulders from his head  
 And for his son, the proud, aspiring boy,  
 His beardless face and wanton, smiling brows,  
 Shall, if I catch him, deck yond' capitol  
 The father, son, the friends and soldiers all,  
 That fawn on Marius, shall with fury fall

LUCRETIVS And what event shall all these  
 troubles bring?



SYLLA This—Sylla in fortune will exceed a  
king  
But, friends and soldiers, with dispersed bands  
Go seek out Marius' fond confederates  
Some post along those unfrequented paths,  
That track by nooks unto the neighbouring sea  
Murther me Marius, and maintain my life  
And that his favourites in Rome may learn  
The difference betwixt my fawn and frown,  
Go cut them short, and shed their hateful blood,  
To quench these fumes of my froward mood

[*Exit Soldiers*]

LUCRETIVS Lo, Sylla, where our senators  
approach,  
Perhaps to 'gratulate thy good success

*Enter ANTHONY, GRANIUS, LEPIDUS*

SYLLA Ay, that *perhaps* was fitly placed there  
But, my Lucietius, these are cunning lords,  
Whose tongues are tipp'd with honey to deceive  
As for their hearts, if outward eyes may see them,  
The devil scarce with mischief might agree them

LEPIDUS Good fortune to our consul, worthy  
Sylla

SYLLA. And why not general 'gainst the King  
of Pontus?

GRANIUS And general against the King of  
Pontus

SYLLA. Sirrah, your words are good, your  
thoughts are ill  
Each milkwhite hair amid this mincing beard,  
Compar'd with millions of thy treacherous  
thoughts,

Would change their hue through vigour of thy hate  
But, did not pity make my fury thrall,  
This sword should finish hate, thy life, and all  
I prythee, Granus, how doth Marius?

GRANIUS As he that bides a thrall to thee and  
fate

Living in hope, as I and others do,  
To catch good fortune, and to cross thee too

SYLLA. Both blunt and bold, but too much  
mother-wit

To play with fire, where fury streams about  
Curtail your tale, fond man, cut off the rest,  
But here I will dissemble for the best

GRANIUS Sylla, my years have taught me to  
discern

Betwixt ambitious pride and princely zeal,  
And from thy youth these peers of Rome have  
mark'd

A rash revenging humour<sup>1</sup> in thy brain  
Thy tongue adorn'd with flowing eloquence,  
And yet I see imprinted in thy brows  
A fortunate but floward governance  
And though thy rival Marius, mated late  
By backward working of his wretched fate,  
Is fall'n, yet, Sylla, mark what I have seen  
Even here in Rome The fencer Spectacus  
Hath been as fortunate as thou thyself,  
But when that Crassus' sword assayed his crest,  
The fear of death did make him droop for woe

SYLLA You saw in Rome this brawling fencer  
die,

When Spectacus by Crassus was subdued  
Why so? but, sir, I hope you will apply,  
And say like Spectacus that I shall die  
Thus peevish eld, discoursing by a fire,

<sup>1</sup> The quarto has the passage thus—

“ These peers of Rome have mark'd  
A rash revenging *hammer* in thy brain,”

which seemed so decidedly wrong as to warrant the change  
that, without much violence, has been made

Amidst their cups will prate how men aspire.  
 Is this the greeting, Romans, that you give  
 Unto the patron of your monarchy?  
 Lucretius, shall I play a pretty jest?

LUCRETIUS What Sylla will, what Roman dare  
 withstand?

SYLLA A brief and pleasing answer, by my  
 head

Why, tell me, Granius, dost thou talk in sport?

GRANIUS No, Sylla, my discourse is resolute  
 Not com'd to please thy fond and cursed thoughts  
 For were my tongue betray'd with pleasing words  
 To feed the humours of thy haughty mind,  
 I rather wish the rot should root it out

SYLLA The bravest brawler that I ever heard  
 But, soldiers, since I see he is oppress'd  
 With crooked choler, and our artists teach  
 That fretting blood will press through open'd veins  
 Let him that has the keenest sword arrest  
 The greybeard, and cut off his head in jest  
 Soldiers, lay hands on Granius

GRANIUS. Is this the guerdon<sup>1</sup> then of good  
 advice?

SYLLA No, but the means to make fond men  
 more wise.

Tut, I have wit, and carry warlike tools,  
 To charm the scolding prate of wanton fools  
 Tell me of fencers and a tale of fate!

No, Sylla thinks of nothing but a state

GRANIUS. Why, Sylla, I am arm'd the worst to  
 try

SYLLA I pray thee then, Lucretius, let him die

[*Exeunt with* GRANIUS  
 Beshrew me, lords, but in this jolly vein  
 'Twere pity but the prating fool were slain

---

<sup>1</sup> *Guerdon* is synonymous with *reward*. It is scarcely yet obsolete.

I fear me Pluto will be wrath with me,  
For to detain so grave a man as he

ANTHONY. But seek not, Sylla, in this quiet state  
To work revenge upon an aged man,  
A senator, a sovereign of this town

SYLLA The more the cedar climbs, the sooner  
down

And, did I think the proudest man in Rome  
Would wince at that which I have wrought or  
done,

I would and can control his insolence  
Why, senators, is this the true reward,  
Wherewith you answer princes for their pain,  
As when this sword hath made our city free;  
A braving mate should thus distemper me ?  
But, Lepidus and fellow-senators,  
I am resolved, and will not brook your taunts ;  
Who wrongeth Sylla, let him look for stripes

ANTHONY Ay, but the milder passions show  
the man ,

For as the leaf doth beautify the tree,  
The pleasant flow'rs bedeck the painted spring,  
Even so in men of greatest reach and power  
A mild and piteous thought augments renown  
Old Anthony did never see, my lord,  
A swelling show'r, that did continue long  
A climbing tower that did not taste the wind  
A wrathful man not wasted with repent  
I speak of love, my Sylla, and of joy,  
To see how fortune lends a pleasant gale  
Unto the spreading sails of thy desires ,  
And, loving thee, must counsel thee withal .  
For, as by cutting fruitful vines increase,  
So faithful counsels work a prince's peace

SYLLA Thou honey-talking father, speak thy  
mind.

ANTHONY. My Sylla, scarce those tears are dried  
up,

That Roman matrons wept to see this war  
Along the holy streets the hideous groans  
Of murdered men infect the weeping air  
Thy foes are fled, not overtaken yet,  
And doubtful is the hazard of this war  
Yea, doubtful is the hazard of this war,  
For now our legions draw then wasteful swords  
To murder whom? Even Roman citizens!  
To conquer whom? Even Roman citizens!  
Then, if that Sylla love these citizens,  
If care of Rome, if threat of foreign foes,  
If fruitful counsels of thy forward friends,  
May take effect go fortunate, and drive  
The King of Pontus out of Asia,  
Lest, while we dream on civil mutinies,  
Our wary foes assail our city walls

POMPEY My long-concealed thoughts, Mark  
Anthony,  
Must seek discovery through thy pliant words.  
Believe me, Sylla, civil mutinies  
Must not obscure thy glories and our names  
Then, sith that factious Marius is suppress'd,  
Go spread thy colours 'midst the Asian fields,  
Meanwhile myself will watch this city's weal

SYLLA Pompey, I know thy love, I mark thy  
words,  
And, Anthony, thou hast a pleasing vein,  
But, senators, I harbour<sup>1</sup> in my head  
With every thought of honour some revenge

*Enter LUCRETIUS with the head*

Speak, what, shall Sylla be your general?

LEPIDUS We do decree that Sylla shall be  
general?

SYLLA And wish you Sylla's weal and honour  
too?

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *hammer*.]

ANTHONY We wish both Sylla's weal and honour too

SYLLA Then take away the scandal of this state,  
Banish the name of tribune out of town,  
Proclaim false Marius and his other friends  
Foemen and traitors to the state of Rome,  
And I will wend and work so much by force,  
As I will master false Mithridates

LEPIDUS. The name of tribune hath continued long

SYLLA So shall not Lepidus, if he withstand me.  
Sirrah, you see the head of Granius  
Watch you his hap, unless you change your words.

Pompey, now please me Pompey, grant my suit

POMPEY. Lictors, proclaim this our undaunted doom

We will that Marius and his wretched sons  
His friends Sulpitius, Claudius, and the rest  
Be held for traitors, and acquit the men,  
That shall endanger then unlucky lives,  
And henceforth tribune's name and state shall cease

Grave senators, how like you this decree?

LEPIDUS Even as our consuls wish, so let it be

SYLLA. Then, Lepidus, all friends in faith for me,  
So leave I Rome to Pompey and my friends,  
Resolv'd to manage those our Asian wars  
Frolic, brave soldiers, we must foot it now.  
Lucretius, you shall bide the brunt with me.  
Pompey, farewell, and farewell, Lepidus  
Mark Anthony, I leave thee to thy books,  
Study for Rome and Sylla's royalty  
But, by my sword, I wrong this greybeard's head,  
Go, sirrah, place it on the capitol  
A just promotion fit for Sylla's foe.  
Lordings, farewell. come, soldiers, let us go

[*Exit.*

POMPEY Sylla, farewell, and happy be thy  
 chance,  
 Whose war both Rome and Romans must advance  
*[Exeunt Senators]*

*Enter the Magistrates of Minturnum with MARIUS  
 very melancholy LUCIUS FAVORINUS, PAUSA-  
 NIUS, with some attendants*

PAUSANIUS My lord, the course of your un-  
 stayed fate,  
 Made weak through that your late unhappy fight,  
 Withdraws our wills that fain would work your  
 weal

For long experience and the change of times,  
 The innocent suppressions of the just,  
 In leaning to forsaken men's relief,  
 Doth make us fear, lest our unhappy town  
 Should perish through the angry Roman's sword

MARIUS Lords of Minturnum, when I shap'd  
 my course,

To fly the danger of pursuing death,  
 I left my friends, and all alone attain'd,  
 In hope of succours, to this little town,  
 Relying on your courtesies and truth  
 What foolish fear doth then amaze you thus?

FAVORINUS. O Marius, thou thyself, thy son, thy  
 friends,

Are banished, and exiles out of Rome,  
 Proclaim'd for traitors, reft of your estates,  
 Adjudg'd to death with certain warrantise  
 Should then so small a town, my lord, as this  
 Hazard their fortunes to supply your wants?

MARIUS Why, citizens, and what is Marius?  
 I tell you, not so base as to despair,  
 Yea, able to withstand ingratitude  
 Tell me of foolish laws, decreed at Rome  
 To please the angry humours of my foe!

Believe me, lords, I know and am assur'd,  
That magnanimity can never fear,  
And fortitude so conquer silly fate,  
As Sylla, when he hopes to have my head,  
May hap ere long on sudden lose his own

PAUSANIUS A hope beseeching Marius, but, I  
fear,

Too strange to have a short and good event

MARIUS Why, Sir Pausanius, have you not  
beheld

Campania plains fulfill'd with greater foes,  
Than is that wanton milk-sop, nature's scorn  
Base-minded men to live in perfect hope,  
Whose thoughts are shut within your cottage  
eaves,

Refuse not Marius, that must favour you  
For these are parts of unadvised men,  
With present fear to lose a perfect friend,  
That can, will, may control, command, subdue,  
That biaving boy, that thus bewitcheth you

FAVORINUS How gladly would we succour you,  
my lord,

But that we fear——

MARIUS What? the moonshine in the water?<sup>1</sup>  
Thou wretched stepdame of my fickle state,  
Are these the guerdons of the greatest minds?<sup>2</sup>  
To make them hope and yet betray their hap,  
To make them climb to overthrow them straight?<sup>2</sup>  
Accurs'd thy wreak,<sup>1</sup> thy wrath, thy bale, thy weal,  
That mak'st me sigh the sorrows that I feel!  
Untrodden paths my feet shall rather trace,  
Than wrest my succours from inconstant hands  
Rebounding rocks shall rather ring my ruth,  
Than these Campanian piles, where terrors bide  
And nature, that hath lift my throne so high,  
Shall witness Marius' triumphs, if he die

---

<sup>1</sup> Vengeance.



But she, that gave the lictor's rod and axe  
 To wait my six times consulship in Rome,  
 Will not pursue where erst she flattered so  
 Minturnum then, farewell, for I must go,  
 But think for to repent you of your no

PAUSANIUS Nay stay, my lord, and deign in  
 private here

To wait a message of more better worth  
 Your age and travels must have some relief,  
 And be not wrath, for greater men than we  
 Have feared Rome and Roman tyranny

MARIUS You talk it now like men confirmed in  
 faith

Well, let me try the fruits of your discourse,  
 For care my mind and pain my body wrongs

PAUSANIUS Then, Favorinus, shut his lord-  
 ship up

Within some secret chamber in the state  
 Meanwhile, we will consult to keep him safe,  
 And work some secret means for his supply

MARIUS Be trusty, lords, if not, I can but  
 die

[Exit MARIUS

PAUSANIUS Poor, hapless Roman, little wottest  
 thou

The weary end of thine oppressed life

LUCIUS Why, my Pausanius, what imports  
 these words?

PAUSANIUS. O Lucius, age hath printed in my  
 thoughts

A memory of many troubles pass'd

The greatest towns and lords of Asia

Have stood on tickle terms through simple  
 truth

The Rhodian records well can witness this.

Then, to prevent our means of overthrow,

Find out some stranger, that may suddenly

Enter the chamber, where as Marius lies,

And cut him short, the present of whose head  
 Shall make the Romans praise us for our truth,  
 And Sylla prest to grant us privilege

LUCIUS A barbarous act to wrong the men  
 that trust

PAUSANIUS In country's cause injustice proveth  
 just

Come, Lucius, let not silly thought of right  
 Subject our city to the Roman's might  
 For why you know in Marius only end  
 Rome will reward, and Sylla will befriend

LUCIUS Yet all successions will us discommend

[*Exeunt*

*Enter MARIUS the younger, CETHEGUS, LECTORIUS,  
 with Roman Lords and Soldiers*

YOUNG MARIUS. The wayward lady of this  
 wicked world,

That leads in luckless triumph wretched men,  
 My Roman friends, hath forced our desires,  
 And fram'd our minds to brook too base relief  
 What land or Lybian desert is unsought  
 To find my father Marius and your friend?  
 Yea, they whom true relent could never touch—  
 These fierce Numidians, hearing our mishaps,  
 Weep floods of moan to wail our wretched fates  
 Thus we, that erst with terrors did attain  
 The Bactrian bounds, and in our Roman wars  
 Enforc'd the barbarous borderers of the Alps  
 To tremble with the terrors of our looks,  
 Now fly, poor men, affrighted without harms  
 Seeking amidst the desert rocks and dens  
 For him, that whilom in our capitol  
 Even with a beck commanded Asia.  
 Thou woful son of such a famous man,  
 Unsheathe thy sword, conduct these warlike men  
 To Rome, unhappy mistress of our harms.  
 And there, since tyrants' power hath thee op-  
 press'd,

And robb'd thee of thy father, friends, and all,  
 So die undaunted, killing of thy foes,  
 That were the offspring of these wretched woes

LECTORIUS Why, how now, Marius, will you  
 mate us thus,

That with content adventure for your love?  
 Why, noble youth, resolve yourself on this,  
 That son and father both have friends in Rome,  
 That seek old Marius' rest and your relief

YOUNG MARIUS Lectorius, friends are season<sup>1</sup>  
 now-a-days,

And grow to fume, before they taste the fire  
 Adversities bereaving man's avails,  
 They fly like feathers dallying in the wind  
 They rise like bubbles in a stormy main,  
 Swelling in words, and flying faith and deeds

CETHEGUS How fortunate art thou, my lovely  
 lord,

That in thy youth may'st reap the fruits of age,  
 And having lost occasion's holdfast now,  
 May'st learn hereafter how to entertain her well  
 But sudden hopes do swarm about my heart  
 Be merry, Romans, see, where from the coast  
 A weary messenger doth post him fast

*Enter CINNA'S SLAVE, with a letter enclosed,  
 posting in haste*

LECTORIUS It should be Cinna's slave, or else  
 I err,

<sup>1</sup> Scarce It is found in Spenser Robert Greene also  
 uses it —

"It was frosty winter season,  
 And fan Floria's wealth was *geason* "

—"Philomela," 1592 Again, we find it in the tragical  
 comedy of "Appius and Virginia," 1575—

"Let my counsel at no time lie with you *geason*,"  
 sig D [vol iv p 138].

Fo! in his forehead I behold the scar,  
Wherewith he marketh still his barbarous swains  
YOUNG MARIUS O, stay him, good Lectorius,  
fo! me-seems

His great post-haste some pleasure should present  
LECTORIUS Sirrah, art thou of Rome?

SLAVE Perhaps, sir, no

LECTORIUS Without perhaps, say, sirrah, is it  
so?

SLAVE This is Lectorius, Marius' friend, I trow,  
Yet were I best to learn the certainty,  
Lest some dissembling foes should me descry

YOUNG MARIUS Sirrah, leave off this foblish  
dalliance,

Lest with my sword I wake you from your trance

SLAVE O happy man, O labours well-achiev'd!  
How hath this chance my weary limbs revived  
O noble Marius! O princely Marius!

YOUNG MARIUS What means this peasant by  
his great rejoice?

SLAVE O worthy Roman, many months have past  
Since Cinna, now the consul and my lord,  
Hath sent me forth to seek thy friends and thee.  
All Lybia, with our Roman presidents,  
Numidia, full of unfrequented ways,  
These weary limbs have toiled to seek you out,  
And now, occasion pitying of my pains,  
I late arriv'd upon this wished shore,  
Found out a sailor born in Capua,

That told me how your lordship pass'd this way

YOUNG MARIUS A happy labour, worthy some  
reward

How fares thy master? What's the news at  
Rome?

SLAVE Pull out the pike from off this javelin-  
top,  
And there are tidings for these lords and thee

YOUNG MARIUS A policy beseeming Cinna  
 well  
 Lectorius, read, and break these letters up <sup>1</sup>

## LETTER

To his Honourable friend Marius the younger,  
 greeting

*Being consul (for the welfare both of father and son, with other thy accomplices), I have, under an honest policy, since my instalment in the consulship, caused all Sylla's friends that were indifferent, with the other neighbouring cities, to revolt Octavius, my fellow-consul, with the rest of the senate, mistrusting me, and hearing how I sought to unite the old citizens with the new, hath wrought much trouble, but to no effect I hope the soldiers of Capua shall follow our faction, for Sylla, hearing of these hurly-burlies, is hasting homeward, very fortunate in his wars against Mithridates And it is to be feared that some of his friends here have certified him of my proceedings, and purpose to restore you. Cethegus and Lectorius I hear say are with you. Censorinus and Albinovanus will shortly visit you. Therefore haste and seek out your father, who is now, as I hear, about Minturnum Levy what power you can with all expedition, and stay not*

Rome, the 5 Kalends of December

*Your unfeigned friend,*

CINNA, Consul.

YOUNG MARIUS Yea, fortune, shall young  
 Marius climb aloft?  
 Then woe to my repining foes in Rome <sup>1</sup>  
 And if I live, sweet queen of change, thy shrines

---

<sup>1</sup> [Open them]

Shall shine with beauty 'midst the capitol  
Lectorius, tell me what were best be done ?

LECTORIUS To sea, my lord , seek your warlike  
sire

Send back this peasant with your full pretence,  
And think already that our pains have end,  
Since Cinna, with his followers, is your friend

YOUNG MARIUS Yea, Romans, we will furrow  
through the foam

Of swelling floods, and to the sacred twins  
Make sacrifice, to shield our ships from storms  
Follow me, lords , come, gentle messenger,  
Thou shalt have gold and glory for thy pains.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter CINNA, OCTAVIUS, ANTHONY, Lectors,  
Citizens*

CINNA Upbraiding senators, bewitch'd with  
wit,

That term true justice innovation ;  
You ministers of Sylla's mad conceits,  
Will consuls, think you, stoop to your controls ?  
These younger citizens, my fellow-lords,  
Bound to maintain both Marius and his son,  
Crave but their due, and will be held as good  
For privilege as those of elder age ;  
For they are men conform'd to feats of arms,  
That have both wit and courage to command.  
These favourites of Octavius, that <sup>1</sup> with age  
And palsies shake their javelins in their hands,  
Like heartless men attainted all with fear .

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *what* ]

And should they then overtop the youth ?  
No, nor this consul, nor Mark Anthony,  
Shall make my followers faint or lose their right ,  
But I will have them equal with the best

ANTHONY Why then the senate's name, whose  
reverend rule

Hath blazed our virtues 'midst the western isle,  
Must be obscur'd by Cinna's forced power.

O citizens ! are laws of country left ?

Is justice banish'd from this capitol ?

Must we, poor fathers, see your drooping bands

Enter the sacred synod of this state ?

O brutish fond presumptions of this age !

Rome ! would the mischiefs might obscure my  
life,

So I might counsel consuls to be wise

Why, countrymen, wherein consists this strife ?

Forsooth the younger citizens will rule ,

The old men's heads are dull and addle now ,

And in elections youth will bear the sway

O Cinna, see I not the woful fruits

Of these ambitious stratagems begun ?

Each flattering tongue that dallieth pretty words

Shall change our fortunes and our states at once

Had I ten thousand tongues to talk the care,

So many eyes to weep their woful miss,

So many pens to write these many wrongs,

My tongue your thoughts, my eyes your tears,  
should move,

My pen your pains by reason should approve

CINNA Why, Anthony, seal up those sugar'd lips,  
For I will bring my purpose to effect

ANTHONY Doth Cinna like to interrupt me,  
then ?

CINNA Ay, Cinna, sir, will interrupt you now  
I tell thee, Mark, old Marius is at hand,  
The very patron of this happy law,  
Who will revenge thy cunning eloquence

ANTHONY I talk not, I, to please or him or thee,

But what I speak, I think and practise too  
'Twere better Sylla leant to mend in Rome,  
Than Marius come to tyrannise in Rome

OCTAVIUS Nay, Marius shall not tyrannise in Rome,

Old citizens, as Sylla late ordain'd,  
King Tullius' laws shall take their full effect  
The best and aged men shall in their choice,  
Both bear the day, and firm [th'] election

CINNA O brave ! Octavius, you will beard me then,

The elder consul and old Marius' friend,  
And these Italian freemen must be wrong'd  
First shall the fruit of all thine honours fail,  
And this my poniard shall despatch thy life

LEPIDUS Such insolence was never seen in Rome.

Nought wanteth here but name to make a king

OCTAVIUS Strike, villain, if thou list, for I am prest

To make as deep a furrow in thy breast !

YOUNG CITIZEN The young men's voices shall prevail, my lords

OLD CITIZEN And we will firm our honours by our bloods [Thunder]

ANTHONY O false ambitious pride in young and old !

Hark, how the heavens our follies hath controll'd

OLD CITIZEN What, shall we yield for this religious fear ?

ANTHONY If not religious fear, what may repress

These wicked passions, wretched citizens ?

O Rome, poor Rome, unmeet for these misdeeds,



I see contempt of heaven will breed a cross  
Sweet Cinna, govern rage with reverence

[*Thunder*

O fellow-citizens, be more advis'd !

LEPIDUS We charge you, consuls, now dissolve  
the court,

The gods condemn this brawl and civil jais

OCTAVIUS We will submit our honours to their  
wills .

You, ancient citizens, come follow me

[*Exit OCTAVIUS , with him ANTHONY and  
LEPIDUS*

CINNA High Jove himself hath done too much  
for thee,

Else should this blade abate thy royalty

Well, young Italian citizens, take heart,

He is at hand that will maintain your right ,

That, entering in these fatal gates of Rome,

Shall make them tremble that disturb you now

You of Preneste and of Formiæ,

With other neighbouring cities in Campania,

Prepare to entertain and succour Marius

YOUNG CITIZEN For him we live. for him we  
mean to die. [*Exeunt*

*Enter OLD MARIUS with his KEEPER and two  
SOLDIERS*

MARIUS Have these Minturnians, then, so  
cruelly

Presum'd so great injustice 'gainst their friends ?

JAILER Ay, Marius, all our nobles have de-  
creed

To send thy head a present unto Rome

MARIUS A Tantal's present it will prove, my  
friend,

Which with a little smarting stress will end

Old Marius' life, when Rome itself at last

Shall rue my loss, and then revenge my death  
 But tell me, jailer, could'st thou be content,  
 In being Marius, for to brook this wrong.

JAILER. The high estate your lordship once did  
 wield,  
 The many friends that fawn'd, when fortune  
 smil'd,

Your great promotions and your mighty wealth,  
 These, were I Marius, would amate me so,<sup>1</sup>  
 As loss of them would vex me more than death

MARIUS Is lordship then so great a bliss, my  
 friend?

JAILER No title may compare with princely  
 rule

MARIUS Are friends so faithful pledges of de-  
 light?

JAILER What better comforts than are faithful  
 friends?

MARIUS Is wealth a mean to lengthen life's  
 content?

JAILER Where great possessions bide, what care  
 can touch?

MARIUS These stales<sup>2</sup> of fortune are the com-  
 mon plagues,  
 That still mislead the thoughts of simple men.  
 The shepherd-swain that, 'midst his country-cot  
 Deludes his broken slumbers by his toil,  
 Thinks lordship sweet, where care with lordship  
 dwells  
 The trustful man that builds on trothless vows,

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of "would *amate* me so," is, would daunt or confound me so. See note to "Tancred and Gismunda" [*suprà*, p. 79], where instances are given

<sup>2</sup> Mr Steevens, in a note on the "Comedy of Errors," act 11 sc 1, has collected a number of quotations to show the meaning of the word *stale*, and to them the reader is referred. In this place it signifies a false allurements, bait, or deception on the part of fortune

Whose simple thoughts are cross'd with scornful  
nays,

Together weeps the loss of wealth and friend  
So lordship, friends, wealth spring and perish  
fast,

Where death alone yields happy life at last  
O gentle governor of my contents,  
Thou sacred chieftain of our capitol,  
Who in thy crystal orbs with glorious gleams  
Lend'st looks of pity mix'd with majesty,  
See woful Marius careful for his son,  
Careless of lordship, wealth, or worldly means,  
Content to live, yet living still to die  
Whose nerves and veins, whose sinews, by the  
sword

Must lose then workings through distempering  
stroke,

But yet whose mind, in spite of fate and all,  
Shall live by fame, although the body fall

JAILER Why mourneth Marius this secureless  
chance?

MARIUS I pray thee, jailer, would'st thou gladly  
die?

JAILER If needs, I would

MARIUS Yet were you loth to try?

JAILER Why, noble lord, when goods, friends,  
fortune fail,

What more than death might woful man avail?

MARIUS Who calls for death, my friend, for all  
his scorn?

With Æsop's slave will leave his bush of thorns  
But since these trait'rous lords will have my head,  
Their lordships here upon this homely bed  
Shall find me sleeping, breathing forth my breath,  
Till they their shame, and I my fame, attain by  
death

Live, gentle Marius, to revenge my wrong!  
And, sirrah, see they stay not over-long,

For he that erst hath conquer'd kingdoms many,  
 Disdains in death to be subdu'd by any  
*[He lies down]*

*Enter* LUCIUS FAVORINUS, PAUSANIUS, *with*  
 PEDRO, *a Frenchman*

JAILER The most undaunted words that ever  
 were  
 The mighty thoughts of his imperious mind,  
 Do wound my heart with terror and remorse  
 PAUSANIUS 'Tis desperate, not perfect noble-  
 ness  
 For to a man that is prepar'd to die,  
 The heart should rend, the sleep should leave the  
 eye

But say, Pedro, will you do the deed?

PEDRO<sup>1</sup> Mon monsieurs, per la sang Dieu, me  
 will make a trou so large in ce belly, dat he sal  
 cry hough, come un poiceau Featie de lay, il a  
 tue me fadre, he kill my modre Faith a my trote  
 mon espee feia le fay dun soldat, sau sau leievera  
 come il founta pary me will make a spitch-cock of  
 his persona.

L FAVORINUS If he have slain thy father and  
 thy friends,  
 The greater honour shall betide the deed,  
 For to revenge on righteous estimate  
 Beseems the honour of a Frenchman's name

PEDRO Mes messieurs, de fault avoir argent, me  
 no point de argent, no point kill Marius

PAUSANIUS Thou shalt have forty crowns; will  
 that content thee?

PEDRO Quarante escus, per le pied de madam,

---

<sup>1</sup> The barbarous jargon put into the mouth of this French-  
 man is given in the orthography of the old copy, since it  
 was vain to attempt correction.

me give more dan foure to se prittie damosele,  
dat have le dulces tittinos, le levres Cymbrines  
O, they be fines !

L FAVORINUS Great is the hire, and little is  
the pain,  
Make therefore quick despatch, and look for gain  
See where he lies in drawing on his death,  
Whose eyes, in gentle slumber sealed up,  
Present no dreadful visions to his heart

PEDRO Bien, monsieur, je demourera content  
Marius, tu es mort Speak dy preres in dy sleepe,  
for me sal cut off your head from youi epaules,  
before you wake. Qui es stia ? what kinde a man  
be dis ?

L FAVORINUS Why, what delays are these ? why  
gaze ye thus ?

PEDRO Nostre dame ! Jesu ! estiene ! O my  
siniors, der be a great diable in ce eyes, qui dart  
de flame, and with de voice d'un bear cries out,  
Villain ! dare you kill Marius ? Je tremble aida  
me, siniors, autiement I shall be murdered

PAUSANIUS What sudden madness daunts this  
stranger thus ?

PEDRO O me, no can kill Marius, me no dare  
kill Marius ! adieu, messieurs, me be dead, si je  
touche Marius Marius est un diable Jesu Maria,  
sava moy !<sup>1</sup>

[*Exit fugiens*]

---

<sup>1</sup> "Now when they were agreed upon it, they could not find a man in the city that durst take upon him to kill him, but a man of armes of the Gaules, or one of the Cimbres (for we find both the one and the other in writing) that went thither with his sword drawn in his hand Now that place of the chamber where Marius lay was very dark, and, as it is reported, the man of armes thought he saw two burning flames come out of Marius's eyes, and heard a voice out of that dark corner, saying unto him O fellow, thou, daiest thou come to kill Caius Marius ? The barbarous Gaule, hearing these words, ran out of the chamber presently"—*North's Plutarch, "Life of Caius Marius"*

PAUSANIUS What fury haunts this wretch on sudden thus?

L. FAVORINUS. Ah, my Pausanius, I have often heard,

That yonder Marius in his infancy  
Was born to greater fortunes than we deem :  
For, being scarce from out his cradle crept,  
And sporting prettily with his compeers,  
On sudden seven young eagles soar'd amain,  
And kindly perch'd upon his tender lap  
His parents, wondering at this strange event,  
Took counsel of the soothsayers in this,  
Who told them that these sevenfold eagles' flight  
Forefigured his seven times consulship <sup>1</sup>  
And we ourselves (except bewitch'd with pride)  
Have seen him six times in the capitol,  
Accompanied with rods and axes too  
And some divine instinct so presseth me,  
That sore I tremble, till I set him free.

PAUSANIUS The like assaults attain my wand'ring mind,  
Seeing our bootless war with matchless fate  
Let us entreat him to forsake our town,  
So shall we gain a friend of Rome and him

[MARIUS awakes]

But mark how happily he doth awake

MARIUS What, breathe I yet, poor man, with  
mounting sighs,  
Choking the rivers of my restless eyes?

---

<sup>1</sup> "For when he was but very young, and dwelling in the country, he gathered up in the lap of his gowne the aerie of an eagle, in the which were seven young eagles, whereat his father and mother much wondering, asked the soothsayers what that meant? They answered that then sonne should one day be one of the greatest men in the world, and that out of doubt he should obtain seven times in his life the chieft office of dignity in his country"—*Nor th's Plutarch*, "*Life of Caius Marius*."

Or is their rage restrain'd with matchless ruth?  
See how amaz'd these angry lords behold  
The poor, confused looks of wretched Marius  
Minturnians, why delays your headsman thus  
To finish up this ruthless tragedy?

L. FAVORINUS Far be it, Marius, from our  
thoughts or hands

To wrong the man protected by the gods  
Live happy, Marius, so thou leave our town

MARIUS And must I wrestle once again with  
fate,

O! will these princes dally with mine age?

PAUSANIUS No, matchless Roman, thine ap-  
proved mind,

That erst hath alter'd our ambitious wrong,  
Must flourish still, and we thy servants live  
To see thy glories, like the swelling tides,  
Exceed the bounds of fate and Roman rule  
Yet leave us, lord, and seek some safer shed,  
Where, more secure, thou may'st prevent mis-  
haps,

For great pursuits and troubles thee await

MARIUS Ye piteous powers, that with successful  
hopes

And gentle counsels thwart my deep despairs,  
Old Marius to your mercies recommends  
His hap, his life, his hazard, and his son  
Minturnians, I will hence, and you shall fly  
Occasions of those troubles you expect.  
Dream not on dangers, that have sav'd my life  
Lordings, adieu from walls to woods I wend,  
To hills, dales, rocks, my wrong for to commend

L. FAVORINUS Fortune, vouchsafe his many  
woes to end

[Exit

[Exeunt

*Enter SYLLA<sup>1</sup> in triumph in his chari triumphant of gold drawn by four Moors, before the chariot, his colours, his crest, his captains, his prisoners ARCATHIUS, Mithridates' son, ARISTION, ARCHELAUS, bearing crowns of gold, and manacled After the chariot, his soldier's bands, BASILLUS, LUCRETIUS, LUCULLUS, besides prisoners of divers nations and sundry disguises*

SYLLA You men of Rome, my fellow-mates in arms,  
Whose three years' prowess, policy, and war,  
One hundred threescore thousand men at arms  
Hath overthrow'n and murder'd in the field,  
Whose valours to the empire have restor'd  
All Grecia, Asia, and Ionia,  
With Macedonia, subject to our foe,  
You see the froward customs of our state  
Who, measuring not our many toils abroad,  
Sit in their cells, imagining our harms  
Replenishing our Roman friends with fear  
Yea, Sylla, worthy friends, whose fortunes, toils,  
And stratagems these strangers may report,  
Is by false Cinna and his factious friends  
Revil'd, condemn'd, and cross'd without a cause  
Yea, Romans, Marius must return to Rome,  
Of purpose to upbraid your general  
But this undaunted mind that never droop'd,  
This forward body, form'd to suffer toil,  
Shall haste to Rome, where every foe shall rue  
The rash disgrace both of myself and you

LUCRETIUS And may it be that those seditious  
brains  
Imagine these presumptuous purposes?

---

<sup>1</sup> The old quarto divides the play very irregularly; for according to it there are two Acts III and two Acts IV. One of the Acts III was made to commence here



SYLLA. And may it be? Why, man, and wilt thou doubt,  
 Where Sylla deigns these dangers to aver?  
 Sirrah, except not so, misdoubt not so  
 See here Anepaius' letters, read the lines,  
 And say, Lucretius, that I favour thee,  
 That darest but suspect thy general

*[Read the letters and deliver them]*

LUCRETIVS The case conceal'd hath mov'd the  
 more misdoubt,  
 Yet pardon my presumptions, worthy Sylla,  
 That to my grief have read these hideous harms

SYLLA Tut, my Lucretius, fortune's ball is  
 toss'd

To form the story of my fatal power  
 Rome shall repent, babe, mother, shall repent  
 Air, weeping cloudy sorrows, shall repent  
 Wind, breathing many sorrows, shall repent—  
 To see those storms, concealed in my breast,  
 Reflect the hideous flames of their unrest.  
 But words are vain, and cannot quell our wrongs  
 Brief periods serve for them that needs must  
 post it

Lucullus, since occasion calls me hence,  
 And all our Roman senate think it meet,  
 That thou pursue the wars I have begun,  
 As by their letters I am certified,  
 I leave thee Cymbria's legions to conduct,  
 With this proviso that, in ruling still,  
 You think on Sylla and his courtesies.

LUCULLUS. The weighty charge of this con-  
 tinued war,  
 Though strange it seem, and over-great to wield,  
 I will accept, if so the army please

SOLDIERS Happy and fortunate be Lucullus  
 our general

SYLLA. If he be Sylla's friend, else not at all.  
 For otherwise the man were ill-bested,

That gaining glories straight should lose his head  
 But, soldiers, since I needly<sup>1</sup> must to Rome,  
 Basillus' virtues shall have recompense.  
 Lo, here the wreath, Valerius, for thy pains,  
 Who first didst enter Archilaus' trench  
 This pledge of virtue, sirrah, shall approve  
 Thy virtues, and confirm me in thy love.

BASILLUS Happy be Sylla, if no foe to Rome

SYLLA I like no ifs from such a simple groom.  
 I will be happy in despite of state  
 And why? because I never feared fate  
 But come, Arcathius, for your father's sake  
 Enjoin your fellow-princes to their tasks,  
 And help to succour these my weary bones  
 Tut, blush not, man, a greater state than thou  
 Shall pleasure Sylla in more baser sort.

Aristion is a jolly-timber'd man,  
 Fit to conduct the chariot of a king.  
 Why, be not squeamish, for it shall go hard,  
 But I will give you all a great reward

ARCATHIUS Humbled by fate, like wretched  
 men we yield

SYLLA Arcathius, these are fortunes of the  
 field

Believe me, these brave captives draw by art,  
 And I will think upon their good desert  
 But stay you, strangers, and respect my words  
 Fond heartless men, what folly have I seen!  
 For fear of death can princes entertain  
 Such bastard thoughts, that now from glorious  
 arms

Vouchsafe to draw like oxen in a plough?  
 Arcathius, I am sure Mithridates  
 Will hardly brook the scandal of his name.  
 'Twere better in Pisæ<sup>2</sup> to have died,  
 Aristion, than amidst our legions thus to draw

<sup>1</sup> Necessarily or unavoidably.

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *Picæo*]

ARISTION I tell thee, Sylla, captives have no  
 choice,  
 And death is dreadful to a captive man  
 SYLLA In such imperfect mettles<sup>1</sup> as is yours  
 But Romans, that are still allu'd by fame,  
 Choose rather death than blemish of their name  
 But I have haste, and therefore will reward you  
 Go, soldiers, with as quick despatch as may be,  
 Hasten their death, and bring them to their end,  
 And say in this that Sylla is your friend

ARCATHIUS O, ransom thou our lives, sweet  
 conqueror !

SYLLA Fie, foolish men, why fly you happiness ?  
 Desire you still to lead a servile life ?  
 Dare you not buy delights with little pains ?  
 Well, for thy father's sake, Arcathius,  
 I will prefer thy triumphs with the rest  
 Go, take them hence, and when we meet in hell,  
 Then tell me, princes, if I did not well

[*Exeunt milites*]

Lucullus, thus these mighty foes are down,  
 Now strive thou for the King of Pontus' crown  
 I will to Rome, go thou, and with thy train  
 Pursue Mithridates, till he be slain

LUCULLUS. With fortune's help go calm thy  
 country's woes,  
 Whilst I with these seek out our mighty foes

*Enter MARIUS solus, from the Numidian mountains,  
 feeding on roots*

MARIUS Thou, that hast walk'd with troops of  
 flocking friends,  
 Now wand'rest 'midst the labyrinth of woes,  
 Thy best repast with many sighing ends,  
 And none but fortune all these mischiefs knows

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *metals*]

Like to these stretching mountains, clad with  
snow,  
No sunshine of content my thoughts approacheth  
High spue their tops, my hopes no height do  
know,  
But mount so high as time their tract reproacheth.  
They find their spring, where winter wrongs my  
mind,  
They weep their brooks, I waste my cheeks with  
tears  
O foolish fate, too froward and unkind,  
Mountains have peace, where mournful be my  
years  
Yet high as they my thoughts some hopes would  
borrow,  
But when I count the evening end with sorrow  
Death in Minturnum threaten'd Marius' head,  
Hunger in these Numidian mountains dwells  
Thus with prevention having mischief fled,  
Old Marius finds a world of many hells,  
Such as poor simple wits have oft repin'd;  
But I will quell, by virtues of the mind,  
Long years misspent in many luckless chances,  
Thoughts full of wrath, yet little worth succeeding,  
These are the means for those whom fate advances  
But I, whose wounds are fresh, my heart still  
bleeding,  
Live to entreat this blessed boon from fate,  
That I might die with grief to live in state  
Six hundred suns with solitary walks  
I still have sought for to delude my pain,  
And friendly echo, answering to my talks,  
Rebounds the accent of my ruth again -  
She, courteous nymph, the woful Roman pleaseth,  
Else no consorts but beasts my pains appeaseth  
Each day she answers in yon neighbouring moun-  
tain,  
I do expect, reporting of my sorrow,

Whilst lifting up her locks from out the fountain,  
 She answereth to my questions even and morrow  
 Whose sweet rebounds, my sorrow to remove,  
 To please my thoughts I mean for to approve  
 Sweet nymph, draw near, thou kind and gentle  
                   echo, Echo<sup>1</sup>  
 What help to ease my weary pains have I? I  
 What comfort in distress to calm my griefs?

*Griefs*  
 Sweet nymph, these griefs are grown, before I  
                   thought so *I thought so*  
 Thus Marius lives disdain'd of all the gods *Gods*  
 With deep despair late overtaken wholly *O lie*  
 And will the heavens be never well appeased ?

What mean have they left me to cure my smart ?

Nought better fits old Marius' mind than war  
 Then full of hope, say, Echo, shall I go? *Then war?*  
 Is any better fortune then at hand? *Go*  
 Then farewell, Echo, gentle nymph, farewell. *At hand*

*Farewell*

O pleasing folly to a pensive man !  
Well, I will rest fast by this shady tree,  
Waiting the end that fate allotteth me [*Sits down*

<sup>1</sup> An early instance of an echo of this kind upon the stage is to be found in Peele's "Arraignment of Paris," 1584. Mr D'Israeli has an entertaining essay upon them in his "Curiosities of Literature," second series. They were carried to a most ridiculous excess afterwards.

<sup>2</sup> The old spelling of *than* was *then*, and this must be observed here. The echo is supposed to encourage Marius again to take up arms—

"Nought better fits old Marius' mind than war"

And the reply of the echo is, ' Then war," or then go to war.

*Enter MARIUS the son, ALBINOVANUS, CETHEGUS,  
LECTORIUS, with Soldiers*

YOUNG MARIUS My countrymen, and favourites of Rome,

This melancholy desert where we meet,  
Resembleth well young Marius' restless thoughts  
Here dreadful silence, solitary caves,  
No chirping birds with solace singing sweetly,  
Are harbour'd for delight, but from the oak,  
Leafless and sapless through decaying age,  
The screech-owl chants her fatal-boding lays  
Within my breast care, danger, sorrow dwell,  
Hope and revenge sit hammering in my heart.  
The baleful babes of angry Nemesis  
Disperse their furious fires upon my soul

LECTORIUS Fie, Marius, are you discontented still,

When as occasion favoureth your desire!  
Are not these noble Romans come from Rome?  
Hath not the state recall'd your father home?

YOUNG MARIUS And what of this? What profit may I reap,  
That want my father to conduct us home?

LECTORIUS My lord, take heart, no doubt  
this stormy flaw,<sup>1</sup>

That Neptune sent to cast us on this shore,  
Shall end these discontentments at the last

MARIUS Whom see mine eyes? What, is not  
yon my son?

YOUNG MARIUS What solitary father walketh  
there?

MARIUS It is my son! these are my friends I  
see

---

<sup>1</sup> This passage is quoted by Mr Steevens in a note on "Hamlet," act v sc 1, to show that "the winter's flaw" there spoken of means "the winter's blast"

What, have sore-pining cares so changed me ?  
Or are my looks distemper'd through the pains  
And agonies that issue from my heart ?

Fie, Marius ! frolic, man ! thou must to Rome,  
There to revenge thy wrongs, and wait thy tomb

YOUNG MARIUS Now, fortune, frown and  
palter if thou please.

Romans, behold my father and your friend  
O father !

MARIUS Marius, thou art fitly met  
Albinovanus, and my other friends,  
What news at Rome ? What fortune brought you  
hither ?

ALBINOVANUS My lord, the Consul Cinna hath  
restor'd

The doubtful course of your betrayed state,  
And waits your present swift approach to Rome,  
Your foeman Sylla posteth very fast  
With good success from Pontus, to prevent  
Your speedy entrance into Italy

The neighbouring cities are your very friends,  
Nought rests, my lord, but you depart from hence

YOUNG MARIUS How many desert ways hath  
Marius sought,

How many cities have I visited !

To find my father, and relieve his wants !

MARIUS My son, I 'quite thy travails with my  
love

And, lords and citizens, we will to Rome,  
And join with Cinna Have you shipping here ?  
What, are these soldiers bent to die with me ?

SOLDIERS Content to pledge our lives for  
Marius

LECTORIUS. My lord, here, in the next adjoining  
port,

Our ships are rigg'd, and ready for to sail.

MARIUS Then let us sail unto Etruria,  
And cause our friends, the Germans, to revolt,

And get some Tuscans to increase our power  
Deserts, farewell ! Come, Romans, let us go—  
A scourge for Rome, that hath depress'd us so  
[*Exeunt*]

## ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter* MARK ANTHONY, LEPIDUS, OCTAVIUS,  
FLACCUS, *Senators*

OCTAVIUS What helps, my lords, to overhale  
these cares ?

What means or motions may these mischiefs end ?  
You see how Cinna, that should succour Rome,  
Hath levied arms to bring a traitor in  
O worthless traitor, woe to thine and thee,  
That thus disquieteth both Rome and us ?

ANTHONY Octavius, these are scourges for our  
sins,  
These are but ministers to heap our plague.  
These mutinies are gentle means and ways,  
Whereby the heavens our heavy errors charm.  
Then with content and humbled eyes behold  
The crystal shining globe of glorious Jove,  
And, since we perish through our own misdeeds,  
Go let us flourish in our fruitful prayers

LEPIDUS 'Midst these confusions, mighty men  
of Rome,  
Why waste we out these troubles all in words ?  
Weep not your harms, but wend we straight to  
arms,

Lo, Ostia<sup>1</sup> spoil'd, see Marius at our gate !  
And shall we die like milksops, dreaming thus ?

OCTAVIUS. A bootless war to see our country  
spoil'd.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *Dustria* ]



LEPIDUS. Fruitless is dalliance, whereas dangers be

ANTHONY My lord, may courage wait on conquer'd men?

LEPIDUS Ay, even in death most courage doth appear

OCTAVIUS Then, waiting death, I mean to seat me here,

Hoping that consuls' name and fear of laws  
Shall justify my conscience and my cause

*Enter a MESSENGER*

Now, sirrah, what confused looks are these?

What tidings bringest thou of dreariment?<sup>1</sup>

MESSENGER My lords, the Consul Cinna, with his friends,

Have let in Marius by *Via Appia*,

Whose soldiers waste and murder all they meet,

Who, with the consul and his other friends,

With expedition hasteth to this place

ANTHONY Then to the downfall of my happiness,

Then to the ruin of this city Rome

But if mine inward ruth were laid in sight,

My streams of tears should drown my foes' despite

OCTAVIUS. Courage, Lord Anthony: if fortune please,

She will and can these troubles soon appease,

But if her backward frowns approach us nigh,

Resolve with us with honour for to die

LEPIDUS No storm of fate shall bring my sorrows down,

But if that fortune list, why, let her frown

---

<sup>1</sup> *Dreariment* is not so frequently met in any of our old writers as Spenser. I do not recollect it in any play before. It requires no explanation.

ANTHONY. Where states oppress'd by cruel  
tyrants be,  
Old Anthony, there is no place for thee  
[*Drum strikes within*  
Hark, by this thundering noise of threatening  
drums,  
Marius with all his faction hither comes  
OCTAVIUS Then like a traitor he shall know,  
ere long,  
In levying aims he doth his country wrong

*Enter MARIUS, his Son, CINNA, CETHEGUS, LECTORIUS, with Soldiers upon sight of whom MARK ANTHONY presently flies*

MARIUS And have we got the goal of honour now,  
And in despite of consuls enter'd Rome?  
Then rouse thee, Marius leave thy ruthless  
thoughts,  
And for thy many cares and toils sustain'd,  
Afflict thy foes with quite as many pains  
Go, soldiers, seek out Bebius and his friends,  
Attilus, Munitorius, with the rest,  
Cut off their heads, for they did cross me once  
And if your care can compass my decree,  
Remember that same fugitive Mark Anthony,  
Whose fatal end shall be my fruitful peace.  
I tell thee, Cinna, nature armeth beasts  
With just revenge, and lendeth in their kinds  
Sufficient warlike weapons of defence,  
If then by nature beasts revenge their wrong,  
Both heavens and nature grant me vengeance now  
Yet whilst I live and suck this subtle air,  
That lendeth breathing coolness to my lights,  
The register of all thy righteous acts,  
Thy pains, thy toils, thy travails for my sake,  
Shall dwell by kind impressions in my heart,  
And I with links of true, unfeigned love

Will lock these Roman favourites in my breast,  
And live to hazard life for their relief

CINNA My lord, your safe and swift return to  
Rome

Makes Cinna fortunate and well a-paid ,  
Who, through the false suggestions of my foes,  
Was made a cypher<sup>1</sup> of a consul here  
Lo, where he sits commanding in his throne,  
That wronged Marius, me, and all these lords

YOUNG MARIUS To 'quite his love, Cinna, let  
me alone

How fare these lords that, lumping, pouting, proud,  
Imagine now to quell me with their looks?

Now 'welcome, sirs, is Marius thought so base?

Why stand you looking babies in my face?

Who welcomes me, him Marius makes his friend ,  
Who lowers on me, him Marius means to end.

FLACCUS Happy and fortunate thy return to  
Rome

LEPIDUS And long live Marius<sup>2</sup> with fame in  
Rome

MARIUS I thank you, courteous lords, that are  
so kind

YOUNG MARIUS But why endures your grace  
that braving mate,

To sit and face us in his robes of state?

MARIUS My son, he is a consul at the least,  
And gravity becomes Octavius best,  
But, Cinna, would in yonder empty seat  
You would for Marius' freedom once entreat

CINNA *presseth up, and OCTAVIUS stayeth him*

OCTAVIUS Avaunt, thou traitor, proud and in-  
solent !

How dar'st thou press near civil government

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *coffer*]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *Marius live*]

MARIUS Why, Master Consul, are you grown so hot ?

I'll have a present cooling card for you  
Be therefore well advis'd, and move me not  
For though by you I was exil'd from Rome,  
And in the desert from a prince's seat  
Left to bewail ingrattitudes of Rome,  
Though I have known your thirsty throats have  
long'd

To bathe themselves in my distilling blood,  
Yet Marius, sirs, hath pity join'd with power  
Lo, here the imperial ensign which I wield,  
That waveth mercy to my wishers-well  
And more see here the dangerous trote of war,  
That at the point is steel'd with ghastly death

OCTAVIUS Thou exile, threaten'st thou a consul then ?

Lictors, go draw him hence ! such braving mates  
Are not to boast their arms in quiet states.

MARIUS Go draw me hence ! What ! no relent,  
Octavius ?

YOUNG MARIUS My lord, what heart indurate  
with revenge

Could leave this lozel,<sup>1</sup> threat'ning murder thus ?  
Vouchsafe me leave to taint that traitor seat  
With flowing streams of his contagious blood.

OCTAVIUS The father's son, I know him by his  
talk,

That scolds in words, when fingers cannot walk.  
But Jove, I hope, will one day send to Rome  
The blessed patron of this monarchy,  
Who will revenge injustice by his sword.

CINNA Such braving hopes, such cursed argu-  
ments

So strict command, such arrogant controls !

---

<sup>1</sup> *Lozel* is always used as a term of contempt, and means a worthless fellow

Suffer me, Marius, that am consul now,  
To do thee justice, and confound the wretch

MARIUS Cinna, you know I am a private man,  
That still submit my censures to your will

CINNA Then, soldiers, draw this traitor from  
the throne,

And let him die, for Cinna wills it so

YOUNG MARIUS Ay, now, my Cinna, noble  
consul, speaks

Octavius, your checks shall cost you dear

OCTAVIUS And let me die, for Cinna wills it so !  
Is then the reverence of this robe contemn'd ?

Are these associates of so small regard ?

Why then, Octavius willingly consents

To entertain the sentence of his death

But let the proudest traitor work his will ,

I fear no strokes, but here will sit me still

Since justice sleeps, since tyrants reign in Rome,

Octavius longs for death to die in Rome

CINNA Then strike him where he sits, then  
hale him hence

OCTAVIUS Heavens punish Cinna's pride and  
thy offence

[ *A Soldier stabs him, he is carried away* ]

CINNA. Now is he fallen that threaten'd Marius,  
Now will I sit and plead for Marius

MARIUS Thou dost me justice, Cinna, for you see  
These peers of Rome of<sup>1</sup> late exiled me

LEPIDUS Your lordship doth injustice to accuse  
Those, who in your behalf did not offend

FLACCUS We grieve to see the aged Marius  
Stand like a private man in view of Rome

CINNA Then bid him sit ; and lo, an empty  
place

Revoke his exile from his government,  
And so prevent your farther detriment

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *have* ]

LEPIDUS We will account both Marius and his friends,  
His son and all his followers, free in Rome  
And since we see the dangerous times at hand,  
And hear of Sylla's confidence and haste,  
And know his hate and rancour to these lords,  
We<sup>1</sup> him create for consul, to prevent  
The policies of Sylla and his friends

CINNA Then, both confirm'd by state and full consent,  
The rods and axe to Marius I present,  
And here invest thee with the consul's pall

FLACCUS Long, fortunate, and happy life betide  
Old Marius in his sevenfold consulship

YOUNG MARIUS. And so let Marius live and govern Rome,  
As cursed Sylla never look on Rome

MARIUS Then plac'd in consul's throne, you  
Roman states, [*He takes his seat.*]  
Recall'd from banishment by your decrees,  
Install'd in this imperial seat to rule,  
Old Marius thanks his friends and favourites,  
From whom this final favour he requires  
That, seeing Sylla by his murderous blade  
Brought fierce seditions first to head in Rome,  
And forced laws to banish innocents,  
I crave by course of reason and desert,  
That he may be proclaimed, as erst was I,  
A traitor and an enemy of Rome  
Let all his friends be banish'd out of town,  
Then, cutting off the branch where troubles spring,  
Rome shall have peace and plenty in her walls

CINNA In equity it needs must be, my friends,  
That one be guilty of our common harms.  
And since that Marius is accounted free,  
Sylla with all his friends must traitors be.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *And* ]

YOUNG MARIUS My father's reasons, Romans,  
are of force ,  
For if you see, and live not to secure,  
You know that, in so great a state as this,  
Two mighty foes can never well agree

LEPIDUS Then let us seek to please our consul  
first,  
And then prepare to keep the exile out  
Cinna, as Marius and these lords agree,  
Firm this edict, and let it pass for me

CINNA Then, Romans, in the name of all this  
state,  
I here proclaim and publish this decree ,  
That Sylla with his friends, allies, and all,  
Are banish'd exiles, traitors unto Rome  
And to extinguish both his name and state,  
We will his house be razed to the ground,  
His goods confiscate this our censure is  
Lictor, proclaim this in the market-place,  
And see it executed out of hand [*Exit Lictor*]

MARIUS Now see I, senators, the thought, the  
care,  
The virtuous zeal that leads your toward minds  
To love your friends, and watch your common  
good

And now, establish'd consul in this place,  
Old Marius will foresee advenient harms  
Sylla, the scourge of Asia, as we hear,  
Is press'd to enter Italy with sword  
He comes in pomp to triumph here in Rome  
But, senators, you know the wavering wills  
Of foolish men—I mean the common sort—  
Who, through report of innovations,  
Of flattering humours of well-temper'd tongues,  
Will change, and draw a second mischief on.  
I like your care, and will myself apply  
To aim and level at my country's weal  
To intercept these errors by advice,

My son young Marius, Cethegus, and my friends,  
Shall to Præneste, to prevent and stop  
The speedy purpose of our forward foe  
Meanwhile, ourselves will fortify this town,  
This beauty of the world, this maiden-town,  
Where streaming Tybris, with a pleasant tide,  
Leads out the stately buildings of the world  
Marius, my hope, my son, you know your charge  
Take those Iberian legions in your train,  
And we will spare some Cymbrians to your use  
Remember thou art Marius' son, and dream  
On nought but honour and a happy death !

YOUNG MARIUS I go, my lord, in hope to make  
the world

Report my service and my duty too ,  
And that proud challenger of Asia  
Shall find that Marius' son hath force and wit.

[*Exit cum CETHIGO*

MARIUS Go, thou, as fortunate as Greeks to  
Troy ,  
As glorious as Alcides in thy toils ,  
As happy as Sertorius in thy fight ,  
As valiant as Achilles in thy might  
Go, glorious, valiant, happy, fortunate,  
As all those Greeks and him of Roman state !

*Enter, led in with Soldiers, CORNELIA and FULVIA*

CORNELIA. Traitors ! why drag you thus a  
prince's wife,  
As if that beauty were a thrall to fate ?  
Are Romans grown more barbarous than Greeks,  
That hate more greater than Cassandra now ?  
The Macedonian monarch was more kind,  
That honour'd and reliev'd in warlike camp  
Darius' mother, daughters, and his wife  
But you unkind to Roman ladies now,  
Perhaps as constant as the ancient queens ,



For they, subdu'd, had friendship in disgrace,  
Where we, unconquer'd, live in woful case

MARIUS What plaintive pleas presents that  
lady there?

Why, soldiers, make you prisoners here in  
Rome?

1ST SOLDIER Dread consul, we have found Cor-  
nelia here

And Sylla's daughter posting out of town

MARIUS Ladies of worth, both beautiful and  
wise,

But near allied unto my greatest foe.

Yet Marius' mind, that never meant disgrace,  
More likes their courage than their comely face  
Are you Cornelia, madam, Sylla's wife?

CORNELIA I am Cornelia, Sylla's wife, what  
then?

MARIUS And is this Fulvia, Sylla's daughter  
too?

FULVIA And this is Fulvia, Sylla's daughter,  
too

MARIUS Two welcome guests, in whom the  
majesty

Of my conceit and courage must consist

What think you, senators and countrymen?

See, here are two, the fairest stars of Rome

The dearest dainties of my warlike foe,

Whose lives upon your censures do subsist<sup>1</sup>

LEPIDUS Dread consul, the continuance of their  
lives

Shall egg on Sylla to a greater haste,

And, in bereaving of their vital breath,

Your grace shall force more fury from your foe.

Of these extremes we leave the choice to you

MARIUS Then think that some strange fortune  
shall ensue.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *consist* ]

FULVIA Poor Fulvia, now thy happy days are done !

Instead of marriage pomp, the fatal lights  
Of funerals must masque about thy bed  
Nor shall thy father's arms with kind embrace  
Hem in thy shoulders, trembling now for fear  
I see in Marius' looks such tragedies,  
As fear my heart, and fountains fill mine eyes.

CORNELIA Fie, Fulvia ! shall thy father's  
daughter faint,  
Before the threats of danger shall approach ?  
Dry up those tears, and like a Roman maid,  
Be bold and silent, till our foe have said

MARIUS Cornelia, wife unto my traitor-foe,  
What gadding mood hath forc'd thy speedy flight ?  
To leave thy country, and forsake thy friends ?

CORNELIA Accursed Marius, offspring of my  
pains,  
Whose furious wrath hath wrought thy country's  
woe,

What may remain for me or mine in Rome,  
That see the tokens of thy tyrannies ?  
Vile monster, robb'd of virtue, what revenge  
Is this, to wreak thine anger on the walls ?  
To raze our house, to banish all our friends,  
To kill the rest, and captive us at last ?  
Think'st thou by barbarous deeds to boast thy  
state,

Or spoiling Sylla, to depress his hate ?  
No, Marius, but for every drop of blood  
And inch of wrong he shall return thee two

FLACCUS Madam, in danger wisdom doth advise  
In humble terms to reconcile our foes

MARIUS She is a woman, Flaccus ; let her talk,  
That breathes forth bitter words instead of blows

CORNELIA. And in regard of that, immodest  
man,

Thou shouldst desist from outrage and revenge

LECTORIUS What, can your grace endure these  
cursed scoffs?

MARIUS Why, my Lectorius, I have ever learnt  
That ladies cannot wrong me with upbraids,  
Then let her talk, and my concealed hate  
Shall heap revengement upon Sylla's pate

FULVIA Let fevers first afflict thy feeble age,  
Let palsies make thy stubborn fingers faint,  
Let humours, streaming from thy moisten'd brains,  
With clouds of dimness choke thy fretful eyes,  
Before these monstrous harms assail my sire

MARIUS By'i lady,<sup>1</sup> Fulvia you are gaily read  
Your mother well may boast you for her own,  
For both of you have words and scoffs at will.  
And since I like the compass of your wit,  
Myself will stand and, ladies, you shall sit  
And, if you please to wade in farther words,  
Let's see what brawls your memories affords

CORNELIA Your lordship's passing mannerly in  
jest,

But that you may perceive we smell your drift,  
We both will sit, and countenance your shift

MARIUS Where constancy and beauty do con-  
sort,

There ladies' threatenings turn to merry sport  
How fare these beautiful? what, well at ease?

FULVIA As ready as at first for to displease,

---

<sup>1</sup> We have before had Pedro the Frenchman, or rather the *Gaul*, according to Plutarch (though why he is called by the Spanish name of Pedro, we know not), employed to murder Marius, swearing *Par le sang de Dieu, Notre Dame, and Jesu* and towards the close of the play, where a couple of ludicrous characters are introduced, "to mollify the vulgar," the "*Paul's steeple of honour*" is talked of. Such anachronisms, however gross, are common to all the dramatists of that day. Shakespeare is notoriously full of them, and all must remember the discussion between Hamlet and his friend regarding the children of Paul's and of the Queen's chapel.

For, full confirm'd that we shall surely die,  
We wait our ends with Roman constancy

MARIUS Why, think you Marius hath confirm'd  
your death?

FULVIA What other fruit may spring from  
tyrant's hands?

MARIUS In faith then, ladies, thus the matter  
stands

Since you mistake my love and courtesy,  
Prepare yourselves, for you shall surely die

CORNELIA Ay, Marius, now I know thou dost  
not he,

And that thou mayst, unto thy lasting blame,  
Extinguish in our deaths thy wished fame,  
Grant us this boon that, making choice of death,  
We may be freed from fury of thine ire

MARIUS An easy boon, ladies, I condescend.

CORNELIA Then suffer us in private chamber  
close

To meditate a day or two alone,  
And, tyrant, if thou find us living then,  
Commit us straight unto thy slaughtering-men

MARIUS Ladies, I grant, for Marius will deny  
A suit so easy and of such import,  
For pity 'twere that dames of constancy  
Should not be agents of their misery.

[*Here he whispers* LECTORIUS  
Lectorius, hark, despatch [Exit LECTORIUS

CORNELIA So, Fulvia, now the latest doom is  
fix'd,

And nought remains but constant Roman hearts  
To bear the brunt of irksome fury's spite  
Rouse thee, my dear, and daunt those faint con-  
cents,

That trembling stand aghast at bitter death  
Bethink thee now that Sylla was thy sire,  
Whose courage heaven nor fortune could abate  
Then, like the offspring of fierce Sylla's house,

Pass with the thrice-renowned Phrygian dame,  
As to thy marriage, so unto thy death  
For nought to wretches is more sweet than death

FULVIA Madam, confirm'd as well to die as live.  
Fulvia awaiteth nothing but her death  
Yet had my father known the course of change,  
Or seen our loss by lucky augury,  
This tyrant nor his followers had liv'd  
To 'joy the ruin of fierce Sylla's house

MARIUS But, lady, they that dwell on fortune's  
call

No sooner rise, but subject are to fall

FULVIA Marius, I doubt not but our constant  
ends

Shall make thee wail thy tyrant's government

MARIUS When tyrant's rule doth breed my care  
and woe,

Then will I say two ladies told me so

But here comes Lectorius Now, my lord  
Have you brought those things ?

*Enter LECTORIUS*

LECTORIUS I have, noble consul

MARIUS Now, ladies, you are resolute to die ?

CORNELIA Ay, Marius, for terror cannot daunt  
us.

Tortures were framed to dread the baser eye,  
And not t' appal a princely majesty.

MARIUS. And Marius lives to triumph o'er his  
foes,

That train their warlike troops amidst the plains,  
And are enclos'd and hemm'd with shining arms,  
Not to appal such princely majesty

Virtue, sweet ladies, is of more regard  
In Marius' mind, where honour is enthron'd,  
Than Rome or rule of Roman empery

*[Here he puts chains about their necks]*

The bands, that should combine your snow-white  
wrists,

Are these which shall adorn your milk-white necks  
The private cells, where you shall end your lives,  
Is Italy, is Europe—nay the world  
Th' Euxinian Sea, the fierce Sicilian Gulf,  
The river Ganges and Hydaspes' stream  
Shall level lie, and smooth as crystal ice,  
While Fulvia and Cornelia pass thereon.  
The soldiers, that should guard you to your deaths,  
Shall be five thousand gallant youths of Rome,  
In purple robes cross-barr'd with pales of gold,  
Mounted on warlike coursers for the field,  
Fet<sup>1</sup> from the mountain-tops of Corsica,  
Or bred in hills of bright Sardinia,  
Who shall conduct and bring you to your lord.  
Ay, unto Sylla, ladies, shall you go,  
And tell him Marius holds within his hands  
Honour for ladies, for ladies rich reward,  
But as for Sylla and for his compeers,  
Who dare 'gainst Marius vaunt their golden crests,  
Tell him for them old Marius holds revenge,  
And in his hands both triumphs life and death

CORNELIA Doth Marius use with glorious words  
to jest,

And mock his captives with these glosing<sup>2</sup> terms<sup>2</sup>

MARIUS No, ladies,  
Marius hath sought for honour with his sword,  
And holds disdain to triumph in your falls.  
Live, Cornelia live, fair and fairest Fulvia!

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare and many other writers of the time use this form of *fetch* thus in "Henry V" act iii sc 1—

"On, on, you noble English,  
Whose blood is *fet* from fathers of war-proof"

<sup>2</sup> *Glosing* and *flattering* are synonymous perhaps to *glose*, or, as it is sometimes spelt, to *glose*, is the same word as to *gloss*. It is common in Milton in the sense that it bears in the text

If you have done or wrought me injury,  
Sylla shall pay it through his misery

FULVIA So gracious, famous consul, are thy  
words,

That Rome and we shall celebrate thy worth.  
And Sylla shall confess himself o'ercome

CORNELIA If ladies' prayers or tears may move  
the heavens,

Sylla shall vow himself old Marius' friend

MARIUS Ladies, for that I nought at all regard  
Sylla's my foe, I'll triumph over him,  
For other conquest glory doth not win  
Therefore come on,

That I may send you unto Sylla. [Exeunt

*Enter a CLOWN, drunk, with a pint of wine in his  
hand, and two or three SOLDIERS*

1ST SOLDIER Sirrah, dally not with us, you  
know where he is

CLOWN O, sir, a quart is a quart in any man's  
purse, and drink is drink, and can my master live  
without his drink, I pray you?

2D SOLDIER. You have a master then, sirrah?

CLOWN Have I a master, thou scoundrel? I have  
an orator to my master, a wise man to my master  
But, fellows, I must make a parenthesis of this  
pint-pot, for words make men dry. now, by my  
troth, I drink to Lord Anthony

3D SOLDIER Fellow-soldiers, the weakness of  
his brain hath made his tongue walk largely, we  
shall have some novelties by-and-by

CLOWN O most surpassing wine,  
Thou marrow of the vine!  
More welcome unto me  
Than whips to scholars be.  
Thou art, and ever was,  
A means to mend an ass,

Thou makest some to sleep,  
And many mo to weep,  
And some be glad and meiry,  
With heigh down derry, deiry  
Thou makest some to stumble,  
And many mo to fumble,  
And me have pinky neyne <sup>1</sup>  
More brave and jolly wine '  
What need I praise thee mo,  
For thou art good, with heigh-ho !

3D SOLDIER If wine then be so good, I prithee  
for thy part,  
Tell us where Lord Anthony is, and thou shalt  
have a quart.

CLOWN First shall the snow be black,  
And pepper lose his smack,  
And stripes forsake my back  
First merry drunk with sack,  
I will go boast and track,  
And all your costards crack,  
Before I do the knack  
Shall make me sing alack  
Alack, the old man is weary,  
For wine hath made him merry  
With a heigh ho.

1ST SOLDIER I prythee, leave these rhymes,  
and tell us where thy master is ?

CLOWN Faith, where you shall not be.  
Unless ye go with me  
But shall I tell them so ?  
O, no, sir, no, no, no  
The man hath many a foe,  
As far as I do know

---

<sup>1</sup> [i.e., Pinky eyne or pink (small) eyes] See Mr Steevens's note on the song in "Anthony and Cleopatra," beginning—

"Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with *pink* eyne "



You do not flout me, I hope  
 See how this liquor fumes,  
 And how my force presumes  
 You would know where Lord Anthony is? I  
     perceive you  
 Shall I say he is in yond farmhouse? I deceive  
     you  
 Shall I tell you this wine is for him? The gods  
     forfend,  
 And so I end     Go, fellow-fighters, there's a bob  
     for ye

2D SOLDIER My masters, let us follow this  
 clown, for questionless this grave orator is in  
 yonder farmhouse<sup>1</sup> But who cometh yonder?

*Enter OLD ANTHONY*

ANTHONY I wonder why my peasant stay - so  
     long,  
 And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,  
 And with my woe I am assailed with fear,  
 And with my fear await with faintful breath  
 The final period of my pains by death

1ST SOLDIER Yond's the man we seek for, sol-  
 diers     Unsheathe your swords, and make a rid-  
 dance of Marius' ancient enemy

CLOWN Master, fly, fly,  
 Or else you shall die!  
 A plague on this wine,  
 Hath made me so fine!  
 And will you not be gone?  
 Then I'll leave you alone,

---

<sup>1</sup> This incident is founded upon a passage in Plutarch's  
 "Life of Caius Marius," only in that author the man with  
 the wine discloses where Anthony is concealed to the  
 drawer, of whom he gets the wine, and not to the soldiers

And sleep upon your woe,  
With a lamentable heigh-ho [Exit  
ANTHONY Betrayed at last by witless over-  
sight<sup>1</sup>

Now, Anthony, prepare thyself to die  
Lo, where the monstrous ministers of wraith  
Menace thy murder with their naked swords

2D SOLDIER Anthony, well-met the consul  
Marius, with other confederate senators, have ad-  
judged thee death, therefore prepare thyself, and  
think we favour thee in this little protraction

ANTHONY Immortal powers, that know the  
painful cares

That wait upon my poor distressed heart,  
O, bend your brows, and level all your looks  
Of dreadful awe upon these daring men<sup>1</sup>  
And thou, sweet niece of Atlas, on whose lips  
And tender tongue the pliant muses sit,  
Let gentle course of sweet aspiring speech  
Let honey flowing terms of weary woe,  
Let fruitful figures and delightful lines  
Enforce a spring of pity from their eyes  
Amaze the murderous passions of their minds  
That they may favour woful Anthony  
O countrymen, what shall become of Rome  
When reverend duty droopeth through disgrace?<sup>2</sup>  
O countrymen, what shall become of Rome,  
When woful nature, widow of her joys,  
Weeps on our walls to see her laws depress'd?<sup>2</sup>  
O Romans, hath not Anthony's discourse  
Seal'd up the mouths of false seditious men,  
Assail'd<sup>1</sup> the doubts and quaint controls of power  
Relieved the mournful matron with his pleas?<sup>2</sup>  
And will you seek to murder Anthony?  
The lions brook with kindness their relief.

---

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of to *assail* is to absolve (see note 4 to  
"The Adventurers of Five Hours"), from the Latin *absol-*

The sheep reward the shepherd with then fleece ,  
Yet Romans seek to murder Anthony

1ST SOLDIER Why, what enchanting terms of  
art are these,

That force my heart to pity his distress ?

2D SOLDIER His action, speech, his favour and  
his grace,

My rancour rage and rigour doth deface

3D SOLDIER So sweet his words, that now of  
late, meseems,

His art doth draw my soul from out my lips

ANTHONY What envious eyes, reflecting nought  
but rage,

What barbarous heart, refresh'd with nought but  
blood,

That rends not to behold the senseless trees

In doly<sup>1</sup> season drooping without leaves ?

The shepherd sighs upon the barren hills,

To see his bleating lambs with faintful looks

Behold the valleys robb'd of springing flowers,

That whilom wont to yield them yearly food

Even meanest things, exchang'd from former state,

The virtuous mind with some remorse doth mate

Can then your eyes with thundering threats of rage

Cast furious gleams of anger upon age ?

Can then your hearts with furies mount so high,

As they should harm the Roman Anthony ?

I, far more kind than senseless tree, have lent

A kindly sap to our declining state,

*vere*, but here it signifies to *resolv*e or *remove* doubts Thus  
in a passage quoted by Mr Todd—

“ For the *assuiling* of this difficulty, I lay down these  
three propositions ”—Mede, *Rev of God's House*

The word is frequently to be met with in Spenser in the  
sense of to discharge, or set free

<sup>1</sup> In *doly* season is in melancholy or wintry season an  
adjective formed from *dole*, and with the same meaning as  
*doleful*

And like a careful shepherd have foreseen  
 The heavy dangers of this city Rome,  
 And made the citizens the happy flock,  
 Whom I have fed with counsels and advice  
 But now those locks that, for their reverend white,  
 Surpass the down on Æsculapius' chin  
 But now that tongue, whose terms and fluent style  
 For number pass'd the hosts of heavenly fires  
 But now that head, within whose subtle brains  
 The queen of flowing eloquence did dwell——

*Enter a CAPTAIN*

These locks, this tongue, this head, this life and  
 all,

To please a tyrant, trait'rously must fall

CAPTAIN Why, how now, soldiers, is he living  
 yet?

And will you be bewitched with his words?

Then take this fee, false orator, from me

[*Stabs him*

Elysium best beseems thy faintful limbs

ANTHONY O blissful pains! now Anthony must  
 die,

Which serv'd and lov'd Rome and her empery

[*Mourning*]<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> The death of Anthony is thus related in North's Plutarch, "Life of Marius"—

"But he (Marius) sent Annius one of his captains thither . and when they were come to the house which the drawer had brought them to, Annius tarried beneath at the doore, and the souldiers went up the staires into the chamber, and finding Anthonie there, they began to encourage one another to kill him, not one of them having the heart to lay hands upon him For Anthonies tongue was as sweet as a Syrene, and had such an excellent grace in speaking, that when he began to speake unto the souldiers and to pray them to save his life, there was not one of them so hard hearted as once to touch him, no not one

CAPTAIN Go, curtal off that neck with present  
stroke,  
And straight present it unto Marius  
1ST SOLDIER Even in this head did all the  
muses dwell  
The bees, that sat upon the Grecian's lips,  
Distill'd then honey on his temper'd tongue  
2D SOLDIER The crystal dew of fain Castalian  
springs  
With gentle floatings trickled on his brains  
The graces kissed his kind and courteous brows,  
Apollo gave the beauties of his harp,

*Enter LECTORIUS pensive*

And melodies unto his pliant speech  
CAPTAIN Leave these presumptuous praises,  
countrymen  
And see Lectorius, pensive where he comes  
Lo, here, my lord, the head of Anthony,  
See here the guerdon fit for Marius' foe,  
Whom dread Apollo prosper in his rule  
LECTORIUS O Romans, Marius sleeps among  
the dead,  
And Rome laments the loss of such a friend  
CAPTAIN A sudden and a woful chance, my  
lord,  
Which we intente<sup>1</sup> fain would understand

---

to looke him in the face, but looking downewards fell  
a weeping Annius perceiving they taried long and  
came not downe, went himself up into the chamber and  
found Antonie talking to his souldiers, and them weeping,  
his sweete eloquent tongue had so melted their hearts but  
he, rating them, ran furiously upon him and strake off his  
head with his owne hands "

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's commentators might have added this pas-  
sage to the long list of others they have brought forward  
(see note on "Othello," act 1 sc 3), to show that *intention*  
and *attention*, and *intensive* and *attentive*, were once syno-  
nymous

LECTORIUS Though swoll'n with sighs, my heart  
 for sorrow burst,  
 And tongue with tears and plaints be choked up,  
 Yet will I furrow forth with forced breath  
 A speedy passage to my pensive speech  
 Our consul Marius, worthy soldiers,  
 Of late within a pleasant plot of ground  
 Sat down for pleasure near a crystal spring,  
 Accompanied with many lords of Rome  
 Bright was the day, and on the spreading trees  
 The frolic citizens <sup>1</sup> of forest sung  
 Their lays and merry notes on perching boughs .  
 When suddenly appeared in the east  
 Seven mighty eagles with their talons fierce,  
 Who, waving oft about our consul's head,  
 At last with hideous cry did soar away  
 When suddenly old Marius aghast,  
 With reverend smile, determin'd with a sigh  
 The doubtful silence of the standers-by  
 Romans, said he, old Marius now must die  
 These seven fair eagles, birds of mighty Jove,  
 That at my birthday on my cradle sat,  
 Now at my last day warn <sup>2</sup> me to my death,  
 And lo, I feel the deadly pangs approach  
 What should I more ? In brief, with many prayers  
 For Rome, his son—his goods and lands dispos'd—

---

<sup>1</sup> This expression is also introduced by Lodge into his 'Rosalynde,' 1590, though probably this play was written first—

" With sad and sorry cheer  
 About her wond'ring stood  
 The citizens of the wood "

Shakespeare calls deer in 'As You Like It' citizens, and elsewhere, "native burghers of this desert city"

The author of "Fumus Troes" goes farther, and calls the blessed souls in heaven *citizens*—

" Then shall I  
 Envy no more those citizens above  
 The ambrosian juncates of the Olympian hall "

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy. *at m* ]

Our worthy consul to our wonder died  
 The city is amaz'd, for Sylla hastes  
 To enter Rome with fury, sword and fire  
 Go place that head upon the capitol,  
 And to your wards, for dangers are at hand

[*Exit*

CAPTAIN Had we foreseen this luckless chance  
 before,  
 Old Anthony had liv'd and breathed yet [*Exeunt*

### ACTUS QUINTUS

*A great skirmish in Rome and long, some slain At  
 last enter SYLLA triumphant, with POMPEY,  
 METELLUS, Citizens, Soldiers*

SYLLA Now, Romans, after all these mutinies,  
 Seditions, murders and conspiracies,  
 Imagine with impartial hearts at last,  
 What fruits proceed from these contentious brawls  
 Your streets, where erst the fathers of your state  
 In robes of purple walked up and down,  
 Are strewn with mangled members, streaming  
 blood

And why? the reasons of this ruthless wrack  
 Are your seditious innovations,  
 Your fickle minds inclin'd to foolish change  
 Ungrateful men! whilst I with tedious pain  
 In Asia seal'd my duty with my blood,  
 Making the fierce Dardanians faint for fear,  
 Spreading my colours in Galatia,  
 Dipping my sword in the Eneians' blood,  
 And foraging the fields of Phocida,  
 You called my foe from exile with his friends,  
 You did proclaim me traitor here in Rome,  
 You raz'd my house, you did defame my friends  
 But, bawling wolves, you cannot bite the moon,

For Sylla lives, so forward to revenge,  
 As woe to those that sought to do me wrong  
 I now am entered Rome in spite of force,  
 And will so hamper all my cursed foes  
 As be he tribune, consul, lord, or knight,  
 That hateth Sylla, let him look to die  
 And first to make an entrance to mine ire,  
 Bring me that traitor Carbo out of hand

POMPEY. O Sylla, in revenging injuries,  
 Inflict the pain where first offence did spring,  
 And for my sake establish peace in Rome,  
 And pardon these repentant citizens

SYLLA Pompey, I love thee, Pompey, and consent

To thy request, but, Romans, have regard,  
 Lest over-reaching in offence again,  
 I load your shoulders with a double pain

[*Exeunt citizens*]

*Bring in CARBO bound*

But, Pompey, see where jolly Carbo comes  
 Footing it featly like a mighty man  
 What, no obeisance, sirrah, to your lord?

CARBO<sup>1</sup> My lord? No, Sylla he that thine  
 hath borne

The name of consul scorns to stoop to him

Whose heart doth hammer nought but mutines

POMPEY And doth your lordship then disdain  
 to stoop?

CARBO Ay, to mine equal, Pompey, as thou art

SYLLA Thine equal, villain? no, he is my friend,  
 Thou, but a poor anatomy of bones,  
 Cas'd in a knavish tawny withered skin.

Wilt thou not stoop? art thou so stately then?

---

<sup>1</sup> The name of *Carbo* is accidentally omitted before this reply in the quarto



CARBO Sylla, I honour gods, not foolish men

SYLLA Then break that wither'd bough, that  
will not bend,<sup>1</sup>

And, soldiers, cast him down before my feet

[*They throw him down*]

Now, prating sir, my foot upon thy neck,

I'll be so bold to give your lordship check

Believe me, soldiers, but I over-reach,

Old Carbo's neck at first was made to stretch

CARBO Though body bend, thou tyrant most  
unkind,

Yet never shalt thou humble Carbo's mind

SYLLA O sir, I know, for all your warlike pith  
A man may mai your woiship with a with<sup>2</sup>

You, sirrah, levied arms to do me wrong,

You brought your legions to the gates of Rome,

You fought it out in hope that I would faint,

But, sirrah, now betake you to your books,

Entreat the gods to save your sinful soul

For why this carcase must in my behalf

Go feast the ravens that serve our augurs' turn

Methinks I see already, how they wish

To bait their beaks in such a jolly dish

CARBO Sylla, thy threats and scoffs amate me  
not

I prythee, let thy murderers hale me hence,

For Carbo rather likes to die by sword,

Than live to be a mocking-stock to thee

SYLLA The man hath haste, good soldiers, take  
him hence

It would be good to alter his pretence

But be advis'd that, when the fool is slain,

You part the head and body both in twain

I know that Carbo longs to know the cause,

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy misplaces the words *break* and *bend*, the alteration here made was suggested by Mr Collier]

<sup>2</sup> *i e*, With a *withy*, or twig of willow

And shall thy body for the ravens,<sup>1</sup> thy head for  
daws

CARBO O matchless ruler of our capitol,  
Behold poor Rome with grave and piteous eye  
Fulfilled with wrong and wretched tyranny<sup>1</sup>

[*Exit CARBO cum militibus*

*Enter* SCIPIO, NORBANUS, and CARINNA<sup>2</sup>

SYLLA Tut, the proud man's prayer will never  
pierce the sky

But whither press these mincing senators?

NORBANUS We press with prayers, we come  
with mournful tears,

Entreating Sylla by those holy bands,  
That link fair Juno with her thundering Jove,  
Even by the bonds of hospitality,  
To pity Rome afflicted through thy wrath.  
Thy soldiers (Sylla) murder innocents  
O, whither will thy lawless fury stretch,  
If little ruth ensue thy country's harms?

SYLLA Gay words, Norbanus, full of eloquence,  
Accompanied with action and conceit  
But I must teach thee judgment therewithal  
Darest thou approach my presence, that hast borne  
Thine arms in spite of Sylla and his friends?  
I tell thee, foolish man, thy judgment wanted  
In this presumptuous purpose that is pass'd  
And, loitering scholar, since you fail in art,  
I'll learn you judgment shortly to your smart  
Despatch him, soldiers, I must see him die  
And you, Carinna, Carbo's ancient friend,  
Shall follow straight your headless<sup>3</sup> general

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *the ravens*]

<sup>2</sup> The quarto reads "Enter Scipio and Norbanus, Publius Lentulus," but the latter has nothing to do with the scene, while Carinna is omitted

<sup>3</sup> [Old copy, *heedless*.]

And, Scipio, were it not I lov'd thee well,  
 Thou should'st accompany these slaves to hell  
 But get you gone, and if you love yourself

[*Exit* SCIPIO

CARINNA Pardon me, Sylla! pardon, gentle  
 Sylla!

SYLLA Sirrah, this gentle name was com'd too  
 late,

And shadow'd in the shrouds of biting hate  
 Despatch! [*Kill him*] why so, good fortune to my  
 friends—

As for my foes, even such shall be their ends  
 Convey them hence Metellus, gentle Metellus,  
 Fetch me Sertorius from Iberia  
 In doing so thou standest me in stead,  
 For soe I long to see the traitor's head

METELLUS I go, confirm'd to conquer him by  
 sword,

O! in th' exploit to hazard life and all [*Exit*

SYLLA Now, Pompey, let me see those sena-  
 tors

Are dangerous stops of our pretended<sup>1</sup> state,  
 And must be curtail'd, lest they grow too proud  
 I do proscribe just forty senators,  
 Which shall be leaders in my tragedy  
 And for our gentlemen are over-proud,  
 Of them a thousand and six hundred die,  
 A goodly army, meet to conquer hell  
 Soldiers, perform the course of my decree  
 Their friends my foes, then foes shall be my friends  
 Go sell their goods by trumpet at your wills  
 Meanwhile Pompey shall see, and Rome shall  
 rue,

The miseries that shortly shall ensue [*Exeunt*

---

<sup>1</sup> It is very common for Shakespeare and his contemporaries to use the word *pretend* for intend See notes to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," act II sc 6

*Alarum, skirmish, a retreat Enter YOUNG MARIUS  
upon the walls of PRÆNESTE with some Soldiers,  
all in black and wonderful melancholy*

YOUNG MARIUS O endless course of needy  
man's avail !

What silly thoughts, what simple policies,  
Make man presume upon this traitorous life !  
Have I not seen the depth of sorrow once,  
And then again have kiss'd the queen of chance  
O Marius, thou, Tillitius, and thy friends,  
Hast seen thy foe discomfited in fight  
But now the stars have form'd my final harms  
My father Marius lately dead in Rome ,  
My foe with honour doth triumph in Rome,  
My friends are dead and banished from Rome  
Ay, Marius, father, friends, more blest than thou  
They dead, I live , I thralled, they are free  
Here in Præneste am I coop'd up,  
Amongst a troop of hunger-starv'd men,  
Set to prevent false Sylla's fierce approach,  
But now exempted both of life and all  
Well, fortune, since thy fleeting change hath cast  
Poor Marius from his hopes and true desires,  
My resolution shall exceed thy power  
Thy colour'd wings steeped in purple blood,  
Thy blinding wreath distain'd in purple blood,  
Thy royal robes wash'd in my purple blood,  
Shall witness to the world thy thirst of blood  
And when the tyrant Sylla shall expect  
To see the son of Marius stoop to fear,  
Then, then, O, then, my mind shall well appear.  
That scorn my life, and hold mine honour dear

*[Alarum A retreat*

Hark how these murderous Romans, viper-like,  
Seek to bewray their fellow-citizens  
O wretched world, from whence with speedy flight  
True love, true zeal, true honour late is fled !

SOLDIER What makes my lord so careless and secure,  
To leave the breach and here lament alone ?

YOUNG MARIUS Not fear, my friend, for I could never fly,  
But study how with honour for to die  
I pray thee, call the chiefest citizens,  
I must advise them in a weighty cause.  
Here shall they meet me, and, until they come,  
I will go view the danger of the breach  
[*Exit YOUNG MARIUS, with the Soldiers*

*Enter, with drums and Soldiers, LUCRETIUS, with other Romans, as TUDITANUS, &c*

LUCRETIUS Say, Tuditanus, didst thou ever see  
So desperate defence as this hath been

TUDITANUS As in Numidia, tigers wanting food,  
Or, as in Lybia, lions full of ire,  
So fare these Romans on Præneste walls

LUCRETIUS Their valour, Tuditanus, and resist,  
The man-like fight of younger Marius,  
Makes me amaz'd to see their miseries,  
And pity them, although they be my foes  
What said I ? Foes ? O Rome, with ruth I see  
Thy state consum'd through folly and dissension !  
Well, sound a parley, I will see if words

[*Sound a parley—YOUNG MARIUS appears upon the walls with the Citizens*

Can make them yield, which will not fly for strokes  
YOUNG MARIUS What seeks this Roman warrior  
at our hands ?

LUCRETIUS That seeks he, Marius, that he wisheth thee  
An humble heart and then a happy peace  
Thou see'st thy fortunes are depress'd and down,  
Thy victuals spent, thy soldiers weak with want,

The breach laid open, ready to assault  
Now, since thy means and maintenance are done  
Yield, Marius, yield Prænestians, be advis'd,  
Lucretius is advis'd to favour you  
I pray thee, Marius, mark my last advice  
Relent in time, let Sylla be thy friend,  
So thou in Rome may'st lead a happy life,  
And those with thee shall pray for Marius still

YOUNG MARIUS Lucretius, I consider on thy  
words

Stay there awhile, thou shalt have answer straight  
LUCRETIUS Apollo grant that my persuasions  
may

Preserve these Roman soldiers from the sword

YOUNG MARIUS My friends and citizens of  
Præneste town,

You see the wayward working of our stars,  
Our hearts confirm'd to fight, our victuals spent  
If we submit, it's Sylla must remit,  
A tyrant, traitor, enemy to Rome,  
Whose heart is guarded still with bloody thoughts  
These flattering vows Lucretius here avows,  
Are pleasing words to colour poison'd thoughts  
What, will you live with shame, or die with fame?

1ST CITIZEN A famous death, my lord, delights  
us most

2D CITIZEN We of thy faction, Marius, are  
resolv'd

To follow thee in life and death together

YOUNG MARIUS Words full of worth, besee-  
ing noble minds

The very balsamum to mend my woes  
O countrymen ! you see Campania spoil'd,  
A tyrant threat'ning mutinies in Rome,  
A world despoil'd of virtue, faith, and trust  
If then, no peace, no liberty, no faith,  
Conclude with me, and let it be no life !  
Live not to see your tender infants slain,

These stately towers made level with the land ,  
 This body mangled by our enemy's sword  
 But full resolv'd to do as Marius doth,  
 Unsheathe your poniards, and let every friend  
 Bethink him of a soldier-like farewell  
 Surah, display my standard on the walls,  
 And I will answer yond Lucretius  
 Who loveth Marius, now must die with Marius !

LUCRETIUS What answer will your lordship  
 then return us ?

YOUNG MARIUS Lucretius, we that know what  
 Sylla is—

How dissolute, how trothless and corrupt,  
 In brief conclude to die, before we yield  
 But so to die—Lucretius, mark me well—  
 As loth to see the fury of our swords  
 Should murder friends and Roman citizens  
 Fie, countrymen ! what fury doth infect  
 Your wailike bosoms, that were wont to fight  
 With foreign foes, not with Campanian friends  
 Now unadvised youth must counsel eld ,  
 For governance is banish'd out of Rome  
 Woe to that bough, from whence these blooms are  
 sprung !

Woe to that Ætna, vomiting this fire !  
 Woe to that brand, consuming country's weal !  
 Woe to that Sylla, careless and secure,  
 That gapes with murder for a monarchy !  
 Go, second Brutus, with a Roman mind,  
 And kill that tyrant And for Marius' sake,  
 Pity the guiltless wives of these your friends  
 Preserve their weeping infants from the sword,  
 Whose fathers seal their honours with their bloods  
 Farewell, Lucretius first I press in place [Stab  
 To let thee see a constant Roman die  
 Prænestians, lo, a wound, a fatal wound !  
 The pain but small, the glory passing great !  
 Prænestians, see a second stroke ! why so , [Again

I feel the dleeping dimness of the night,  
 Closing the coverts of my careful eyes  
 Follow me, friends, for Marius now must die  
 With fame, in spite of Sylla's tyranny <sup>1</sup> [*Moritur*  
 1ST CITIZEN We follow thee our chieftain even  
 in death

Our town is thine, Lucretius, but we pray  
 For mercy for our children and our wives.

[*Moritur*  
 2D CITIZEN O, save my son, Lucretius, let him  
 live [*Moritur*

LUCRETIUS A wondrous and bewitched con-  
 stancy,  
 Beseeming Marius' pride and haughty mind.  
 Come, let us charge the breach, the town is ours,  
 Both male and female, put them to the sword  
 So please you, Sylla, and fulfil his word

[*Exeunt*

*A little shamash A retreat Enter in royally*  
 LUCRETIUS

LUCRETIUS Now, Romans, we have brought  
 Præneste low,  
 And Marius sleeps amidst the dead at last  
 So then to Rome, my countrymen, with joy,  
 Where Sylla waits the tidings of our fight  
 Those prisoners that are taken see forthwith  
 With warlike javelins you put them to death  
 Come, let us march! See Rome in sight, my  
 hearts,  
 Where Sylla waits the tidings of our war

---

<sup>1</sup> In his "Life of Marius," Plutarch states that this event occurred at Perusia, and that Young Marius was besieged there by Sylla, but in his "Life of Sylla" he corrects the error, and informs us that Young Marius was besieged by Lucretius, and that he slew himself at Præneste



*Enter SYLLA, VALERIUS FLACCUS, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, Citizens' Guard SYLLA, seated in his robes of state, is saluted by the Citizens, &c*

FLACCUS Romans, you know, and to your  
griefs have seen

A world of troubles hatched here at home,  
Which through prevention being well-nigh cross'd  
By worthy Sylla and his warlike band,  
I, consul, with these fathers think it meet  
To fortify our peace and city's weal,  
To name some man of worth that may supply  
Dictator's power and place, whose majesty  
Shall cross the courage of rebellious minds  
What think you, Romans, will you condescend?

SYLLA Nay, Flaccus, for their profits they must  
yield,

For men of mean condition and conceit  
Must humble their opinions to their lords  
And if my friends and citizens consent,  
Since I am born to manage mighty things,  
I will, though loth, both rule and govern them  
I speak not this, as though I wish to reign,  
But for to know my friends and yet again  
I merit, Romans, far more grace than this

FLACCUS Ay, countrymen, if Sylla's power and  
mind,

If Sylla's virtue, courage, and device,  
If Sylla's friends and fortunes merit fame,  
None then but he should bear dictator's name

POMPEY. What think you, citizens, why stand  
ye mute?

Shall Sylla be dictator here in Rome?

CITIZENS By full consent Sylla shall be dic-  
tator.

FLACCUS Then in the name of Rome I here  
present

The rods and axes into Sylla's hand ,  
And fortunate prove Sylla, our dictator

[*Trumpets sound cry within, SYLLA Dictator*

SYLLA My fortunes, Flaccus, cannot be impeach'd,

For at my birth the planets passing kind  
Could entertain no retrograde aspects  
And that I may with kindness 'quite their love  
My countrymen, I will prevent the cause  
'Gainst all the false encounters of mishap  
You name me your dictator, but prefix  
No time, no course, but give me leave to rule  
And yet exempt me not from your revenge  
Thus by your pleasures being set aloft,  
Straight by your furies I should quickly fall  
No, citizens, who readeth Sylla's mind,  
Must form my titles in another kind  
Either let Sylla be dictator ever,  
Or flatter Sylla with these titles never.

CITIZENS Perpetual be thy glory and renown  
Perpetual lord dictator shalt thou be

POMPEY Hereto the senate frankly doth agree

SYLLA Then so shall Sylla reign, you senators  
Then so shall Sylla rule, you citizens,  
As senators and citizens that please me  
Shall be my friends , the rest cannot disease me

*Enter LUCRETIUS, with Soldiers*

But see, whereas Lucretius is return'd !  
Welcome, brave Roman where is Marius ?  
Are these Prænestians put unto the sword ?

LUCRETIUS The city, noble Sylla, razed is,  
And Marius dead—not by our swords, my lord,  
But with more constancy than Cato died

SYLLA. What, constancy ! and but a very boy ?  
Why then I see he was his father's son  
But let us have this constancy described.

LUCRETIVS. After our fierce assaults and then  
resist,  
Our siege, their sallying out to stop our trench,  
Labour and hunger reigning in the town,  
The younger Marius on the city's wall  
Vouchsaf'd an inter-parley at the last,  
Wherein with constancy and courage too  
He boldly arm'd his friends, himself, to death,  
And, spreading of his colours on the wall,  
For answer said he could not brook to yield,  
On trust a tyrant such as Sylla was

SYLLA What, did the bramsick boy upbraid  
me so?

But let us hear the rest, Lucretius

LUCRETIVS And, after great persuasions to his  
friends

And worthy resolution of them all,  
He first did sheathe his poniard in his breast,  
And so in order died all the rest

SYLLA Now, by my sword, this was a worthy  
jest<sup>1</sup>

Yet, silly boy, I needs must pity thee,  
Whose noble mind could never mated be.  
Believe me, countrymen, a sudden thought,  
A sudden change in Sylla now hath wrought  
Old Marius and his son were men of name,  
Nor fortune's laughs nor low'rs their minds could  
tame,

And when I count their fortunes that are past,  
I see that death confirm'd their fames at last  
Then he that strives to manage mighty things,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Jest* was used by our ancestors in various senses, but here it means a deed or action only, thus Sir T. Elyot, as Mr Todd notes, speaks of "the *jest*s or acts of princes and captains" In fact, this is the general signification of the term, though it has sometimes a more particular application *Gest* and *jest* are the same word, though now and then distinguished

Amidst his triumphs gains a troubled mind  
The greatest hope, the greatest harm it brings,  
And poor men in content their glory find  
If then content be such a pleasant thing,  
Why leave I country life to live a king?<sup>1</sup>  
Yet kings are gods, and make the proudest stoop,  
Yea, but themselves are still pursued with hate  
And men were made to mount and then to droop  
Such chances wait upon uncertain fate,  
That where she kisseth once, she quelleth twice.  
Then whoso lives content is happy, wise  
What motion moveth this philosophy?  
O Sylla, see the ocean ebbs and flows,<sup>1</sup>  
The spring-time wanes, when winter draweth nigh  
Ay, these are true and most assured notes  
Inconstant chance such tickle turns has lent  
As whoso fears no fall, must seek content

FLACCUS Whilst graver thoughts of honour  
should allure thee,

What maketh Sylla muse and mutter thus?

SYLLA I, that have pass'd amidst the mighty  
troops

Of armed legions, through a world of war,  
Do now bethink me, Flaccus of my chance.  
How I alone, where many men were slain,  
In spite of fate am come to Rome again  
And though<sup>2</sup> I wield the reverend stiles of state,  
She,<sup>3</sup> Sylla, with a beck could break thy neck  
What lord of Rome hath dar'd as much as I?  
Yet, Flaccus, know'st thou not that I must die?  
The labouring sisters on the weary looms  
Have drawn my web of life at length, I know,  
And men of wit must think upon their tombs.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *floats* ]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *lo* ]

<sup>3</sup> [Old copy, *yea* By *She* Sylla must be understood to refer to Fate, whom he has just mentioned ]

For beasts with careless steps to Lethe go ;  
Where men, whose thoughts and honours climb  
on high,

Living with fame, must learn with fame to die  
POMPEY What lets, my lord, in governing this  
state,

To live in rest, and die with honour too ?

SYLLA What lets me, Pompey ? why, my  
courageous friend,

Can he remain secure that wields a charge,  
Or think of wit when flatterers do commend,  
Or be advis'd that careless runs at large ?  
No, Pompey honey words make foolish minds,  
And pow'r the greatest wit with error blinds  
Flaccus, I murder'd Anthony, thy friend,  
Romans, some here have lost at my command  
Their fathers, mothers, brothers, and allies,  
And think you, Sylla, thinking these misdeeds,  
Bethinks not on your grudges and mishike ?  
Yes, countrymen, I bear them still in mind

Then, Pompey, were I not a silly man

To leave my rule, and trust these Romans then ?

POMPEY Your grace hath small occasions of  
mistrust,

Nor seek these citizens for your disclaim

SYLLA But, Pompey, now these reaching  
plumes of pride,

That mounted up my fortunes to the clouds,  
By grave conceits shall straight be laid aside,  
And Sylla thinks of far more simple shrouds  
For having tried occasion in the throne,  
I'll see if she dare frown, when state is gone  
Lo, senators, the man that sat aloft,  
Now deigns to give inferiors highest place  
Lo, here the man whom Rome repined oft,  
A private man content to brook disgrace  
Romans, lo, here the axes, rods, and all  
I'll master fortune, lest she make me thrall.

Now whoso list accuse me, tell my wrongs,  
Upbraid me in the presence of this state  
Is none these jolly citizens among,  
That will accuse, or say I am ingrate?  
Then will I say, and boldly boast my chances,  
That nought may force the man whom fate advances

FLACCUS What meaneth Sylla in this sullen mood,  
To leave his titles on the sudden thus?

SYLLA Consul, I mean with calm and quiet mind

To pass my days, till <sup>1</sup> happy death I find

POMPEY What greater wrong than leave thy country so?

SYLLA. Both it and life must Sylla leave in time

CITIZEN. Yet during life have care of Rome and us

SYLLA O wanton world, that flatter'st in thy prime,

And breathe'st balm and poison mixed in one!

See how these wavering Romans wish'd my reign,

That whilom fought and sought to have me slain

[Aside]

My countrymen, this city wants no store

Of fathers, warriors, to supply my room,

So grant me peace, and I will die for Rome

*Enter two Burglers to them, POMPEY and CURTALL*

CURTALL These are very indiscreet counsels, neighbour Pompey, and I will follow your misadvisement

POMPEY I tell you, goodman Curtall, the wench hath wrong O vain world, O foolish men! Could a man in nature cast a wench down, and disdain

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *while*]

in nature to lift her up again? Could he take away her dishonesty without bouncing up the banns of matrimony? O learned poet, well didst thou write fustian verse

*These maids are daws  
That go to the laws,  
And a babe in the belly.*

CURTALL Tut, man, 'tis the way the world must follow, for

*Maids must be kind,  
Good husbands to find*

POPPEY But mark the fierser,<sup>1</sup>

*If they swell before,  
It will grieve them sore*

But see, yond's Master Sylla faith, a pretty fellow  
is a

SYLLA What seek my countrymen? what would my friends?

CURTALL Nay, sir, your kind words shall not serve the turn why, think you to thrust your soldiers into our kindred with your courtesies, sir?

POPPEY I tell you, Master Sylla, my neighbour will have the law he had the right, he will have the wrong, for therein dwells the law

CONSUL What desire these men of Rome?

CURTALL Neighbour, sharpen the edge-tool of your wits upon the whetstone of indiscretion, that your words may shine like the razors of Palermo -

<sup>1</sup> i.e., Verse

<sup>2</sup> See vol iv p 80, respecting the razors of Palermo - Collier [Mr Collier's suggested retention of *shave* the reading of the old copy, I cannot support]

[to POPPEY] you have learning with ignorance  
therefore speak my tale

POPPEY Then, worshipful Master Sylla, be it  
known unto you,  
That my neighbour's daughter Dainty  
Was a maid of renownd,  
Fair, fresh, and fine  
As a merry cup of wine,  
Her eyes like two patch'd eggs,  
Great and goodly her legs,  
But mark my doleful ditty,  
Alas ! for woe and pity !  
A soldier of your's  
Upon a bed of flowers  
Gave her such a fall,  
As she lost maidenhead and all  
And thus in very good time  
I end my rudeful rhyme

SYLLA And what of this, my friend ? why seek  
you me,  
Who have resign'd my titles and my state,  
To live a private life, as you do now ?  
Go move the Consul Flaccus in this cause,  
Who now hath power to execute the laws

CURTALL And are you no more master dictator  
nor generality of the soldiers ?

SYLLA My powers do cease, my titles are  
resign'd

CURTALL Have you signed your titles ? O base  
mind, that being in the Paul's steeple of honour,  
hast cast thyself into the sink of simplicity Fit  
beast !

Were I a king, I would day by day  
Suck up white bread and milk,  
And go a-jetting in a jacket of silk,  
My meat should be the curds,  
My drink should be the whey,  
And I would have a mincing lass to love me every day



POPPEY Nay, Goodman Curtall, your discretions are very simple, let me cramp him with a reason Sirrah, whether is better good ale or small-beer? Alas! see his simplicity that cannot answer me why, I say ale

CURTALL And so say I, neighbour

POPPEY Thou hast reason, ergo, say I, 'tis better be a king than a clown Faith, Master Sylla, I hope a man may now call ye knave by authority

SYLLA With what impatience hear I these upbraids,

That whilom plagued the least offence with death  
O Sylla, these are stales of destiny  
By some upbraids to try thy constancy  
My friends, these scorns of yours perhaps may move

The next dictator shun to yield his state,  
For fear he find as much as Sylla doth  
But, Flaccus, to prevent their farther wrong,  
Vouchsafe some lictor may attach the man,  
And do them right that thus complain abuse

FLACCUS Sirrah, go you and bring the soldier  
That hath so loosely lean'd to lawless lust  
We will have means sufficient, be assured,  
To cool his heat, and make the wanton chaste

CURTALL We thank your mastership Come  
neighbour, let us jog  
Faith, this news will set my daughter Dorothy agog  
[*Ereunt cum Lictore*

SYLLA Grave senators and Romans, now you see

The humble bent of Sylla's changed mind  
Now will I leave you, lords, from courtly train  
To dwell content amidst my country cave,  
Where no ambitious humours shall approach  
The quiet silence of my happy sleep.  
Where no delicious jouissance or toys

Shall tickle with delight my temper'd ears ,  
 But wearying out the lingering day with toil,  
 Tiring my veins, and fuuowing of my soul,  
 The silent night, with slumber stealing on,  
 Shall lock these careful closets of mine eyes  
 O, had I known the height of happiness,  
 O! bent mine eyes upon my mother-earth,  
 Long since, O Rome, had Sylla with rejoice  
 Forsaken arms to lead a private life !

FLACCUS. But in this humbleness of mind, my  
 lord,

Whereas experience prov'd and art do meet,  
 How happy were these fair Italian fields,  
 If they were graced with so sweet a sun  
 Then I for Rome, and Rome with me, requires  
 That Sylla will abide, and govern Rome

SYLLA O Flaccus, if th' Arabian phoenix strive  
 By nature's warning to renew her kind,  
 When, soaring nigh the glorious eye of heaven,  
 She from her cinders doth revive her sex,  
 Why should not Sylla learn by her to die,  
 That erst have been the Phoenix of this land ?  
 And drawing near the sunshine of content,  
 Perish obscure to make your glories grow  
 For as the higher trees do shield the shrubs  
 From posting Phlegon's<sup>1</sup> warmth and breathing fire,  
 So mighty men obscure each other's fame,  
 And make the best deserves fortune's game

*Enter* GENIUS

But ah, what sudden furies do affright ?  
 What apparitious fantasies are these ?  
 O, let me rest, sweet lords, for why methinks  
 Some fatal spells are sounded in mine ears

---

<sup>1</sup> "Phlegon's hot breath" is mentioned in "Furinus Troes," one of the horses of the sun was so named.

GENIUS. *Subsequitur tua mors: privari lumine  
Syllam,  
Numina Parcarum jam fera precipiunt  
Precipiunt fera jam Parcarum numina Syllam  
Lumine privari: mors tua subsequitur.  
Elysium petis, ô fœlix! et fatidici astri  
Præscius: Heroes, ô, petis innumeros!  
Innumeros petis, ô, Heroes, præscius astri  
Fatidici: et fœlix, ô, petis Elysium!*  
[Evanescit subito.]

SYLLA. *Ergo-ne post dulces annos properantia  
fata?  
Ergo-ne jam tenebræ præmia lucis erunt?  
Attamen, ut vitæ fortunam gloria mortis  
Vincat, in extremo funere cantet olor.*

POMPEY. How fares my lord? what dreadful thoughts are these?

What doubtful answers on a sudden thus?

SYLLA. Pompéy, the man that made the world to stoop,

And fetter'd fortune in the chains of power,

Must droop and draw the chariot of fate

Along the darksome banks of Acheron.

The heavens have warn'd me of my present fall.

O, call Cornelia forth: let Sylla see

His daughter Fulvia, ere his eyes be shut.

[Exit one for CORNELIA.]

FLACCUS. Why, Sylla, where is now thy wonted hope

In greatest hazard of unstayed chance.

What, shall a little biting blast of pain

Blemish the blossoms of thy wonted pride?

SYLLA. My Flaccus, worldly joys and pleasures  
fade;

Inconstant time, like to the fleeting tide,

With endless course man's hopes doth overbear:

Nought now remains that Sylla fain would have  
But lasting fame, when body lies in grave

*Enter CORNELIA, FULVIA*

CORNELIA How fares my lord? How doth my  
gentle Sylla

SYLLA Ah, my Cornelia! passing happy now  
Free from the world, allied unto the heavens  
Not curious of incertain chances now

CORNELIA Words full of woe, still adding to  
my grief,

A cureless cross of many hundred harms  
O, let not Rome and poor Cornelia lose,  
The one her friend, the other her delight

SYLLA Cornelia, man hath power by some in-  
stinct

And gracious revolution of the stars,  
To conquer kingdoms, not to master fate  
For when the course of mortal life is run,  
Then Clotho ends the web her sister spun  
Pompey, Lord Flaccus, fellow-senators,  
In that I feel the faintful dew of death  
Steeping mine eyes within then chilly wet,  
The care I have of wife and daughter both,  
Must on your wisdom happily rely  
With equal distribution see you part  
My lands and goods betwixt these lovely twain  
Only bestow a hundred thousand sesterces  
Upon my friends and fellow-soldiers  
Thus, having made my final testament,  
Come, Fulvia, let thy father lay his head  
Upon thy lovely bosom, and entreat  
A virtuous boon and favour at thy hands  
Fair Roman maid, see that thou wed thy fairness.<sup>1</sup>  
To modest, virtuous, and delightful thoughts

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *fans*]

Let Rome, in viewing thee, behold thy sire.  
 Honour Cornelia, from whose fruitful womb  
 Thy plenteous beauties sweetly did appear ;  
 And with this lesson, lovely maid, farewell.

FULVIA. O tedious and unhappy chance for me.

SYLLA. Content thee, Fulvia, for it needs must  
 be.

Cornelia, I must leave thee to the world ;  
 And by those loves that I have lent thee oft,  
 In mutual wedlock-rites and happy war,  
 Remember Sylla in my Fulvia still.  
 Consul, farewell ! my Pompey, I must hence :  
 And farewell, Rome : and, Fortune, now I bless  
 thee,  
 That both in life and death would'st not oppress  
 me ! [Dies.

CORNELIA. O hideous storms of never-daunted  
 fate !

Now are those eyes, whose sweet reflections cool'd  
 The smother'd rancours of rebellious thoughts,  
 Clad with the sable mantles of the night ;  
 And like the tree that, robb'd of sun and showers,  
 Mourns desolate withouten leaf or sap,  
 So poor Cornelia, late bereft of love,  
 Sits sighing, hapless, joyless, and forlorn.

FULVIA. Gone is the flow'r that did adorn our  
 fields ;

Fled are those sweet reflections of delight :  
 Dead is my father ! Fulvia, dead is he  
 In whom thy life, for whom thy death, must be.

FLACCUS. Ladies, to tire the time in restless  
 moan

Were tedious unto friends and nature too.  
 Sufficeth you, that Sylla so is dead,  
 As fame shall sing his power, though life be fled.

POMPEY. Then to conclude his happiness, my  
 lords,  
 Determine where shall be his funeral.

LEPIDUS Even there where other nobles are  
inter'd

POMPEY Why, Lepidus, what Roman ever was,  
That merited so high a name as he ?  
Then why with simple pomp and funeral  
Would you entomb so rare a paragon ?

CORNELIA An urn of gold shall hem his ashes  
in

The vestal virgins with their holy notes  
Shall sing his famous, though too fatal, death  
I and my Fulvia with dispersed hair  
Will wait upon this noble Roman's hearse

FULVIA And Fulvia, clad in black and mourn-  
ful pall,  
Will wait upon her father's funeral

POMPEY Come, bear we hence this trophy of  
renown,  
Whose life, whose death, was far from fortune's  
frown [Exeunt omnes

*The funerals of SYLLA in great pomp*

*Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus  
Et non juvante nil juvat labor gravis.*

FINIS



MUCEDORUS.



## EDITIONS.

*A Most pleasant Comedie of Mucedorus the kings sonne of Valentia and Amadine the Kings daughter of Arragon, with the merie conceites of Mouse. Newly set foorth, as it hath bin sundrie times plaide in the honorable Cittie of London. Very delectable and full of mirth. London Printed for William Iones, dwelling at Holborne conduit, at the signe of the Gunne. 1598. 4°.*

*A Most pleasant Comedie of Mucedorus the Kings sonne of Valentia, and Amadine the Kings daughter of Aragon. With the merry conceites of Mouse. Amplified with new additions, as it was acted before the Kings Maiestie at White-hall on Shrouc-Sunday night. By his Highnes Seruants vsually playing at the Globe. Very delectable, and full of conceited Mirth. Imprinted at London for William Iones, dwelling neare Holborne Conduit, at the signe of the Gunne. 1610. 4°*

An edition of 1606 is mentioned in "Beauclerc's Catalogue," 1781, as noticed by Hazlitt. There were others in 1613, 1615, 1619, 1668, and without date, all in 4°.

This drama, at one time conjecturally given to Shakespeare, is now first reprinted from the original copy of 1598, collated with that of 1610; and the additions are inserted between brackets. Whether the additions and corrections were the work of the original writer, or of some one else, is uncertain; but it does not appear improbable that they were the author's.

From the play of "Mucedorus" was formed a ballad entitled "The Wandering Prince and Princess, or Mucedorus and Amadine."

## THE PROLOGUE <sup>1</sup>

MOST sacred Majesty, whose great deserts  
Thy subject England, nay, the world, admires  
Which heaven grant still increase <sup>1</sup> O, may your  
praise

Multiplying with your hours, your fame still raise  
Embrace your Council love with faith them guide,  
That both at one bench, by each other's side  
So may your life pass on, and run so even,  
That your firm zeal plant you a throne in heaven,  
Where smiling angels shall your guardians be  
From blemish'd traitors, stain'd with perjury  
And, as the night's inferior to the day,  
So be all earthly regions to your sway <sup>1</sup>  
Be as the sun to day, the day to night,  
For from your beams Europe shall borrow light  
Mirth drown your bosom, fair delight your mind.  
And may our pastime your contentment find

[*Exit* PROLOGUE

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<sup>1</sup> From the edition of 1610 It is not in the first 4°

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Eight<sup>1</sup> persons may easily play it.*

<i>The KING and ROM- BELO.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>	<i>ENVY: TREMELIO, a Captain.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>
		<i>BREMO, a wild man.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>
<i>MUCEDORUS, the Prince of Valencia.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>	<i>COMEDY, a boy, an old woman.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>
		<i>ARIENA, AMADINE'S maid.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>
<i>AMADINE, the KING'S daughter of Arra- gon.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>	<i>COLLEN, a Council- lor, a Messenger.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>
<i>SEGASTO, a Nobleman.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>	<i>MOUSE, the Clown.</i>	<i>} For one.</i>

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<sup>1</sup> In the edition of 1610 the number of performers is raised to ten. The two additional characters are the *King of Valentia* and *Anselmo*.

## MUCEDORUS.

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*Enter COMEDY joyfully, with a garland of bays  
on her head*

Why so, thus do I hope to please  
Music revives, and mirth is tolerable,  
Comedy, play thy part, and please,  
Make merry them that come to joy with thee  
Joy, then, good gentles, I hope to make you laugh  
Sound forth Bellona's silver-tuned stings  
Time fits us well, the day and place is ours

*Enter ENVY, his arms naked, besmeared with blood*

ENVY Nay, stay, minion, there lies a block<sup>1</sup>  
What, all on mirth<sup>2</sup> I'll interrupt your tale,  
And mix your music with a tragic end

COMEDY What monstrous ugly hag is this,  
That dares control the pleasures of our will<sup>2</sup>  
Vaunt, churlish cur, besmear'd with gory blood,  
That seem'st to check the blossoms of delight,  
And stifle the sound of sweet Bellona's breath,  
Blush, monster, blush, and post away with shame,  
That seekest disturbance of a goddess' deeds

ENVY Post hence thyself, thou counterchecking  
trull,  
I will possess this habit, spite of thee,  
And gain the glory of thy wished port

I'll thunder music shall appal the nymphs,  
And make them shiver their clattering strings :  
Flying for succour to their Danish caves.

*Sound drums within, and cry, Stab, stab !*

Hearken, thou shalt hear a noise  
Shall fill the air with a shrilling sound,  
And thunder music to the gods above :  
Mars shall himself breathe down  
A peerless crown upon brave Envy's head,  
And raise his chival with a lasting fame.  
In this brave music Envy takes delight,  
Where I may see them wallow in their blood,  
To spurn at arms and legs quite shivered off,  
And hear the cry of many thousand slain,  
How lik'st thou this, my trull ? this sport alone  
for me !

COMEDY. Vaunt, bloody cur, nurs'd up with  
tigers' sap,

That so dost seek to quail a woman's mind.  
Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to please,  
And seeks to gain the love of all estates.  
Delighting in mirth, mix'd all with lovely tales,  
And bringeth things with treble joy to pass.  
Thou bloody envious disdainer of men's joys,  
Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems,  
Delights in nothing but in spoil and death,  
Where thou may'st trample in their lukewarm blood,  
And grasp their hearts within thy cursed paws.  
Yet veil thy mind ; revenge thou not on me ;  
A silly woman begs it at thy hands.  
Give me the leave to utter out my play ;  
Forbear this place ; I humbly crave thee, hence !  
And mix not death 'mongst pleasing comedies,  
That treat nought else but pleasure and delight.  
If any spark of human rests in thee,  
Forbear ; begone ; tender the suit of me.

ENVY. Why, so I will, forbearance shall be such,  
 As treble death shall cross thee with despite,  
 And make thee mourn, where most thou joyest,  
 Tuning thy mirth into a deadly dole  
 Whirling thy pleasures with a peal of death,  
 And drench thy methods in a sea of blood  
 This will I do, thus shall I bear with thee,  
 And, more to vex thee with a deeper spite,  
 I will with threats of blood begin thy play  
 Favou'ring thee with envy and with hate

COMEDY Then, ugly monster, do thy worst,  
 I will defend them in despite of thee  
 And though thou think'st with tragic fumes  
 To brave my play unto my deep disgrace,  
 I force it not, I scorn what thou canst do,  
 I'll grace it so, thyself shall it confess,  
 From tragic stuff to be a pleasant comedy

ENVY Why then, Comedy, send thy actors  
 forth,  
 And I will cross the first steps of their tread,  
 Making them fear the very dart of death

COMEDY. And I'll defend them, maugre all thy  
 spite  
 So, ugly fiend, farewell, till time shall serve,  
 That we may meet to parley for the best

ENVY Content, Comedy; I'll go spread my  
 branch  
 And scattered blossoms from mine envious tree,  
 Shall prove two monsters, spoiling of their joys  
[Exit

[Sound] *Enter MUCEDORUS and ANSELMO,  
 his friend*

MUCEDORUS. Anselmo

ANSELMO My lord and friend

MUCEDORUS True, my Anselmo, both thy lord  
 and friend,

Whose dear affections bosom with my heart.  
And keep their domination in one orb.

ANSELMO. Whence ne'er disloyalty shall root it  
forth,  
But faith plant firmer in your choice respect.

MUCEDORUS. Much blame were mine, if I should  
other deem,

Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow.

But, my Anselmo, loth I am to say,

I must estrange that friendship.

Misconstrue not ; 'tis from the realm, not thee :

Though lands part bodies, hearts keep company.

Thou know'st that I imparted often have

Private relations with my royal sire,

Had as concerning beauteous Amadine,

Rich Arragon's bright jewel, whose face (some say)

That blooming lilies never shone so gay,

Excelling, not excell'd : yet, lest report

Does mangle verity, boasting of what is not,

Wing'd with desire, thither I'll straight repair,

And be my fortunes, as my thoughts are, fair !

ANSELMO. Will you forsake Valencia, leave the  
court,

Absent you from the eye of sovereignty ?

Do not, sweet prince, adventure on that task,

Since danger lurks each where ; be won from it.

MUCEDORUS. Desist dissuasion,

My resolution brooks no battery,

Therefore, if thou retain thy wonted form,

Assist what I intend.

ANSELMO. Your miss will breed a blemish in  
the court,

And throw a frosty dew upon that beard,

Whose front Valencia stoops to.

MUCEDORUS. If thou my welfare tender, then  
no more ;

Let love's strong magic charm thy trivial phrase,

Wasted as vainly as to gripe the sun.

Augment not then more answers , lock thy lips,  
Unless thy wisdom suit me with disguise,  
According to my purpose

ANSELMO That action craves no counsel,  
Since what you rightly are, will more command,  
Than best usurped shape

MUCEDORUS Thou still art opposite in disposition,  
A more obscure servile habiliment  
Beseems this enterprise

ANSELMO Then like a Florentine or mountebank !

MUCEDORUS 'Tis much too tedious , I dislike  
thy judgment,  
My mind is grafted on an humbler stock

ANSELMO Within my closet does there hang a  
cassock—

Though base the weed is, 'twas a shepherd's—  
Which I presented in Lord Julio's masque

MUCEDORUS That, my Anselmo, and none else  
but that,

Mask Mucedorus from the vulgar view  
That habit suits my mind , fetch me that weed  
[Exit ANSELMO]

Better than kings have not disdain'd that state,  
And much inferior, to obtain their mate

*Re-enters ANSELMO with a shepherd's coat, which he  
gives to MUCEDORUS*

MUCEDORUS So let our respect command thy  
secrecy  
At once a brief farewell ,  
Delay to lovers is a second hell

[Exit MUCEDORUS]

ANSELMO Prosperity forerun thee awkward  
chance  
Never be neighbour to thy wishes' venture



Content and Fame advance thee ever thrive,  
And glory thy mortality survive ! *[Exit*

*Enter MOUSE with a bottle of hay*

MOUSE O, horrible, terrible ! Was ever poor gentleman so scar'd out of his seven senses ? A bear ? Nay, sure it cannot be a bear, but some devil in a bear's doublet, for a bear could never have had that agility to have frighted me Well I'll see my father hanged before I'll serve his horse any more. Well, I'll carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my father's horse turn Puritan, and observe fasting-days, for he gets not a bit But soft ! this way she followed me therefore I'll take the other path, and because I'll be sure to have an eye on him, I will take hands with some foolish creditor, and make every step backward

*[As he goes backwards, the bear comes in, and he tumbles over her, and runs away, and leaves his bottle of hay behind him]*

*Enter SEGASTO running, and AMADINE after him, being pursued with a bear*

SEGASTO O, fly, madam, fly, or else we are but dead !

AMADINE Help, Segasto ! help, help, sweet Segasto, or else I die !

*[SEGASTO runs away]*

SEGASTO Alas, madam ! there is no way but flight,

Then haste, and save yourself

AMADINE Why then I die, ah ! help me in distress.

*Enter MUCEDORUS like a shepherd, with a sword drawn and a bear's head in his hand*

MUCEDORUS Stay, lady, stay, and be no more  
dismay'd,  
That cruel beast, most merciless and fell,  
Which hath bereaved thousands of their lives,  
Affrighted many with his hard pusses,  
Plying from place to place to find his prey,  
Prolonging thus his life by others' death,  
His carcase now lies headless, void of breath

AMADINE That foul, deformed monster, is he  
dead?

MUCEDORUS Assure yourself thereof—behold  
his head,  
Which, if it please you, lady, to accept,  
With willing heart I yield it to your majesty

AMADINE Thanks, worthy shepherd, thanks a  
thousand times,  
This gift, assure thyself, contents me more  
Than greatest bounty of a mighty prince,  
Although he were the monarch of the world

MUCEDORUS Most gracious goddess, more than  
mortal wight—  
Your heavenly hue of right imports no less—  
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance  
To undertake this enterprise in hand,  
Which doth so greatly glad your princely mind

AMADINE No goddess, shepherd, but a mortal  
wight—

A mortal wight distressed as thou seest  
My father here is King of Arragon  
I, Amadine, his only daughter am,  
And after him sole heir unto the crown  
Now, whereas it is my father's will  
To marry me unto Segasto, one,  
Whose wealth through father's former usury  
Is known to be no less than wonderful,

We both of custom oftentimes did use,  
Leaving the court, to walk within the fields  
For recreation, especially [in] the spring,  
In that it yields great store of rare delights.  
And, passing farther than our wonted walks,  
Scarce ent'ied were within these luckless woods  
But right before us down a steep-fall hill,  
A monstrous ugly bear did hie him fast  
To meet us both—— I faint to tell the rest,  
Good shepherd—but suppose the ghastly looks  
The hideous fears, the thousand hundred woes,  
Which at this instant Amadine sustained

MUCEDORUS Yet, worthy princess, let thy  
sorrow cease,  
And let this sight your former joys revive

AMADINE Believe me, shepherd, so it doth no  
less

MUCEDORUS Long may they last unto your  
heart's content  
But tell me, lady, what is become of him,  
Segasto call'd, what is become of him?

AMADINE I know not, I, that know the powers  
divine,  
But God grant this, that sweet Segasto live!

MUCEDORUS Yet hard-hearted he, in such a  
case,  
So cowardly to save himself by flight,  
And leave so brave a princess to the spoil

AMADINE Well, shepherd, for thy worthy  
valour tried,  
Endangering thyself to set me free,  
Unrecompensed, sure, thou shalt not be  
In court thy courage shall be plainly known.  
Throughout the kingdom will I spread thy name,  
To thy renown and never-dying fame,  
And that thy courage may be better known,  
Bear thou the head of this most monstrous beast  
In open sight to every courtier's view

So will the king, my father, thee reward  
Come, let's away and guard me to the court  
[MUCEDORUS With all my heart ] [Exeunt

*Enter SEGASTO solus*

SEGASTO When heaps of harms do hover over-  
head,  
'Tis time as then, some say, to look about,  
And so [of] ensuing harms to choose the least  
But hard, yea hapless, is that wretch's chance,  
Luckless his lot and castiff-like accurs'd,  
At whose proceedings fortune ever frowns—  
Myself, I mean, most subject unto thrall,  
For I, the more I seek to shun the worst,  
The more by proof I find myself accurs'd  
Erewhiles assaulted with an ugly bear  
Fair Amadine in company all alone  
Forthwith by flight I thought to save myself,  
Leaving my Amadine unto her shifts,  
For death it was for to resist the bear,  
And death no less of Amadine's harms to bear  
Accurs'd I in ling'ring life thus long  
In living thus, each minute of an hour  
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand  
deaths  
If she by flight her fury do escape,  
What will she think?  
Will she not say—yea, flatly to my face,  
Accusing me of mere disloyalty—  
A trusty friend is tried in time of need,  
But I, when she in danger was of death,  
And needed me, and cried, Segasto, help!  
I turn'd my back, and quickly ran away,  
Unworthy I to bear this vital breath!  
But what, what needs these plants?  
If Amadine do live, then happy I  
She will in time forgive, and so forget

Amadine is merciful, not Juno-like,  
In harmful heart to harbour hatred long

*Enter MOUSE the Clown running, crying, Clubs !*

MOUSE Clubs, prongs, pitchforks, bills ! O help !  
A bear, a bear, a bear !

SEGASTO Still bears, and nothing else but bears ?  
Tell me, sirrah, where she is

CLOWN O sir, she is run down the woods  
I see her white head and her white belly

SEGASTO Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of  
white bears,

But, sirrah, didst thou ever see any such ?

CLOWN No, faith, I never saw any such,  
But I remember my father's words,  
He bad me take heed I was not caught with a  
white bear

SEGASTO A lamentable tale, no doubt

CLOWN I tell you what, sir, as I was going a-  
field to serve my father's great horse, and carried  
a bottle of hay upon my head—now, do you see,  
sir?—I, fast hoodwinked, that I could see nothing,  
perceiving the bear coming, I threw my hay into  
the hedge and ran away

SEGASTO What, from nothing ?

CLOWN I wariant you, yes, I saw something  
for there was two load of thorns besides my bottle  
of hay, and that made three

SEGASTO But tell me, sirrah, the bear that thou  
didst see,

Did she not bear a bucket on her arm ?

CLOWN Ha, ha, ha ! I never saw bear go a-  
milking in all my life  
But haik you, sir, I did not look so high as her  
arm,  
I saw nothing but her white head and her white  
belly

SEGASTO But tell me, sirrah, where dost thou dwell ?

CLOWN Why, do you not know me ?

SEGASTO Why, no, how should I know thee ?

CLOWN Why then you know nobody, and you know not me <sup>1</sup> I tell you, sir, I am the goodman Rat's son, of the next parish over the hill

SEGASTO Goodman Rat's son, why, what's thy name ?

CLOWN Why, I am very near kin unto him

SEGASTO I think so, but what's thy name

CLOWN My name ? I have [a] very pretty name, I'll tell you what my name is—my name is Mouse

SEGASTO What, plain Mouse ?

CLOWN Ay, plain Mouse, without either welt or gard

But do you hear, sir, I am but a very young Mouse, For my tail is scarce grown out yet Look you here else

SEGASTO But I pray thee, who gave thee that name ?

CLOWN Faith, sir, I know not that, but if you would fain know, ask my father's great horse, for he hath been half a year longer with my father than I have

SEGASTO This seems to be a merry fellow, I care not if I take him home with me Mirth is a comfort to a troubled mind, A merry man a merry master makes [Aside] How say'st thou, sirrah ? wilt thou dwell with me ?

CLOWN Nay, soft, sir, two words to a bargain, pray you, what occupation are you ?

SEGASTO. No occupation, I live upon my lands.

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<sup>1</sup> [Perhaps the earliest instance of the use of this expression, as to which see "Old English Jest Books," 1864, iii, "Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson," Introd]

CLOWN Your lands, away, you are no master for me Why, do you think that I am so mad, to go seek my living in the lands amongst the stones, briars and bushes, and tear my holiday apparel? Not I, by your leave

SEGASTO Why, I do not mean thou shalt

CLOWN How then?

SEGASTO Why, thou shalt be my man, and wait upon me at the court

CLOWN What's that?

SEGASTO Where the king lies

CLOWN What's that same king—a man or a woman?

SEGASTO A man, as thou art

CLOWN As I am? Hark you, sir pray you, what kin is he to goodman King of our parish, the churchwarden?

SEGASTO No kin to him, he is the king of the whole land

CLOWN King of the land? I never see him

SEGASTO If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him every day

CLOWN. Shall I go home again to be torn in pieces with bears? No, not I, I will go home and put on a clean shirt, and then go drown myself

SEGASTO Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt want nothing

CLOWN Shall I not? Then here's my hand, I'll dwell with you And hark you, sir! now you have entertained me, I will tell you what I can do I can keep my tongue from picking and stealing, and my hands from lying and slandering I warrant you, as well as ever you had man, in all your life

SEGASTO Now will I to court with sorrowful heart, rounded with doubts If Amadine do live, then happy I yea, happy I, if Amadine do live!

[*Exeunt*

*Enter the KING, with a young Prince prisoner,  
AMADINE,<sup>1</sup> with COLLEN and Councillors*

KING Now, brave lords, [that] our wars are  
brought to end,  
Our foes [have had] the foil, and we in safety rest,  
It us behoves to use such clemency  
In peace, as valour in the wars It is  
As great honour to be bountiful  
At home, as to be conquerors in the field  
Therefore, my lords, the more to my content,  
Your liking, and your country's safeguard,  
We are dispos'd in marriage for to give  
Our daughter to Lord Segasto here,  
Who shall succeed the diadem after me,  
And reign hereafter as I tofore have done,  
Your sole and lawful King of Arragon  
What say you, lordings, like you of my advice?

COLLEN An't please your majesty, we do not  
only allow of your highness's pleasure, but also vow  
faithfully in what we may to further it

KING Thanks, good my lords, if long Adrostat  
live,  
He will at full requite your courtesies.  
Tremelio, in recompense of thy late valour done,  
Take unto thee the Catalonian prince,<sup>2</sup>  
Lately our prisoner taken in the wars  
Be thou his keeper, his ransom shall be thine,  
We'll think of it, when leisure shall afford  
Meanwhile, do use him well, his father is a king  
TREMELIO Thanks to your majesty, his usage  
shall be such

As he thereat shall think no cause to grutch

*[Exeunt TREMELIO and Prince*

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<sup>1</sup> [The 4<sup>o</sup> of 1610 makes Tremelio enter here, but he does not appear to come on till afterwards]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copies, *Catalone, a*]



KING Then march we on to court, and rest our  
wearied limbs  
But, Collen, I have a tale in secret kept for thee  
When thou shalt hear a watchword from thy king,  
Think then some weighty matter is at hand,  
That highly shall concern our state,  
Then, Collen, look thou be not far from me  
And for thy service thou tofore hast done,  
Thy truth and valour prov'd in every point,  
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore  
So guard us to the court

COLLEN What so my sovereign doth command  
me do,  
With willing mind I gladly yield consent [*Exeunt*

*Enter SEGASTO and the CLOWN, with weapons  
about him*

SEGASTO Tell me, sirrah, how do you like your  
weapons?

CLOWN O, very well, very well, they keep my  
sides warm

SEGASTO They keep the dogs from your shins—  
very well, do they not?

CLOWN How, keep the dogs from my shins?  
I would scorn but my shins could keep the dogs  
from them

SEGASTO Well, sirrah, leaving idle talk, tell me  
Dost thou know Captain Tiemelio's chamber?

CLOWN Ay, very well, it hath a door

SEGASTO I think so, for so hath every chamber  
But dost thou know the man?

CLOWN Ay forsooth, he hath a nose on his face

SEGASTO Why, so hath every one

CLOWN That's more than I know

SEGASTO But dost thou remember the Captain,  
that was here with the King even now, that  
brought the young prince prisoner?

CLOWN O, very well

SEGASTO Go unto him, and bid him come to me  
Tell him I have a matter in secret to impart to him

CLOWN I will, master, master, what's his name?

SEGASTO Why, Captam Tiemelio

CLOWN. O, the meal-man I know him very well. He brings meal every Saturday, but hark you, master, must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

SEGASTO. No, sirrah, he must come to me.

CLOWN Hark you, master, how, if he be not at home?

What shall I do then?

SEGASTO Why then, leave word with some of his folks

CLOWN How,<sup>1</sup> master, if there be nobody within?

I will leave word with his dog

SEGASTO Why, can his dog speak?

CLOWN I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber else?

SEGASTO To keep out such knaves as thou art

CLOWN Nay, by'r Lady, then go yourself

SEGASTO You will go, sir, will ye not?

CLOWN Yes, mairry, will I O, 'tis come to my head,

And a' be not within, I'll bring his chamber to you

SEGASTO What, wilt thou pluck down the King's house?

CLOWN Nay, by'r Lady, I'll know the price of it first

Master, it is such a hard name, I have forgotten it again. I pray you, tell me his name

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *Oh*]

SEGASTO I tell thee, Captain Tiemelio

CLOWN O, Captain Treble-knave, Captain  
Treble-knave

*Enter TREMELIO*

TREMELIO How now, sirrah, dost thou call me ?

CLOWN You must come to my master, Captain  
Treble-knave

TREMELIO My Lord Segasto, did you send for me ?

SEGASTO I did, Tremelio Sirrah, about your  
business

CLOWN Ay, marry, what's that, can you tell ?

SEGASTO No, not well

CLOWN Marry, then, I can, straight to the  
kitchen-dresser, to John the cook, and get me a  
good piece of beef and brewis, and then to the  
buttery-hatch, to Thomas the butler for a jack of  
beer, and there for an hour I'll so belabour  
myself, and therefore I pray you call me not till  
you think I have done, I pray you, good master

SEGASTO Well, sir, away [*Exit MOUSE*  
Tiemelio, this it is Thou knowest the valour of  
Segasto,

Spread through all the kingdom of Arragon,  
And such as hath found triumph and favours,  
Never daunted at any time ? But now a shepherd  
[Is] admired at in court for worthiness,  
And Segasto's honour [is] laid aside  
My will therefore is this, that thou dost find  
Some means to work the shepherd's death, I know  
Thy strength sufficient to perform my desire, and  
thy love no otherwise than to revenge my  
injuries

TREMELIO It is not the frowns of a shepherd  
that Tremelio fears,  
Therefore account it accomplished, what I take in  
hand

SEGASTO Thanks, good Tremelio, and assure  
thyself,  
What I promise that will I perform  
TREMELIO Thanks, my good lord, and in good  
time see where  
He cometh Stand by awhile, and you shall see  
Me put in practice your intended drifts  
Have at thee, swain, if that I hit thee right !

*Enter MUCEDORUS*

MUCEDORUS Vile coward, so without cause to  
strike a man—  
Turn, coward, turn, now strike, and do thy worst  
[MUCEDORUS *killeth him*  
SEGASTO Hold, shepherd, hold, spare him, kill  
him not  
Accursed villain, tell me, what hast thou done ?  
Ah, Tremelio, trusty Tremelio !  
I sorrow for thy death, and since that thou  
Living didst prove faithful to Segasto,  
So Segasto now living shall honour the dead corpse  
Of Tremelio with revenge Bloodthirsty villain,  
Born and bred to merciless murder, tell me  
How durst thou be so bold, as once to lay  
Thy hands upon the least of mine ? Assure thyself  
Thou shalt be us'd according to the law

MUCEDORUS Segasto, cease, these threats are  
needless

But in mine own defence accuse not me  
Of murder that have done nothing

SEGASTO Nay, shepherd, reason not with me,  
I'll manifest the fact unto the King,  
Whose doom will be thy death, as thou deserv'st  
What ho, Mouse, come away !

*Enter MOUSE*

CLOWN Why, how now, what's the matter ?  
I thought you would be calling before I had done

SEGASTO Come, help, away with my friend,

CLOWN Why, is he drunk? cannot he stand on his feet?

SEGASTO No, he is not drunk, he is slain

CLOWN Flain? no, by [<sup>1</sup>] Lady, he is not flain

SEGASTO He's killed, I tell thee

CLOWN What, do you use to kill your friends?  
I will seive you no longer

SEGASTO I tell thee the shepherd kill'd him

CLOWN O, did a so?

But, master, I will have all his apparel  
If I carry him away

SEGASTO Why, so thou shalt

CLOWN Come, then, I will help, mass, master,  
I think

His mother sang *looby* to him, he is so heavy

[*Exeunt*]

MUCEDORUS Behold the fickle state of man,  
always mutable,

Never at one

Sometimes we feed on fancies

With the sweet of our desires sometimes again

We feel the heat of extreme miseries

Now am I in favour about the court and country,

To-morrow those favours will turn to frowns,

To-day I live revenged on my foe,

To-morrow I die, my foe revenged on me [*Exit*]

*Enter BREMO, a wild man*

BREMO No passenger this morning? what, not one?

A chance that seldom doth befall

What, not one? then he thou there,

And rest thyself, till I have further need

[*Lays down his club*]

Now, Brema, sith thy leisure so affords,

An endless thing Whoknowsnot Brema's strength,

Who like a king commands within these woods  
The bear, the boar, dares not abide my sight,  
But hastes away to save themselves by flight  
The crystal waters in the bubbling brooks,  
When I come by, doth swiftly slide away,  
And claps themselves in closets under banks,  
Afraid to look bold Bremono in the face  
The aged oaks at Bremono's breath do bow,  
And all things else are still at my command,  
Else what would I?  
Rend them in pieces, and pluck them from the earth,  
And each way else I would revenge myself  
Why, who comes here with whom I dare not fight?  
Who fights with me, and doth not die the death?  
Not one    What favour shows this sturdy stick to  
          those, that here  
Within these woods are combatants with me?  
Why, death, and nothing else but present death  
With restless rage I wander through these woods,  
No creature here but feareth Bremono's force,  
Man, woman, child, beast and bird,  
And every thing that doth approach my sight  
Are forc'd to fall, if Bremono once do frown  
Come, cudgel, come, my partner in my spoils,  
For here I see this day it will not be  
But when it falls, that I encounter any,  
One pat sufficeth for to work my will  
What, comes not one? Then let's be gone,  
A time will serve, when we shall better speed  
[Exit

*Enter the KING, SEGASTO, the SHEPHERD, and the  
CLOWN, with others*

KING Shepherd,  
Thou hast heard thine accusers    Munthei  
Is laid to thy charge, what canst thou say?  
Thou hast deserved death.

MUCEDORUS. Dread sovereign, I must needs  
confess

I slew this captain in mine own defence,  
Not of any malice, but by chance ,  
But mine accuser hath a further meaning

SEGASTO Words will not here prevail,  
I seek for justice, and justice craves his death

KING Shepherd, thine own confession hath con-  
demned thee

SIRAH, take him away, and do him to execution  
straight

CLOWN So he shall, I warrant him But do  
you hear, Master King, he is kin to a monkey , his  
neck is bigger than his head

SEGASTO SIRAH, away with him, and hang him  
about the middle

CLOWN Yes, forsooth I warrant you Come  
on, sir, a so like a sheep-biter a looks

*Enter AMADINE, and a boy with a bear's head*

AMADINE. Dread sovereign and well-beloved  
sire,

On benden knees I crave the life of this  
Condemn'd shepherd, which heretofore preserved  
The life of thy sometime distressed daughter

KING Preserved the life of my sometime dis-  
tressed daughter?

How can that be ? I never knew the time,  
Wherein thou wast distress'd I never knew the  
day

But that I have maintained thy estate,  
As best beseem'd the daughter of a king  
I never saw the shepherd until now  
How comes it then, that he preserv'd thy life ?

AMADINE Once walking with Segasto in the  
woods,

Further than our accustom'd manner was,  
Right before us down a steep-fall hill,  
A monstrous ugly bear did hie him fast  
To meet us both—now whether this be true.  
I refer it to the credit of Segasto

SEGASTO Most true, an't like your majesty

KING How then?

AMADINE The bear, being eager to obtain his  
Made forward to us with an open mouth, [He y,  
As if he meant to swallow us both at once.  
The sight whereof did make us both to dread,  
But specially your daughter Amadine,  
Who for I saw no succour incident,  
But in Segasto's valour, I grew desperate,  
And he most coward-like began to fly  
Left me distress'd to be devour'd of him—  
How say you, Segasto? is it not true?

KING His silence verifies it to be true What  
then?

AMADINE Then I amaz'd, distressed, all alone,  
Did hie me fast to 'scape that ugly bear  
But all in vain, for why he reached after me,  
And oft I hardly did<sup>1</sup> escape his paws,  
Till at the length this shepherd came,  
And brought to me his head  
Come hither, boy, lo, here it is,  
Which I present unto your majesty

KING The slaughter of this bear deserves great  
fame

SEGASTO. The slaughter of a man deserves great  
blame

KING Indeed occasion oftentimes so falls out

SEGASTO Tremelio in the wars, O King, pre-  
served thee.

AMADINE The shepherd in the woods, O King  
preserved me.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *hardly I did oft*]



SEGASTO Tremelio fought, when many men did  
yield

AMADINE So would the shepherd, had he been  
in field

CLOWN So would my master, had he not run  
away [Aside

SEGASTO Tremelio's force saved thousands from  
the foe

AMADINE The shepherd's force hath saved  
thousands mo

CLOWN Ay, shipsticks, nothing else [Aside

KING Segasto, cease to accuse the shepherd,

His worthiness deserves a recompense,  
All we are bound to do the shepherd good  
Shepherd, whereas

It was my sentence thou should'st die,  
So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die

SEGASTO Thanks to your majesty

KING But soft, Segasto, not for this offence  
Long may'st thou live, and when the Sisters  
shall decree

To cut in twain the twisted thread of life  
Then let him die for this I set him free,  
And for thy valour I will honour thee

MUCEDORUS Thanks to your majesty

KING Come, daughter, let us now depart  
To honour the worthy valour of the shepherd  
With our rewards [Exeunt

CLOWN O master, hear you, you have made a  
fresh hand now, you would be slow, you Why,  
what will you do now? You have lost me a good  
occupation by this means Faith, master, now I  
cannot hang the shepherd I pray you, let me  
take the pains to hang you it is but half an hour's  
exercise

SEGASTO You are still in your knavery, but,  
sith I cannot have his life,

I will procure his banishment for ever  
Come on, sirrah

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth, I come  
Laugh at him, I pray you. [Exeunt

*Enter MUCEDORUS solus*

MUCEDORUS. From Amadine, and from her  
father's court,  
With gold and silver, and with rich rewards  
Flowing from the banks of golden treasures  
More may I boast, and say, but I,  
Was never shepherd in such dignity

*Enter the MESSENGER and the CLOWN.*

MESSENGER All hail, worthy shepherd !

CLOWN. All hail, lousy shepherd !

MUCEDORUS Welcome, my friends, from whence  
come you ?

MESSENGER The King and Amadine greet thee  
well,

And after greetings done, bids thee depart the court  
Shepherd, begone

CLOWN Shepherd, take law legs, fly away,  
shepherd

MUCEDORUS Whose words are these ? Come  
these from Amadine ?

MESSENGER Ay, from Amadine

CLOWN Ay, from Amadine

MUCEDORUS Ah ! luckless fortune, worse than  
Phaeton's tale,

My former bliss is now become my bale.

CLOWN. What, wilt thou poison thyself ?

MUCEDORUS My former heaven is now become  
my hell

CLOWN. The worst alehouse  
That I ever came in in all my life.

MUCEDORUS. What shall I do?

CLOWN Even go hang thyself half an hour

MUCEDORUS. Can Amadine so churlishly command,

To banish the shepherd from her father's court?

MESSENGER What should shepherds do in the court?

CLOWN. What should shepherds do among us?

Have we not lords enough o'er<sup>1</sup> us in the court?

MUCEDORUS Why, shepherds are men, and kings are no more

MESSENGER Shepherds are men, and masters over their flock

CLOWN That's a lie, who pays them their wages, then?

MESSENGER. Well, you are always interrupting of me,

But you are best look to him,

Lest you hang for him, when he is gone. [*Exit*

*The CLOWN sings.*

CLOWN. *And you shall hang for company,  
For leaving me alone.*

Shepherd, stand forth, and hear thy sentence

Shepherd, begone within three days, in pain of

My displeasure, shepherd, begone; shepherd, begone,

Begone, begone, begone, shepherd, shepherd, shepherd [*Exit*

MUCEDORUS. And must I go, and must I needs depart?

Ye goodly groves, partakers of my songs,

In time tofore, when fortune did not frown,

Pour forth your plaints, and wail awhile with me.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *on.*]

And thou bright sun, my comfort in the cold,  
Hide, hide thy face, and leave me comfortless  
Ye wholesome herbs and sweet-smelling savours—  
Yea, each thing else prolonging life of man—  
Change, change your wonted course, that I,  
Wanting your aid, in woful sort may die

*Enter AMADINE [and ARIENA, her maid.]*

AMADINE Ariena, if anybody ask for me,  
Make some excuse, till I return.

ARIENA What, and Segasto call?

AMADINE Do thou the like to him? I mean  
not to stay long. *[Exit*

MUCEDORUS This voice so sweet my pining  
spirits revives.

AMADINE. Shepherd, well-met; tell me how  
thou doest.

MUCEDORUS. I linger life, yet wish for speedy  
death

AMADINE Shepherd, although thy banishment  
Already be decreed, and all against my will,  
Yet Amadine——

MUCEDORUS. Ah, Amadine! to hear  
Of banishment is death—ay, double death to  
me,

But since I must depart, one thing I crave

AMADINE. Say on, with all my heart.

MUCEDORUS That in absence either far or near,  
You honour me as servant with your name

AMADINE Not so.

MUCEDORUS And why?

AMADINE I honour thee as sovereign of my  
heart

MUCEDORUS A shepherd and a sovereign  
nothing like

AMADINE. Yet like enough, where there is no  
dislike.

MUCEDORUS Yet great dislike, or else no  
banishment

AMADINE Shepherd, it is only Segasto that  
Procures thy banishment

MUCEDORUS. Unworthy wights are most in  
jealousy.

AMADINE Would God they would  
Free thee from banishment, or likewise banish  
me

MUCEDORUS Amen say I, to have your company

AMADINE. Well, shepherd, sith thou sufferest  
This for my sake,

With thee in exile also let me live,

On this condition, shepherd, thou canst love

MUCEDORUS No longer love, no longer let me  
live.

AMADINE Of late I loved one indeed, now love  
I none but only thee

MUCEDORUS Thanks, worthy princess  
I burn likewise, yet smother up the blast,  
I dare not promise what I may perform

AMADINE. Well, shepherd, hark what I shall say,  
I will return unto my father's court,

There<sup>1</sup> to provide me of such necessaries

As for my journey I shall think most fit

This being done, I will return to thee Do thou

Therefore appoint the place, where we may meet

MUCEDORUS. Down in the valley where I slew  
the bear,

And there doth grow a fair broad-branched beech,

That overshades a well : so who comes first,

Let them abide the happy meeting of

Us both How like you this ?

AMADINE I like it very well

MUCEDORUS Now, if you please, you may  
appoint the time.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Edit. 1598, *Therefore to* Edit 1610, *Thence for to*]

AMADINE Full three hours hence, God willing,  
I will return

MUCEDORUS The thanks that Paris gave the  
Grecian queen,  
The like doth Mucedorus yield

AMADINE Then, Mucedorus, for three hours,  
farewell [Exit

MUCEDORUS Your departure, lady, breeds a  
privy pain. [Exit

*Enter SEGASTO solus*

SEGASTO 'Tis well, Segasto, that thou hast thy  
will.

Should such a shepherd, such a simple swain,  
As he eclipse thy credit, famous through  
The court? No, ply, Segasto, ply,  
Let it not in Arragon be said,  
A shepherd hath Segasto's honour won.

*Enter MOUSE, the Clown, calling his master*

CLOWN What ho! master, will you come away?

SEGASTO. Will you come hither, I pray you,  
what's the matter?

CLOWN Why, is it not past eleven o'clock?

SEGASTO. How then, sir?

CLOWN I pray you, come away to dinner

SEGASTO I pray you, come hither.

CLOWN Here's such a-do with you, will you  
never come?

SEGASTO I pray you, sir, what news of the  
message I sent you about?

CLOWN. I tell you, all the messes be on the  
table already—

(There wants not so much as a mess of mustard)  
half an hour ago.

SEGASTO. Come, sir, your mind is all upon your belly

You have forgotten what I did bid you do

CLOWN Faith, I know nothing, but you bad me go to breakfast

SEGASTO Was that all?

CLOWN. Faith, I have forgotten it, the very scent of the meat made me forget<sup>1</sup> it quite

SEGASTO You have forgotten the errand I bid you do?

CLOWN What arrant? an arrant knave or an arrant whore?

SEGASTO Why, thou knave, did I not bid thee banish the shepherd?

CLOWN O, the shepherd's bastard?

SEGASTO I tell thee, the shepherd's banishment

CLOWN I tell you, the shepherd's bastard shall be well kept, I'll look to it myself. But I pray you, come away to dinner

SEGASTO. Then you will not tell me whether you have banished him, or no?

CLOWN Why, I cannot say *banishment*, and you would give me a thousand pounds to say so

SEGASTO Why, you whoreson slave, have you forgotten that I sent you and another to drive away the shepherd

CLOWN. What an ass are you, here's a stir indeed, here's message, arrant, banishment, and I cannot tell what.

SEGASTO. I pray you, sir, shall I know whether you have drove him away

CLOWN Faith, I think I have, and you will not believe me, ask my staff

SEGASTO Why, can thy staff tell?

CLOWN Why, he was with me too

---

<sup>1</sup> [Edit 1598 and 1610, *hath forget*]

SEGASTO Then happy I, that have obtain'd my will

CLOWN. And happier I, if you would go to dinner

SEGASTO Come, sirrah, follow me

CLOWN I warrant you, I will not lose an inch of you now you are going to dinner, I promise you I thought [it] seven year, before I could get him away [*Aside*] [*Exeunt*]

*Enter AMADINE sola*

AMADINE. God grant my long delay procures no harm,

Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence

My Mucedorus surely stays for me,

And thinks me over long At length I come,

My present promise to perform

Ah, what a thing is firm, unfeigned love !

What is it which true love dares not attempt ?

My father he may make, but I must match ,

Segasto loves , but Amadine must like,

Where likes her best , compulsion is a thrall.

No, no, the hearty choice is all in all,

The shepherd's virtue Amadine esteems

But what, methinks my shepherd is not come ;

I muse at that, the hour is sure at hand

Well, here I'll rest, till Mucedorus come

*[She sits her down]*

*Enter BREMO, looking about, hastily [he] taketh hold of her*

BREMO A happy prey ! now, Bremo, feed on  
flesh

Dainties, Bremo, dainties, thy hungry paunch to  
fill .

Now glut thy greedy guts with lukewarm blood.

Come, fight with me , I long to see thee dead



AMADINE How can she fight, that weapons  
cannot wield?

BREMO What, canst not fight? Then lie thou  
down and die

AMADINE What, must I die?

BREMO What needs these words? I thurst to  
suck thy blood

AMADINE. Yet pity me, and let me live awhile

BREMO No pity I, I'll feed upon thy flesh,  
I'll tear thy body piecemeal joint from joint

AMADINE Ah, how I want my shepherd's  
company!

BREMO I'll crush thy bones betwixt two oaken  
trees.

AMADINE Haste, shepherd, haste, or else thou  
com'st too late.

BREMO I'll suck the sweetness from thy marrow  
bones.

AMADINE Ah, spare, ah, spare to shed my  
guiltless blood!

BREMO With this my bat will I beat out  
Thy brains. Down, down, I say:  
Prostrate thyself upon the ground.

AMADINE Then, Mucedorus, farewell, my hoped  
joys, farewell!

Yea, farewell life, and welcome present death

[*She kneels*

To thee, O God, I yield my dying ghost.

BREMO. Now, Bremo, play thy part.

How now, what sudden chance is this?

My limbs do tremble, and my sinews shake;

My unweaken'd arms have lost their former force.

Ah, Bremo, Bremo! what a foil hast thou,

That yet at no time ever wast afraid

To dare the greatest gods to fight with thee,

[*He strikes.*

And now want strength for one down-driving  
blow?

Ah, how my courage fails, when I should strike !

Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast,  
Say'th, *Spare her, Bremono, spare her, do not kill.*

Shall I<sup>1</sup> spare her, which never spared any ?

To it, Bremono, to it, essay<sup>2</sup> again

I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,

Methinks I should not strike so fair a one,

I think her beauty hath bewitch'd my force,

Or else within me altered nature's course

Ay, woman, wilt thou live in woods with me ?

AMADINE. Fain would I live, yet loth to live in woods

BREMO. Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say ;

And therefore follow me

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter MUCEDORUS solus.*

MUCEDORUS. It was my will an hour ago and more,

As was my promise, for to make return ;

But other business hind'ed my pretence.

It is a world to see, when man appoints,

And purposely one certain thing decrees,

How many things may hinder his intent.

What one would wish, the same is farthest off

But yet th'appointed time cannot be past,

Nor hath her presence yet prevented<sup>3</sup> me.

Well, here I'll stay, and expect the coming.

[*They cry within, Hold him, stay him, hold !*

MUCEDORUS. Some one or other is pursued, no doubt ;

<sup>1</sup> [Edits transpose the two commencing words of this line, and the first word of the preceding one.]

<sup>2</sup> [Edits, *say*]

<sup>3</sup> [Anticipated. Old copies read *we* for *me*.]

Perhaps some search for me ; 'tis good  
 To doubt the worst, therefore I will be gone  
[Exit

*Cry within, Hold him, hold him ! Enter MOUSE,  
 the Clown, with a pot*

CLOWN Hold him, hold him, hold him ! here's  
 a stir indeed Here came hue after the crier, and  
 I was set close at mother Nip's house, and there I  
 call'd for three pots of ale, as 'tis the manner of us  
 countiers. Now, surrah, I had taken the maiden-  
 head of two of them—now, as I was lifting up the  
 thurd to my mouth, there came, Hold him, hold  
 him ! Now I could not tell whom to catch hold on,  
 but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be  
 in this pot Well, I'll see Mass, I cannot see  
 him yet , well, I'll look a little further Mass, he  
 is a little slave, if a be here , why here's nobody  
 All this goes well yet , but if the old trot should  
 come for her pot ?—ay, mairry, there's the matter  
 But I care not , I'll face her out, and call her old  
 rusty, dusty, musty, fusty, crusty firebrand, and  
 worse than all that, and so face her out of her pot  
 But soft ! here she comes

*Enter the OLD WOMAN*

OLD WOMAN Come on, you knave , wheres  
 my pot, you knave ?

CLOWN Go, look your pot , come not to me for  
 your pot, 'twere good for you

OLD WOMAN Thou hest, thou knave ; thou  
 hast my pot

CLOWN. You lie, and you say it I, your pot ?  
 I know what I'll say.

OLD WOMAN Why, what wilt thou say ?

CLOWN But say I have him, and thou dar'st

OLD WOMAN. Why, thou knave, thou hast not only my pot, but my drink unpaid for.

CLOWN You lie like an old—I will not say whore

OLD WOMAN. Dost thou call me whore? I'll cap thee for my pot

CLOWN Cap me, and thou darrest, search me, whether I have it or no.

*[She searcheth him, and he drinketh over her head, and casts down the pot. She stumbleth at it, then they fall together by the ears, she takes her pot and goes out]*

*Enter SEGASTO*

SEGASTO. How now, sirrah, what's the matter?

CLOWN O, flies, master, flies

SEGASTO Flies? where are they?

CLOWN. O, here, master, all about your face

SEGASTO Why, thou liest, I think thou art mad

CLOWN Why, master, I have kill'd a dungcart-ful at the least

SEGASTO Go to, sirrah. Leaving this idle talk, give ear to me

CLOWN How, give you one of my ears? not, and you were ten masters

SEGASTO Why, sir, I bad you give ear to my words

CLOWN I tell you, I will not be made a curtal for no man's pleasure.

SEGASTO. I tell thee, attend what I say Go thy ways straight, and rear the whole town

CLOWN How, rear the town? even go yourself, it is more than I can do. Why, do you think I can rear a town, that can scarce rear a pot of ale to my head? I should rear a town, should I not?

SEGASTO. Go to the constable, and make a privy search; for the shepherd is run away with the King's daughter

CLOWN How? is the shepherd run away with the King's daughter, or is the King's daughter run away with the shepherd?

SEGASTO I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

CLOWN. What a fool she is to run away with the shepherd! Why, I think I am a little handsomer man than the shepherd myself, but tell me, master, must I make a privy search, or search in the privy?

SEGASTO. Why, dost thou think they will be there?

CLOWN I cannot tell

SEGASTO. Well, then, search everywhere, leave no place unsearched for them. [*Exit*

CLOWN O, now am I in office, now will I to that old firebrand's house, and will not leave one place unsearched. Nay, I'll to her ale-stand, and drink as long as I can stand, and when I have done, I'll let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the barrel. And I find him not there, I'll to the cupboard. I'll not leave one corner of her house unsearched. I' faith, ye old crust, I will be with you now [*Exit.*

[*Sound music.*]

*Enter the* KING OF VALENTIA, ANSELMO,  
RODERIGO, LORD BORACHIUS, *with others*

KING OF VALENTIA Enough of music, it but  
adds to torment

Delights to vexed spirits are as dates  
Set to a sickly man, which rather cloy than comfort.  
Let me entreat you to entreat no more.

RODERIGO. Let yon strings sleep; have done  
there [Let the music cease]

KING OF VALENTIA Mirth to a soul disturb'd  
is <sup>1</sup> embers turn'd,

Which sudden gleam with molestation,

But sooner lose their sight for it

'Tis gold bestow'd upon a rioter,

Which not relieves, but murders him

'Tis a drug given to the healthful,

Which infects, not cures.

How can a father, that hath lost his son

A prince both wise, virtuous, and valiant,

Take pleasure in the idle acts of time?

No, no, till Mucedorus I shall see again,

All joy is comfortless, all pleasure pain

ANSELMO Your son, my lord, is well.

KING OF VALENTIA I prythee, speak that  
thrice

ANSELMO The prince, your son, is safe

KING OF VALENTIA O, where, Anselmo? sur-  
feit me with that

ANSELMO. In Arragon, my liege, and at his  
'pasture,

[He] bound my secrecy by his affection's love,

Not to disclose it

But care of him, and pity of your age,

Makes my tongue blab what my breast vow'd—

Concealment.

KING OF VALENTIA. Thou not deceiv'st me? I  
ever thought thee

What I find thee now, an upright, loyal man.

But what desire or young-fed humour, nurs'd

Within the brain, drew him so privately

To Arragon?

ANSELMO A forcing adamant

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, are]

Love, mix'd with fear and doubtful jealousy  
 Whether report gilded a worthless trunk,  
 Or Amadine deserved her high extolment

KING OF VALENTIA See our provision be in  
 readiness,

Collect us followers of the comeliest hue,  
 For our chief guardians, we will thither wend  
 The crystal eyes of heaven shall not thrice wink,  
 Nor the green flood six times his shoulders turn,  
 Till we salute the Aragonian king.

Music, speak loudly; now the season's apt,  
 For former dolours are in pleasure wrapt

[*Exeunt omnes*]

*Enter MUCEDORUS, to disguise himself*

MUCEDORUS Now, Mucedorus, whither wilt  
 thou go?

Home to thy father to thy native soil,  
 Or try some long abode within these woods?  
 Well, I will hence depart, and hie me home.  
 What, hie me home, said I? that may not be,  
 In Amadine rests my felicity.

Then, Mucedorus, do as thou didst decree  
 Attire thee hermit-like within these groves,  
 Walk often to the beech, and view the well,  
 Make settles there, and seat thyself thereon;  
 And when thou feelest thyself to be athirst,  
 Then drink a hearty draught to Amadine  
 No doubt, she thinks on thee, and will one day  
 Come pledge thee at this well.  
 Come, habit, thou art fit for me

[*He disguiseth himself*]

No shepherd now · a hermit I must be.  
 Methinks this fits me very well  
 Now must I learn to bear a walking-staff,  
 And exercise some gravity withal

*Enter the CLOWN.*

CLOWN Here's through the woods and through the woods, to look out a shepherd and stray king's daughter. But soft ! who have we here ? what art thou ?

MUCEDORUS. I am an hermit.

CLOWN. An emmet ? I never saw such a big emmet in all my life before

MUCEDORUS. I tell you, sir, I am an hermit one that leads a solitary life within these woods.

CLOWN O, I know thee now, thou art he<sup>1</sup> that eats up all the hips and haws, we could not have one piece of fat bacon for thee all this year.

MUCEDORUS Thou dost mistake me, but I pray thee, tell me what dost thou seek in these woods ?

CLOWN What do I seek ? for a stray king's daughter run away with a shepherd

MUCEDORUS. A stray king's daughter run away with a shepherd  
Wherefore ? canst thou tell ?

CLOWN Yes, that I can, 'tis this My master and Amadine walking one day abroad, nearer to these woods than they were used (about what I cannot tell), but toward them comes running a great bear Now my master he played the man, and ran away, and Amadine, crying after him—now, sir, comes me a shepherd, and he strikes off the bear's head. Now, whether the bear were dead before or no, I cannot tell, for bring twenty bears before me, and bind their hands and feet, and I'll kill them all. Now, ever since, Amadine hath been in love with the shepherd, and for goodwill she's even run away with the shepherd

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *her*]



MUCEDORUS What manner of man was a? canst describe him unto me?

CLOWN Scribe him? ay, I warrant you, that I can. A was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, well-favoured fellow · a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloth

MUCEDORUS Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such, pray you, where shall I find you, or what's your name?

CLOWN My name is called Master Mouse

MUCEDORUS O Master Mouse, I pray you, what office might you bear in the court?

CLOWN Mairry, sir, I am a rusher of the stable

MUCEDORUS. O, usher of the table

CLOWN Nay, I say rusher, and I'll prove my office good. For look, sir, when any comes from under the sea or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and straw rushes presently. Therefore I am a rusher · a high office, I promise ye.

MUCEDORUS But where shall I find you in the court?

CLOWN. Why, where it is best being, either in the kitchen a eating, or in the buttery drinking. But if you come, I will provide for thee a piece of beef and brewis knuckle-deep in fat. Pray you, take pains, remember Master Mouse. *[Exit.]*

MUCEDORUS. Ay, sir, I warrant I will not forget you.

Ah, Amadine! what should become of thee?  
Whither shouldst thou go so long unknown?  
With watch and ward each passage is beset,  
Doubtless she hath lost herself within these woods,

And wand'ring to and fro she seeks the well,  
Which yet she cannot find;  
Therefore will I seek her out. *[Exit.]*

*Enter BREMO and AMADINE*

BREMO Amadine !

How like you Bremo and his woods ?

AMADINE As like the woods of Bremo's cruelty  
Though I were dumb, and could not answer him,  
The beasts themselves would with relenting tears  
Bewail thy savage and unhuman deeds

BREMO My love, why dost thou murmur to  
thyself ?

Speak louder, for thy Bremo hears thee not

AMADINE. My Bremo ? no, the shepherd is my  
love

BREMO Have I not saved thee from sudden  
death,

Giving thee leave to live, that thou might'st love ?  
And dost thou whet me on to cruelty ?

Come, kiss me (sweet) for all my favours past

AMADINE I may not, Bremo, and therefore  
pardon me

BREMO See how she flings away from me,  
I will follow and give a rend<sup>1</sup> to her. [*Aside.*

Deny my love, ah, worm of beauty !

I will chastise thee, come, come,

Prepare thy head upon the block

AMADINE O, spare me, Bremo ! love should  
limit life,

Not to be made a murderer of himself

If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with blood,

Encounter with the lion or the bear,

And (like a wolf) prey not upon a lamb

BREMO Why, then, dost thou repine at me ?

If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my queen,

I will crown thee with a complet made of ivory,

And make the rose and lily wait on thee

I'll rend the burly branches from the oak,<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> [Edit 1610, *attend* ]

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<sup>2</sup> [Edit 1610, *oaze* ]

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To shadow thee from burning sun  
The trees shall spread themselves where thou dost  
go,

And as they spread, I'll trace along with thee

AMADINE You may, for who but you? [*Aside*

BREMO. Thou shalt be fed with quails and  
partridges,

With blackbirds, larks, thrushes, and nightingales  
Thy drink shall be goats' milk and crystal water,  
Distill'd from the fountains and the clearest springs,  
And all the dainties that the woods afford  
I'll freely give thee to obtain thy love

AMADINE You may, for who but you? [*Aside*.

BREMO The day I'll spend to recreate my love.  
With all the pleasures that I can devise,  
And in the night I'll be thy bed-fellow,  
And lovingly embrace thee in mine arms

AMADINE One may, so may not you [*Aside*

BREMO The satyrs and the wood-nymphs shall  
attend

On thee, and lull thee asleep with music's sound,  
And in the morning, when thou dost awake,  
The laik shall sing good morrow to my queen,  
And whilst he sings, I'll kiss my Amadine

AMADINE You may, for who but you? [*Aside*

BREMO When thou art up, the wood-lanes  
shall be strawed

With violets, cowslips, and sweet marigolds,  
For thee to trample and to tiace upon,  
And I will teach thee how to kill the deer,  
To chase the hart, and how to rouse the roe,  
If thou wilt live to love and honour me

AMADINE You may, for who but you?

*Enter MUCEDORUS*

Be meriy, wench, we'll have a frolic feast,  
Here's flesh enough for to suffice us both,  
Say, sirrah, wilt thou fight, or dost thou yield to die?

MUCEDORUS I want a weapon, how can I fight?

BREMO Thou want'st a weapon? why, then thou yield'st to die

MUCEDORUS I say not so, I do not yield to die.

BREMO Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead

AMADINE Yet spare him, Bremo, spare him

BREMO Away, I say, I will not spare him

MUCEDORUS Yet give me leave to speak

BREMO Thou shalt not speak

AMADINE Yet give him leave to speak for my sake

BREMO. Speak on, but be not over-long

MUCEDORUS In time of yore, when men (like brutish beasts)

Did lead then lives in loathsome cells and woods.

And wholly gave themselves to witless will

(A rude, unruly rout), then man to man became

A present prey then might prevailed.

The weakest went to wall,

Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all

As men thus lived in this<sup>1</sup> great outrage,

Behold, one Orpheus came (as poets tell),

And them from rudeness unto reason brought.

Who led by reason, some forsook the woods,

Instead of caves, they built them castles strong,

Cities and towns were founded by them then

Glad were they, [that] they found such ease,

And in the end they grew to perfect amity.

Weighing then former wickedness,

They term'd the time, wherein they lived then  
 A golden age, a goodly golden age  
 Now, Bremono, for so I hear thee called,  
 If men which lived tofore, as thou dost now,  
 Wildly<sup>1</sup> in wood, addicted all to spoil,  
 Returned were by worthy Orpheus' means,  
 Let me (like Orpheus) cause thee to return  
 From murder, bloodshed, and like cruelty.  
 What, should we fight before we have a cause?  
 No, let us live and love together faithfully—  
 I'll fight for thee —

BREMO Fight for me or die? Or fight, or else  
 thou diest?

AMADINE Hold, Bremono, hold!

BREMO Away, I say, thou troublest me

AMADINE You promised me to make me your  
 queen

BREMO I did, I mean no less

AMADINE You promised that I should have my  
 will.

BREMO I did, I mean no less

AMADINE Then save this hermit's life, for he  
 may save us both

BREMO At thy request I'll spare him,  
 But never any after him. Say, hermit,  
 What canst thou do?

MUCEDORUS I'll wait on thee, sometime upon  
 thy queen  
 Such service shalt thou shortly have as Bremono  
 never had [Exeunt

*Enter SEGASTO, the CLOWN, and RUMBELO.*

SEGASTO Come, sirs, what, shall I never have  
 you  
 Find out Amadine and the shepherd

---

<sup>1</sup> [Edit 1598, *Wily*, edit 1610, *wilde*]

CLOWN And I have been through the woods,  
and through the woods,  
And could see nothing but an emmet

RUMBELO Why, I see a thousand emmets, thou  
meanest a little one?

CLOWN Nay, that emmet that I saw was bigger  
than thou art

RUMBELO Bigger than I? what a fool have you  
to your man?

I pray you, master, turn him away.

SEGASTO. But dost thou hear, was he not a  
man?

CLOWN I think he was, for he said he did lead  
a salt-seller's life about the woods.

SEGASTO Thou wouldest say, a solitary life  
about the woods?

CLOWN I think it was so indeed

RUMBELO I thought what a fool thou art

CLOWN Thou art a wise man, why, he did  
nothing but sleep since he went

SEGASTO But tell me, Mouse, how did he  
go?

CLOWN In a white gown, and a white hat on  
his head, and a staff in his hand

SEGASTO I thought so, it was a hermit that  
walked a solitary life in the woods Well, get you  
to dinner, and after never leave seeking, till you  
bring some news of them, or I'll hang you both

[Exit

CLOWN How now, Rumbelo, what shall we do  
now?

RUMBELO Faith, I'll home to dinner, and after-  
ward to sleep

CLOWN Why, then thou wilt be hanged

RUMBELO Faith, I care not, for I know I shall  
never find them Well, I'll once more abroad, and  
if I cannot find them, I'll never come home again

CLOWN. I tell thee what, Rumbelo, thou shalt

go in at one end of the wood, and I at the other,  
and we will meet both together in the midst

RUMBELO Content, let's away to dinner

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter MUCEDORUS solus*

MUCEDORUS Unknown to any here within these  
woods,

With bloody Bremono do I lead my life  
The monster he doth murder all he meets,  
He spareth none, and none doth him escape  
Who would continue—who, but only I—  
In such a cruel cutthroat's company?<sup>1</sup>  
Yet Amadine is there, how can I choose?  
Ah, silly soul! how oftentimes she sits  
And sighs, and calls, *Come, shepherd, come,*  
*Sweet Mucedorus, come and set me free,*  
When Mucedorus present stands her by!  
But here she comes

*Enter AMADINE*

What news, fair lady, as you walk these woods?

AMADINE Ah, hermit! none but bad, and such  
As thou knowest

MUCEDORUS How do you like  
Your Bremono and his woods?

AMADINE Not my Bremono,  
Nor Bremono's<sup>1</sup> woods

MUCEDORUS And why not yours?  
Methinks he loves you well

AMADINE I like him not  
His love to me is nothing worth

MUCEDORUS Lady, in this (methinks) you offend  
wrong,  
To hate the man that ever loves you best

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *his Bremono*]

AMADINE Hermit,<sup>1</sup> I take no pleasure in his love,  
Neither doth Bremono like me best

MUCEDORUS Pardon my boldness, lady,<sup>2</sup> sith we both

May safely talk now out of Bremono's sight Unfold  
To me (if so you please) the full discourse,  
How, when, and why you came into these woods,  
And fell into this bloody butcher's hands

AMADINE Hermit, I will,  
Of late a worthy shepherd I did love——

MUCEDORUS A shepherd, lady? Sure, a man unfit

To match with you!

AMADINE Hermit, 'tis<sup>3</sup> true, and when we had——

MUCEDORUS Stay there, the wild man comes,  
Refer the rest until another time

*Enter BREMO*

BREMO What secret tale is this, what whispering  
have we here?

Villain, I charge thee tell thy tale again

MUCEDORUS If needs I must, lo' here it is  
again

When as we both had lost the sight of thee,  
It griev'd us both, but specially the queen,  
Who in thy absence ever fears the worst,  
Lest some mischance befall your royal grace  
Shall my sweet Bremono wander through the woods  
Toil to and fro for to redress my wants  
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?  
I like not this, quoth she  
And thereupon [she] crav'd to know of me,

---

<sup>1</sup> [Edits, *ah, hermit*!]

<sup>2</sup> [Edits, *fair lady*]

<sup>3</sup> [Edits, *this is*]



If I could teach her handle weapons well  
My answer was, I had small skill therein,  
But glad, most mighty king, to learn of thee  
And this was all

BREMO Was't so?

None can dislike of this I'll teach  
You both to fight But first, my queen, begin  
Here, take this weapon, see how thou canst use it

AMADINE This is too big,

I cannot wield it in my arm

BREMO Ist so, we'll have a knotty crabtree  
staff for thee

But, sirrah, tell me, what say'st thou?

MUCEDORUS With all my heart I willing am to  
learn

BREMO Then take my staff, and see how thou  
canst wield it

MUCEDORUS. First teach me how to hold it in  
my hand

BREMO Thou hold'st it well [*To Amadine*]

Look how he doth,

Thou mayest the sooner learn

MUCEDORUS Next tell me how and when 'tis  
best to strike.

BREMO. 'Tis best to strike when time doth serve,  
Tis best to lose no time.

MUCEDORUS. Then now or never is my time to  
strike

BREMO And when thou strikest, be sure to hit  
the head

MUCEDORUS The head?

BREMO The very head

MUCEDORUS Then have at thine,  
So lie there and die, [*He strikes him down dead*]  
A death, no doubt, according to desert,  
Or else a worse, as thou deservest a worse

AMADINE It glads my heart this tyrant's death  
to see

MUCEDORUS Now, lady, it remains in you  
To end the tale you lately had begun,  
Being interrupted by this wicked wight—  
You said you loved a shepheid?

AMADINE Ay, so I do, and none but only him,  
And will do still, as long as life shall last

MUCEDORUS But tell me, lady, sith I set you  
free,

What course of life do you intend to take?

AMADINE I will (disguised) wander through  
the world

Till I have found him out.

MUCEDORUS How, if you find your shepherd in  
these woods?

AMADINE Ah! none so happy then as Amadine<sup>1</sup>

MUCEDORUS In tract of time a man may alter  
much:

Say, lady, do you know your shepherd well?

[*He discovers himself*]

AMADINE My Mucedorus, hath he set me free?

MUCEDORUS He hath set thee free.

AMADINE And lived so long  
Unknown to Amadine?

MUCEDORUS Ay, that's a question  
Whereof you may not be resolved  
You know that I am banish'd from the court,  
I know likewise each passage is beset,  
So that we cannot long escape unknown,  
Therefore my will is this, that we return,  
Right through the thickets, to the wild man's cave,  
And there a while live on his provision,  
Until the search and narrow watch be past  
This is my counsel, and I think it best.

---

<sup>1</sup> [In the old copies there is here a direction, *He disguiseth himself*, which appears wrong, as Mucedorus is already disguised, and what he next does is, in fact, to discover himself.]

AMADINE I think the very same

MUCEDORUS Come, let's begone

*Enter the CLOWN, who searches, and falls over the wild man, and so carries him away*

CLOWN Nay, soft, sir, are you here? a bots on you!

I was like to be hanged for not finding you,  
We would borrow a certain stray king's daughter  
of you,

A wench, a wench, sir, we would have

MUCEDORUS A wench of me? I'll make thee  
eat my sword

CLOWN O Lord, nay, and you are so lusty,  
I'll call a cooling card for you

Ho, master, master, come away quickly!

*Enter SEGASTO*

SEGASTO What's the matter?

CLOWN Look, master, Amadine and the shep  
herd! O brave!

SEGASTO What, minion, have I found you out?

CLOWN Nay, that's a lie, I found her out  
myself

SEGASTO Thou gadding huswife,  
What cause hadst thou to gad abroad,  
When as thou knowest our wedding-day so nigh?

AMADINE Not so, Segasto, no such thing in  
hand

Show your assurance, then I'll answer you?

SEGASTO Thy father's promise my assurance is

AMADINE But what he promis'd he hath not  
perform'd

SEGASTO It rests in thee to perform the same

AMADINE Not I

SEGASTO And why?

AMADINE So is my will, and therefore even so

CLOWN Master, with a nonny, nonny, no <sup>1</sup>

SEGASTO Ah, wicked villain <sup>1</sup> art thou here?

MUCEDORUS What needs these words? we  
weigh them not

SEGASTO We weigh them not <sup>1</sup> proud shepherd,  
I scorn thy company

CLOWN We'll not have a corner of thy com-  
pany

MUCEDORUS I scorn not thee, nor yet the least  
of thine

CLOWN That's a lie, a would have kill'd me  
with his pugs-nando

SEGASTO This stoutness, Amadine, contents me  
not

AMADINE Then seek another, that may you  
better please

MUCEDORUS Well, Amadine, it only rests in thee  
Without delay to make thy choice of three

There stands Segasto here a shepherd stands

There stands the third Now make thy choice

CLOWN A lord at the least I am

AMADINE My choice is made, for I will none  
but thee

SEGASTO A worthy mate, no doubt, for such a  
wife

MUCEDORUS And, Amadine, why wilt thou  
none but me?

I cannot keep thee, as thy father did

I have no lands for to maintain thy state,

Moreover, if thou mean to be my wife,

Commonly this must be thy use

To bed at midnight, up at four,

Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,

Whereby our daily victuals for to win

And last of all, which is the worst of all,

No princess then, but a plain shepherd's wife

---

<sup>1</sup> [Edits, none, none, no]

CLOWN. Then God gi' you good mornow, goodly shepherd !

AMADINE It shall not need , if Amadine do live,  
Thou shalt be crowned King of Arragon

CLOWN O master, laugh , when he's king, then  
I'll be a queen

MUCEDORUS Then know that, which never  
tofore was known,

I am no shepherd, no Arragonian I,  
But born of royal blood My father's of Valentia  
King, my mother Queen who, for thy secret<sup>1</sup> sake,  
Took this hard task in hand

AMADINE Ah, how I joy my fortune is so good !

SEGASTO Well, now I see Segasto shall not  
speed ,

But, Mucedorus, I as much do joy  
To see thee here within our Court of Arragon,  
As if a kingdom had befallen me this time  
I with my heart surrender her to thee

*[He giveth her unto him]*

And loose<sup>2</sup> what right to Amadine I have

CLOWN What, [a] barn's door, and born where  
my father

Was constable A bots on thee ! how dost thee ?

*[Aside]*

MUCEDORUS. Thanks, Segasto , but yet you  
levell'd at the crown

CLOWN Master, bear this and bear all

SEGASTO Why so, sir ?

CLOWN He sees you take a goose by the crown

SEGASTO Go to, sir, away, post you to the King,  
Whose heart is fraught with careful doubts ,  
Glad him up, and tell him these good news,  
And we will follow as fast as we may

CLOWN I go, master, I run, master

*[Exeunt severally]*

<sup>1</sup> [Edit 1610, *sacred* ]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copies, *look* ]

*Enter the KING and COLLEN*

KING Break, heart, and end my pallid<sup>1</sup> woes!  
My Amadine, the comfort of my life,  
How can I joy, except she were in sight?  
Her absence breedeth sorrow to my soul,  
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twain

COLLEN Forbear those passions, gentle King,  
And you shall see 'twill turn unto the best,  
And bring your soul to quiet and to joy

KING. Such joy as death, I do assure me that,  
And nought but death, unless of her I hear,  
And that with speed, I cannot sigh thus long—  
But what a tumult do I hear within?

*[They cry within, Joy and happiness!]*

COLLEN I hear a noise of overpassing joy  
Within the court My lord, be of good comfort  
And here comes one in haste

*Enter the CLOWN, running*

CLOWN A King, a king, a king!

COLLEN Why, how now, sirrah? what's the matter?

CLOWN O, 'tis news for a king, 'tis worth money

KING Why, sirrah, thou shalt have silver and gold if it be good

CLOWN O, 'tis good, 'tis good Amadine——

KING O, what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a knight

CLOWN How, a sprite? no, by Lady, I will not be a sprite, masters Get ye away, if I be a sprite, I shall be so lean, I shall make you all afraid

---

<sup>1</sup> [Edit 1598, *paled*, 1106, *pallade*]

COLLEN Thou sot, the King means to make thee a gentleman

CLOWN Why, I shall want 'pparel

KING Thou shalt want for nothing

CLOWN Then stand away, tuck<sup>1</sup> up thyself, here they come

*Enter SEGASTO, MUCEDORUS, and AMADINE*

AMADINE My gracious father, pardon thy disloyal daughter

KING What, do mine eyes behold my daughter Amadine? Rise up, dear daughter,

And let these my embracing arms show some Token of thy father's joy, which, ever since Thy departure, hath languished in sorrow

AMADINE Dear father,  
Never were your sorrows greater than my griefs  
Never you so desolate as I comfortless  
Yet, nevertheless, acknowledging myself  
To be the cause of both, on bended knees  
I humbly crave your pardon

KING I'll pardon thee, dear daughter, but as for Him——

AMADINE Ah, father! what of him?

KING As sure as I am king, and wear the crown,  
I will revenge on that accursed wretch

MUCEDORUS Yet, worthy prince, work not thy will in wrath  
Show favour

KING Ay, such favour as thou deservest

MUCEDORUS I do deserve the daughter of a king

KING O, impudent! a shepherd and so insolent?

MUCEDORUS No shepherd [am] I, but a worthy prince

---

<sup>1</sup> [Edit 1610, *strike*]

KING In fair conceit, not princely born

MUCEDORUS Yes, princely born, my father is  
a king,

My mother queen, and of Valentia both

KING What, Mucedorus? welcome to our court!  
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguis'd?

MUCEDORUS. No cause to fear, I caused no  
offence,

But this—desiring thy daughter's virtues for to see

Disguis'd myself from out my father's court,

Unknown to any In secret I did rest,

And passed many troubles near to death,

So hath your daughter my partaker been,

As you shall know hereafter more at large,

Desiring you, you will give her to me,

Even as mine own, and sovereign of my life,

Then shall I think my travels are well spent

KING With all my heart, but this—

Segasto claims my promise made tofore,

That he should have her as his only wife,

Before my council, when we came from war

Segasto, may I crave thee let it pass,

And give Amadine as wife to Mucedorus

SEGASTO With all my heart, were it a far  
greater thing,

And what I may to furnish up then rites,

With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see

KING Thanks, good Segasto, I will think of  
this

MUCEDORUS Thanks, good my lord, and while  
I live,

Account of me in what I can or may

AMADINE And, good Segasto, these great  
courtesies

Shall not be forgot

CLOWN Why, haik you, master! bones, what  
have you done? What, given away the wench  
you made me take such pains for? you are wise



indeed, mass, and I had known of that, I would have had her myself Faith, master, now we may go to breakfast with a woodcock-pie

SEGASTO Go, sir, you were best leave this knavery

KING Come on, my lords, let's now to court,  
Where we may finish up the joyfullest day  
That ever happ'd to a distressed king <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> After this line, in the edition of 1610, occurs the following substitution for the lines in edit 1598, beginning "Ho, lords," and concluding with "*Exeunt omnes*"—

Were but thy father, the Valentia lord,  
Present in view of this combining knot.

*A shout within Enter a MESSENGER*

What shout was that? <sup>2</sup>

MESSENGER My lord, the great Valentia king,  
Newly arrived, entreats your presence.

MUCEDORUS. My father?

KING OF ARRAGON. Prepared welcomes, give him  
entertainment

A happier planet never reigned than that,  
Which governs at this hour.

[*Sound*]

*Enter the KING OF VALENTIA, ANSELMO, RODRIGO,  
BARCHEUS, with others, the KING runs and em-  
braces his son*

KING OF VALENTIA Rise, honour of my age, food to  
my rest

Condemn not (mighty King of Arragon)  
My rude behaviour, so compell'd by Nature,  
That manner stood unknowledged

KING OF ARRAGON What we have to recite would  
tedious prove

By declaration, therefore in and feast  
To-morrow the performance shall explain,  
What words conceal, till then, drums, speak, bells, ring  
Give plausive welcomes to our brother king

[*Sound drums and trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*]

With muth and joy and great solemnity  
We'll finish up these Hymen's rites most pleasantly

CLOWN Ho, lords ' at the fist, I am one too ,  
but hear, Master King, by your leave, a cast Now  
you have done with them, I pray you begin with  
me

KING Why, what wouldst thou have ?

CLOWN O, you forgot now ' a little apparel to  
make's handsome What, should lords go so  
beggary as I do ?

KING What I did promise thee, I will perform  
Attend on me . come, let's depart

*[They all speak*

We'll wait on you with all our hearts

CLOWN And with a piece of my liver too

*[Exeunt omnes*

*Enter COMEDY and ENVY*

COMEDY How now, Envy ? what, blushest thou  
already ?

Peep forth, hide not thy head with shame ,  
But with a courage praise a woman's deeds  
Thy threats were vain, thou couldst do me no  
hurt,

Although thou seem'st to cross me with de  
spite,  
I overwhelm'd and turn'd upside down thy  
block,

And made thyself to stumble at the same

ENVY Though stumbled, yet not overthrown  
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildness,  
Yet must I needs confess thou hast done well,  
And play'd thy part with mirth and pleasant  
glee

Say all this , yet canst thou not conquer me,  
Although this time thou hast got—

Yet not the conquest neither,  
 A double revenge another time I'll have <sup>1</sup>  
 COMEDY Then, carthiff cursed, stoop upon thy  
                   knee,  
 Yield to a woman, though not to me,

---

<sup>1</sup> [In the edition of 1610, the conclusion, from this line, is so different, that the best mode appeared to be to give it at the foot of the page —

COMEDY Envy, spit thy gall,  
 Plot, work, contrive, create new fallacies,  
 Team from thy womb each minute a black traitor,  
 Whose blood and thoughts have twin conception  
 Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,  
 Cast native monsters in the moulds of men,  
 Case vicious devils under sancted rockets,  
 Unhasp the wicket, where all perjureds roost,  
 And swarm this ball with treasons Do thy worst,  
 Thou canst not (hell-hound) cross my star<sup>1</sup> to-night,  
 Nor blind that glory, where I wish delight

ENVY I can I will

COMEDY Nefarious hag, begin;  
 And let us tug, till one the mast'ry win  
 ENVY Comedy, thou art a shallow goose,  
 I'll overthrow thee in thine own intent,  
 And make thy fall my comic merriment.

COMEDY Thy policy wants gravity, thou art too  
                   weak  
 Speak, fiend As how?

ENVY Why thus,  
 From my foul study will I hoist a wretch,  
 A lean and hungry negro<sup>2</sup> cannibal  
 Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chawing malice,  
 And him I'll make a poet

COMEDY What's that to th' purpose?

ENVY This scrambling raven, with his needy beard,  
 Will I whet on to write a comedy,  
 Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,  
 Pleasing to factious brains  
 And every other where place me a jest  
 Whose high abuse shall more torment than blows.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *steare*]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *neagre*]

And pray we both together with our hearts,  
That she thrice Nestor's years may with us rest,

---

Then I myself (quicker than lightning),  
Will fly me to a puissant magistrate,  
And waiting with a trencher at his back,  
In midst of jollity rehearse those galls<sup>1</sup>  
(With some additions) so lately vented in your theatre  
He upon this cannot but make complaint,  
To your great danger, or at least restraint

COMEDY Ha, ha, ha ! I laugh to hear thy folly ,  
This is a trap for boys, not men, nor such,  
Especially desertful in their doings,  
Whose staid discretion rules their purposes  
I and my faction do eschew those vices  
But see, O see, the weary sun for rest  
Hath lain his golden compass to the west,  
Where he perpetual bide and ever shine,  
As David's offspring in his happy clime  
Stoop, Envy, stoop, bow to the earth with me,  
Let's beg our pardons on our bended knee [*They kneel*

ENVY My power has lost her might, Envy's date's  
expired,

Yon splendant majesty hath fell'd my sting,  
And I amazed am [*Fall down and quake*

COMEDY Glorious and wise Arch-Cæsar on this earth,  
At whose appearance Envy's stricken dumb,  
And all bad things cease operation,  
Vouchsafe to pardon our unwilling error,  
So late presented to your gracious view,  
And we'll endeavour with excess of pain  
To please your senses in a choicer strain,  
Thus we commit you to the arms of night,  
Whose spangled carcass would (for your delight)  
Strive to excel the day Be blessed then  
Who other wishes, let him never speak.

ENVY Amen !  
To Fame and Honour we commend your rest,  
Live still more happy, every hour more blest

FINIS ]

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *gaules* ]

And from her foes high God defend her still,  
That they 'gainst her may never work then will

ENVY Envy, were he never so stout  
Would beck and bow unto her majesty.  
Indeed, Comedy, thou hast overrun me now,  
And forc'd me stoop unto a woman's sway  
God grant her grace amongst us long may reign,  
And those that would not have it so,  
Would that by Envy soon their hearts they might  
forego

COMEDY The council, nobles, and this realm,  
Lord, guide it still with thy most holy hand !  
The Commons and the subjects, grant them grace  
Their prince to serve, her to obey, and treason to  
deface

Long may she reign in joy and great felicity,  
Each Christian heart do say amen with me

[*Exeunt*

FINIS

THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGTON.

## EDITION

*The Pleasunt Historie of the two angrie women of Abington With the humorous murther of Dick Coomes and Nicholas Prouerbes, two Seruingmen. As it was lately playde by the right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Admirall, his seruants By Henry Porter Gent Imprinted at London for Ioseph Hunt, and William Ferbrand, and are to be solde at the Corner of Colman-streete, neere Loathburie 1599. 4°*

Another 4°, printed for Ferbrand alone, was published during the same year.—*Dyce*

## [DYCE'S PREFACE]<sup>1</sup>

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THE text of the former 4<sup>o</sup>, which is, I apprehend, the earlier impression, has been adopted in the present reprint, except where the readings of the other edition have been occasionally preferred, and where obvious typographical errors have been rectified. Every minute particular in which the second 4<sup>o</sup> differs from the first, I have thought it unnecessary to note. The absurd punctuation and faulty metrical arrangement of the old copy have not been followed, and I must be allowed to add that I have retained the original spelling only in accordance to the decision of the Percy Council.<sup>2</sup>

Though Henry Porter was a dramatist of considerable reputation, all his productions, except the copy now reprinted, appear to have utterly perished, and, I believe, the only materials to be found for his biography are the subjoined memoranda in the Diary of Henslowe.<sup>3</sup>—

---

<sup>1</sup> [To the edition printed in the Percy Society's Series.]

<sup>2</sup> [The old spelling has now been abandoned.]

<sup>3</sup> For these I am indebted to the kindness of Mr J. P. Collier, who is now editing "Henslowe's Diary" for the Shakespeare Society. The portions of it which were published by Malone are very incorrectly given.



"Pd this 23 of Aguste 1597 to Harey Porter to  
carrye to T Nashe now at this tyme in the flete for  
wytynge of *the eylle of Dogges* ten shellinges to bee  
paide agen to me when he canne I say ten shillinges

Lent unto the company the 30 of Maye 1598 to bye  
a boocke<sup>1</sup> called *Love prevented* the some of fower  
poundes dd to Thomas Dowton, Mr Porter

Lent unto the company the 18 of Aguste 1598 to  
bye a Booke called *Hoote Anger* some could of Mi  
Porter, Mi Cheattell and bengemen Johnson in full  
payment, the some of

Lent unto Thomas Dowton the 22 of Desember  
1598 to bye a boocke of Harey Porter called *the 2 pte*  
*of the 2 angrey Wemen of Abington*

Let unto Harey Porter at the request of the com-  
pany in earnest of his booke called *vj mercy women of*  
*abington* the some of forty shellings and for the resayte  
of that money he gave me his faythfull promise that  
I should have alle his bookes which he writte ether  
him selfe or with any other which some was dd the  
28th of february 1598[-9]

Lent unto Harey Cheattell the 4 of March 1598[-9]  
in earneste of his boocke which Harey Porter and he  
is a writtinge the some of—called *the Spencers*

Lent Harey Porter the 11 of Aprell 1599 the some  
of

Lent Hary Porter the 16 of Aprell 1599 the some  
of

Lent Harey Porter the 5 of Maye 1599 the some  
of

Lent Harey Porter the 15 of Maye 1599 the some  
of

<sup>1</sup> *Book* in these entries means play

<sup>2</sup> This entry is struck through, the money having been repaid

Be it knowne unto all men that I Henry Porter do owe  
unto Phillip Henchlowe the some of x<sup>s</sup> of lawfull money of  
England which I did borrowe of hym the 26 of Maye a<sup>o</sup> dom  
1599  
Henry Porter<sup>1</sup>

"The Two Angry Women of Abington" is thus noticed by the late Charles Lamb "The pleasant comedy from which these extracts are taken is contemporary with some of the earliest of Shakespeare's, and is no whit inferior to either the "Comedy of Errors" or the "Taming of the Shrew," for instance It is full of business, humour, and merry malice Its night scenes are peculiarly sprightly and wakeful The versification unencumbered, and rich with compound epithets<sup>2</sup>

A D

---

<sup>1</sup> This entry is in Porter's own handwriting

<sup>2</sup> "Spec of Engl Dram Poets," ii 185, edit 1835



## THE PROLOGUE

GENTLEMEN, I come to ye like one that lacks and would borrow, but was loth to ask, lest he should be denied I would ask, but I would ask to obtain, O, would I knew that manner of asking! To beg were base, and to couch low, and to carry an humble show of entreaty, were too dog-like, that fawns on his master to get a bone from his trencher out, cur! I cannot abide it, to put on the shape and habit of this new world's new-found beggars, mis-termed soldiers,<sup>1</sup> as thus: "Sweet gentlemen, let a poor scholar implore and exorate that you would make him rich in the possession of a mite of your favours, to keep him a true man in wit, and to pay for his lodging among the Muses! so God him help, he is driven to a most low estate! 'tis not unknown what service of words he hath been at, he lost his limbs in a late conflict of flout, a brave repulse and a hot assault it was, he doth protest, as ever he saw, since he knew what the report of a volley of jests were, he shall therefore desire you"—A plague upon it, each beadle disdained would whip him from your company Well, gentlemen, I cannot tell how to get your favours better than by desert. then the worse luck, or the worse wit, or somewhat, for I shall not now deserve it Well, then,<sup>2</sup> I commit myself to my fortunes and your contents, contented to die, if your severe judgments shall judge me to be stung to death with the adder's hiss.

---

<sup>1</sup> [See Hazlitt's "Popular Poetry," iv 38-40]

<sup>2</sup> [Second edit, *Welcome then.*]

## THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS <sup>1</sup>

M[ASTER] GOURSEY.

MIST[RESS] GOURSEY

M[ASTER] BARNES.

MIST[RESS] BARNES

FRANK GOURSEY

PHILIP [BARNES ]

BOY

MALL BARNES

DICK COOMES

HODGE

NICHOLAS PROVERBS

SIR RALPH SMITH

[LADY SMITH ]

WILL, *Sir Ralph's man*

[ *Other Attendants* ]

---

<sup>1</sup> From the second edit    Not in first edit

## THE PLEASANT COMEDY OF THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGTON.

---

*Enter MASTER GOURSEY and his wife, and MASTER  
BARNES and his wife, with their two sons, and  
their two servants*

MASTER GOURSEY Good Master Barnes, this  
entertain of yours,  
So full of courtesy and rich delight,  
Makes me misdoubt my poor ability  
In quittance of this friendly courtesy

MR BAR O Master Goursey, neighbour-amity  
Is such a jewel of high-reckoned worth,  
As for the attain of it what would not I  
Disburse, it is so precious in my thoughts <sup>1</sup>

MR GOUR. Kind sir, near-dwelling amity in-  
deed  
Offers the heart's inquiry better view  
Than love that's seated in a farther soil  
As prospectives,<sup>1</sup> the <sup>2</sup> nearer that they be,

---

<sup>1</sup> Prospects, views, scenes in sight, a meaning of the word which is found in much later writers.

<sup>2</sup> So second edit. First edit *he*

Yield better judgment to the judging eye,  
Things seen far off are lessened in the eye,  
When their true shape is seen being hard by

MR BAR True, sir, 'tis so, and truly I esteem  
Mere<sup>1</sup> amity, familiar neighbourhood,  
The cousin german unto wedded love.

MR GOUR Ay, sir, there's surely some alliance  
'twixt them,  
For they have both the offspring from the heart  
Within the heart's-blood-ocean still are found  
Jewels of amity and gems of love

MR BAR Ay Master Goursey, I have in my time  
Seen many shipwrecks of true honesty,  
But incident such dangers ever are  
To them that without compass sail so far  
Why, what need men to swim, when they may  
wade?—

But leave this talk, enough of this is said  
And, Master Goursey, in good faith, sir, welcome,—  
And, Mistress Goursey, I am much in debt  
Unto your kindness that would visit me

MRS GOUR O Master Barnes, you put me but  
in mind  
Of that which I should say, 'tis we that are  
Indebted to your kindness for this cheer:  
Which debt that we may repay, I pray let's have  
Sometimes your company at our homely house

MRS BAR That, Mistress Goursey, you shall  
surely have,  
He'll<sup>2</sup> be a bold guest, I warrant ye,  
And bolder too with you than I would have him

MRS GOUR How, do you mean he will be  
bold with me?

MRS BAR. Why, he will trouble you at home,  
forsooth,

---

<sup>1</sup> Absolute, perfect, [or rather, perhaps, pure]

<sup>2</sup> Read, for the metre, *He will*.

Often call in, and ask ye how ye do ,  
 And sit and chat with you all day till night,  
 And all night too,<sup>1</sup> if he might have his will

MR BAR Ay, wife, indeed I thank her for her  
 kindness ,  
 She hath made me much good cheer passing that  
 way

MRS BAR Passing well-done of her, she is a  
 kind wench  
 I thank ye, Mistress Goursey, for my husband ,  
 And if it hap your husband come our way  
 A-hunting or such ordinary sports,  
 I'll do as much for yours as you for mine

MR GOUR Pray do, forsooth —God's Lord,  
 what means the woman ?  
 She speaks it scornfully faith, I care not ,  
 Things are well-spoken, if they be well-taken

[*Aside* ]  
 What, Mistress Barnes, is it not time to part ?

MRS BAR What's a-clock, sirrah ?

NICHOLAS 'Tis but new-struck one

MR GOUR I have some business in the town  
 by three

MR BAR Till then let's walk into the orchard,  
 sir

What, can you play at tables ?

MR GOUR Yes, I can

MR BAR What, shall we have a game ?

MR GOUR And if you please

MR BAR I'faith, content , we'll spend an hour  
 so

Sirrah, fetch the tables ?

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit , to

<sup>2</sup> The audience were to suppose that the stage now represented an orchard, for be it remembered that there was no movable painted scenery in the theatres at the time when this play was produced



NICH I will, sir

[*Exit*

PHIL Sirrah Frank, whilst they are playing here,

We'll to the green to bowls

FRAN Philip, content Coomes, come hither, sirrah

When our fathers part, call us upon the green

Philip, come, a rubbers,<sup>1</sup> and so leave

PHIL Come on [*Exeunt PHILIP and FRANCIS*]

COOMES 'Sbloud, I do not like the humour of these spingals, they'll spend all their fathers' good at gaming But let them trowl the bowls upon the green I'll trowl the bowls in the buttery by the leave of God and Master Barnes and his men be good fellows, so it is, if they be not, let them go snick up <sup>2</sup>

[*Exit*

*Enter NICHOLAS with the tables*

MR BAR So, set them down

Mistress Goursey, how do you like this game?

MRS GOUR Well, sir

MR BAR Can ye play at it?

MRS GOUR A little, sir

MR BAR Faith, so can my wife

MR GOUR Why, then, Master Barnes, and if you please,

Our wives shall try the quarrel 'twixt us two,

And we'll look on

MR BAR I am content What, women,<sup>3</sup> will you play?

MRS GOUR I care not greatly

---

<sup>1</sup> Second edit, *rubber*, but the other form is common in our old writers

<sup>2</sup> [So second edit] Equivalent to be hanged

<sup>3</sup> Second edit, *woman*, which is probably right, see two passages farther on, in one of which both editions have *woman*

MRS BAR Nor I, but that I think she'll play  
me false

MR GOUR I'll see she shall not

MRS BAR Nay, sir, she will be sure you shall  
not see,

You, of all men, shall not mark her hand,  
She hath such close conveyance in her play

MR GOUR Is she so cunning grown? Come,  
come, let's see

MRS GOUR Yea, Mistress Baines, will ye not  
house your jests,

But let them roam abroad so carelessly?

Faith, if your jealous tongue utter another,

I'll cross ye with a jest, and ye were my  
mother —

Come, shall we play? [Aside]

MRS BAR Ay, what shall we play a game?

MRS GOUR A pound a game.

MR GOUR How, wife?

MRS GOUR Faith, husband, not a farthing  
less

MR GOUR It is too much, a shilling were good  
game

MRS GOUR No, we'll be ill-huswives once,  
You have been oft ill husbands let's alone

MR BAR Wife, will you play so much?

MRS BAR I would be loth to be so fiak a  
gamester

As Mistress Goursey is, and yet for once

I'll play a pound a game as well as she

MR BAR Go to, you'll have your will

[Offer to go from them]

MRS BAR Come, there's my stake

MRS GOUR And there's mine

MRS BAR Throw for the dice Ill luck! then  
they are yours.

MR BAR Master Goursey, who says that gam-  
ing's bad,

When such good angels<sup>1</sup> walk 'twixt every  
cast?

MR GOUR This is not noble sport, but royal  
play

MR BAR It must be so, where royals<sup>1</sup> walk so  
fast

MRS BAR Play ight, I play

MRS GOUR Why, so I do

MRS BAR Where stands your man?

MRS GOUR In his ight place

MRS BAR Good faith, I think ye play me toul  
an ace

MR BAR No, wife, she plays ye true

MRS BAR Peace, husband, peace, I'll not be  
judg'd by you

MRS GOUR Husband, Master Barnes, play both  
go walk!

We cannot play if standers-by do talk

MR GOUR Well, to your game, we will not  
trouble ye *[Go from them]*

MRS GOUR Where stands your man now?

MRS BAR Doth he not stand ight?

MRS GOUR It stands between the points

MRS BAR And that's my spite

But yet methinks the dice runs much uneven

That I throw but deuce ace and you eleven

MRS GOUR And yet you see that I cast down  
the hill

MRS BAR Ay, I beshrew ye, 'tis not with my  
will

MRS GOUR Do ye beshrew me?

MRS BAR No, I beshrew the dice,

That turn you up more at once than me at twice

MRS GOUR Well, you shall see them turn for  
you anon

---

<sup>1</sup> Gold coins. The words give occasion to innumerable puns in our early dramas

MRS BAR But I care not for them, when your  
game is done  
MRS GOUR My game! what game?  
MRS BAR Your game, your game at tables  
MRS GOUR Well, mistress, well, I have read  
Æsop's fables,  
And know your moral meaning well enough  
MRS BAR Lo, you'll be angry now! here's<sup>1</sup>  
good stuff  
MR GOUR How now, women?<sup>2</sup> who hath won  
the game?  
MRS GOUR Nobody yet  
MR BAR Your wife's the fairest for't  
MRS BAR Ay, in your eye  
MRS GOUR How do you mean?  
MRS BAR He holds you fairer for't than I  
MRS GOUR For what, forsooth?  
MRS BAR Good gamester, for your game  
MR BAR Well, try it out, 'tis all but in the  
bearing<sup>3</sup>  
MRS BAR Nay, if it come to bearing, she'll be  
best  
MRS GOUR Why, you're as good a bearer as  
the rest  
MRS BAR. Nay, that's not so, you bear one  
man too many  
MRS GOUR Better do so than bear not any  
MR BAR Beshrew me, but my wife's jests grow  
too bitter,  
Plainer speeches for her were more fitter<sup>4</sup>  
Malice lies embowelled in her tongue,  
And new hatch'd hate makes every jest a wrong  
[Aside]

<sup>1</sup> Read, for the metre, *here is*

<sup>2</sup> Second edit, *woman* see note, p 272

<sup>3</sup> A term of the game

<sup>4</sup> Edits, *better*,—the eye of the original compositor having caught the word above

MRS GOUR Look ye, mistiess, now I hit ye

MRS BAR Why, ay, you never use to mis-  
blot,<sup>1</sup>

Especially when it stands so farr to hit

MRS GOUR How mean ye, Mistiess Barnes ?

MRS BAR That Mistiess Gounsey's in the hit-  
ting vein

MRS GOUR I hot<sup>2</sup> you man

MRS BAR Ay, ay, my man, my man , but, had  
I known,

I would have had my man stood nearer home

MRS GOUR Why, had ye kept you man in his  
right place,

I should not then have hit him with an ace

MRS BAR Right, by the Loid ! a plague upon  
the bones !

MRS GOUR And a hot mischief on the curse  
too !

MR BAR How now, wife ?

MR GOUR Why, what's the matter, woman ?

MRS GOUR It is no matter , I am——

MRS BAR Ay, you are——

MRS GOUR What am I ?

MRS BAR Why, that's as you will be ever

MRS GOUR That's every day as good as Barnes's  
wife

MRS BAR And better too then, what needs  
all this trouble ?

A single horse is worse than that bears double

MR BAR. Wife, go to, have regard to what you  
say ,

Let not you words pass forth the verge of reason,

But keep within the bounds of modesty ,

For ill-report doth like a bailiff stand,

To pound the straying and the wit-lost tongue,

And makes it forfeit into folly's hands

---

<sup>1</sup> A term of the game

<sup>2</sup> i e , *Hit*

Well, wife, you know it is no honest part  
 To entertain such guests with jests and wrongs  
 What will the neighbouring country vulgar say,  
 When as they hear that you fell out at dinner?<sup>2</sup>  
 Forsooth, they'll call it a pot-quarrel straight,  
 The best they'll name it is a woman's jangling  
 Go to, be rul'd, be rul'd

MRS BAR God's Lord, be rul'd, be rul'd!  
 What, think ye I have such a baby's wit,  
 To have a rod's correction for my tongue?<sup>2</sup>  
 School infancy! I am of age to speak,  
 And I know when to speak shall I be chid  
 For such a——

MRS GOUR What-a? nay, mistress, speak it  
 out,

I scorn your stopp'd compares compare not me  
 To any but your equals, Mistress Baines

MR GOUR Peace, wife, be quiet

MR BAR O, persuade, persuade!  
 Wife, Mistress Goursey, shall I win your thoughts  
 To composition of some kind effects?

Wife, if you love your credit, leave this strife,  
 And come shake hands with Mistress Goursey  
 here

MRS BAR Shall I shake hands? let her go  
 shake her heels,  
 She gets nor hands nor friendship at my hands  
 And so, sir, while I live, I will take heed,  
 What guests I bid again unto my house

MR BAR Impatient woman, will you be so stiff  
 In this absurdness?

MRS BAR I am impatient now I speak,  
 But, sir, I'll tell you more another time.  
 Go to, I will not take it as I have done [Exit

MRS GOUR Nay, she might stay, I will not  
 long be here  
 To trouble her Well, Master Barnes,  
 I am sorry that it was our haps to day,

To have our pleasures parted with this flay  
 I am sorry too for all that is amiss,  
 Especially that you are mov'd in this ,  
 But be not so, 'tis but a woman's jar  
 Their tongues are weapons, words their blows of  
 war ,

'Twas but a while we buffeted, you saw,  
 And each of us was willing to withdraw ,  
 There was no harm nor bloodshed, you did see  
 Tush, fear us not, for we shall well agree  
 I take my leave, sir Come, kind-hearted man,  
 That speaks his wife so fair—ay, now and then ,  
 I know you would not for an hundred pound,  
 That I should hear your voice's churlish sound ,  
 I know you have a far more milder tune  
 Than "Peace, be quiet, wife," but I have done  
 Will ye go home? the door directs the way ,  
 But, if you will not, my duty is to stay <sup>1</sup>

MR BAR Ha, ha! why, here's a right woman, is  
 there not?

They both have din'd, yet see what stomachs they  
 have!

MR GOUR Well, Master Baines, we cannot do  
 withal. <sup>2</sup>

Let us be friends still—

MR BAR O Master Goursey, the mettle of our  
 minds,

Having the temper of true reason in them  
 Affords <sup>3</sup> a better edge of argument  
 For the maintain of our familiar loves  
 Than the soft leaden wit of women can ,  
 Wherefore with all the parts of neighbour-love  
 I [do] impart <sup>4</sup> myself to Master Goursey

---

<sup>1</sup> Here, probably, Mistress Goursey should make her exit

<sup>2</sup> e, We cannot help it

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit, *Afford*

<sup>4</sup> The author probably wrote, "*I do impart*" compare  
 the next line.

MR GOUR And with exchange of love I do  
receive it  
Then here we'll part, partners of two curs'd wives  
MR BAR O, where shall we find a man so  
bless'd that is not ?  
But come, your business and my home-affairs  
Makes me deliver that unfriendly word  
'Mongst friends—farewell  
MR GOUR Twenty farewells, sir  
MR BAR But hark ye, Master Goursey,  
Look ye persuade at home, as I will do  
What, man ! we must not always have them foes  
MR GOUR If I can help it  
MR BAR God help, God help !  
Women are even untoward creatures still [*Exeunt*]

*Enter PHILIP, FRANCIS, and his BOY, from bowling*

PHIL Come on, Frank Goursey you have had  
good luck  
To win the game.  
FRAN Why, tell me, is't not good,  
That never play'd before upon your green ?  
PHIL 'Tis good, but that it cost me ten good  
clowns,  
That makes it worse  
FRAN. Let it not grieve thee, man, come o'er  
to us,  
We will devise some game to make you win  
Your money back again, sweet Philip  
PHIL And that shall be ere long, and if I live  
But tell me, Francis, what good horses have ye,  
To hunt this summer ?  
FRAN Two or three jades, or so  
PHIL Be they but jades ?  
FRAN No, faith, my wag-sting here  
Did founder one the last time that he rid—  
The best grey nag that ever I laid my leg over



BOY You mean the flea-bitten

FRAN. Good sir, the same

BOY And was the same the best that e'er you  
rid on?

FRAN Ay, was it, sir

BOY I' faith, it was not, sir

FRAN No! where had I one so good?

BOY One of my colour, and a better too

FRAN One of your colour? I ne'er remember him  
One of that colour!

BOY Or of that complexion

FRAN What's that ye call complexion in a  
house?

BOY The colour, sir

FRAN Set me a colour on your jest, or I will——

BOY Nay, good sir, hold your hands!

FRAN What, shall we have it?

BOY Why, sir, I cannot paint

FRAN Well, then, I can,  
And I shall find a pencil for ye, sir

BOY Then I must find the table, if you do

FRAN. A whoreson, barren, wicked urchin!

BOY Look how you chafe! you would be angry  
more,  
If I should tell it you

FRAN. Go to, I'll anger ye, and if you do not

BOY. Why, sir, the horse that I do mean  
Hath a leg both straight and clean,  
That hath nor spaven, splint, nor flaw,  
But is the best that ever ye saw;  
A pretty rising knee—O knee!  
It is as round as round may be,  
The full flank makes the buttock round  
This palfrey standeth on no ground,  
When as my master's on her back,  
If that he once do say but, tack<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *tack*]

And if he pick her, you shall see  
Her gallop amain, she is so free,  
And if he give her but a nod,  
She thinks it is a riding-rod,  
And if he'll have her softly go,  
Then she trips it like a doe,  
She comes so easy with the rein,  
A twine-thread turns her back again,  
And truly I did ne'er see yet  
A horse play prouder on the bit  
My master with good managing  
Brought her first unto the ring,<sup>1</sup>  
He likewise taught her to corvet,  
To run, and suddenly to set,  
She's cunning in the wild-goose race,  
Nay, she's apt to every pace,  
And to prove her colour good,  
A flea, enamour'd of her blood,  
Digg'd for channels in her neck,  
And there made many a crimson speck  
I think there's none that use to ride  
But can her pleasant trot abide,  
She goes so even upon the way,  
She will not stumble in a day,  
And when my master——

FRAN What do I?

BOY Nay, nothing, sir

PHIL O, fie, Frank, fie!

Nay, nay, your reason hath no justice now,  
I must needs say, persuade him first to speak,  
Then chide him for it! Tell me, pretty wag,  
Where stands this prancer, in what inn or stable?  
Or hath thy master put her out to run,

---

<sup>1</sup> *ie*, Taught her to tread the ring,—to perform various movements in different directions within a ring marked out on a piece of ground see Markham's "Cheap and Good Husbandry," &c p. 18, sqq edit 1631

Then in what field, what champion,<sup>1</sup> feeds this  
courser,

This well-pac'd, bonny steed that thou so praisest?

BOY Faith, sir, I think——

FRAN Villain, what do ye think?

BOY I think that you, sir, have been ask'd by  
many,

But yet I never heard that ye told any

PHIL Well, boy, then I will add one more to  
many,

And ask thy master where this jennet feeds

Come, Frank, tell me—nay, pythee, tell me, Frank,

My good horse-master, tell me—by this light,

I will not steal her from thee, if I do,

Let me be held a felon to thy love.

FRAN No, Philip, no

PHIL What, wilt thou wear a point<sup>2</sup> but with  
one tag?

Well, Francis, well, I see you are a wag

*Enter COOMES*

COOMES 'Swounds, where be these timber-turners,  
these trowl-the-bowls, these green-men, these——

FRAN What, what, sir?

COOMES These bowlers, sir

FRAN Well, sir, what say you to bowlers?

COOMES Why, I say they cannot be saved

FRAN. Your reason, sir?

COOMES Because they throw away their souls  
at every mark.

FRAN Then souls! how mean ye?

PHIL Sirrah, he means the soul of the bowl

---

<sup>1</sup> [*Campagne*] A form of *campagn* common in our early writers

<sup>2</sup> *i e*, Wilt thou wear, &c *point* means one of the tagged laces which were used in dress to attach the hose or breeches to the doublet, &c

FRAN Lord, how his wit holds bias like a bowl<sup>1</sup>

COOMES Well, which is the bias?

FRAN This next to you

COOMES Nay, turn it this way, then the bowl goes true

BOY Rub, rub!

COOMES Why rub?

BOY Why, you overcast the mark, and miss the way

COOMES Nay, boy, I use to take the fairest of my play

PHIL Dick Coomes, methinks thou art<sup>1</sup> very pleasant.

Where<sup>2</sup> got'st thou this merry humour?

COOMES In your father's cellar, the merriest place in th' house

PHIL Then you have been carousing hard?

COOMES Yes, faith, 'tis our custom, when your father's men and we meet

PHIL Thou art very welcome thither, Dick

COOMES By God, I thank ye, sir, I thank ye, sir by God, I have a quart of wine for ye, sir, in any place of the world. There shall not a servingman in Barkshire fight better for ye than I will do, if you have any quarrel in hand you shall have the maidenhead of my new sword. I paid a quarter's wages for't, by Jesus

PHIL O, this meat-failer Dick!

How well 't has made the apparel of his wit,  
And brought it into fashion of an honour!

Pity thee, Dick Coomes, but tell me how thou dost?

COOMES Faith, sir, like a poor man of service

PHIL Or servingman

COOMES Indeed, so called by the vulgai

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<sup>1</sup> So second edit. First edit, *th' art*

<sup>2</sup> [Old copies read *when*]

PHIL. Why, where the devil hadst thou that word?

COOMES O, sir, you have the most eloquent ale in all the <sup>1</sup> world, our blunt soil affords none such

FRAN Philip, leave talking with this drunken fool Say, surrah, where's my father?

COOMES 'Marry, I thank ye for my very good cheer,—O Lord, it is not so much worth—You see I am bold with ye—Indeed, you are not so bold as welcome, I pray ye, come oft'ner—Truly, I shall trouble ye" All these ceremonies are despatch'd between them, and they are gone

FRAN Are they so?

COOMES. Ay, before God, are they

FRAN And wherefore came not you to call me then?

COOMES Because I was loth to change my game

FRAN What game?

COOMES. You were at one sort of bowls as I was at another

PHIL Surrah, he means the butt'ry bowls of beer

COOMES By God, sir, we tickled it

FRAN Why, what a swearing keeps this drunken ass?

Canst thou not say but swear at every word?

PHIL Peace, do not mar his humour, prythee, Frank

COOMES. Let him alone, he's a springall; he knows not what belongs to an oath.

FRAN Surrah, be quiet, or I do protest—

COOMES Come, come, what do you protest?

FRAN By heaven, to crack your crown

COOMES To crack my crown! I lay ye a crown of that, lay it down, and ye dare, nay, 'sblood, I'll

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *in the*

venture a quarter's wages of that Crack my crown, quotha !

FRAN Will ye not yet be quiet ? will ye urge me ?

COOMES Urge ye, with a pox ! who urges ye ? You might have said so much to a clown, or one that had not been o'er the sea to see fashions I have, I tell ye true, and I know what belongs to a man Crack my crown, and ye can

FRAN And I can, ye rascal !

PHIL Hold, hair-brain, hold ! dost thou not see he's drunk ?

COOMES Nay, let him come though he be my master's son, I am my master's man, and a man is a man in any ground of England Come, and he dares, a comes upon his death I will not budge an inch, no, 'sblood, will I <sup>1</sup> not

FRAN Will ye not ?

PHIL Stay, prythee, Frank. Coomes, dost thou hear ?

COOMES Hear me no hears stand away, I'll trust none of you all If I have my back against a cartwheel I would not care if the devil came

PHIL Why, ye fool, I am your friend

COOMES Fool on your face ! I have a wife

FRAN She's a whore, then

COOMES She's as honest as Nan Lawson

PHIL What's she ?

COOMES One of his whores

PHIL Why, hath he so many ?

COOMES Ay, as many as there be churches in London

PHIL Why, that's a hundied and nine

BOY. Faith, he lies a hundied

PHIL Then thou art a witness to nine

BOY No, by God, I'll be witness to none

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit. Not in first edit

COOMES Now do I stand like the George at  
Colebrook

BOY No, thou stand'st like the Bull at St  
Alban's

COOMES Boy, ye lie—the Hoins <sup>1</sup>

BOY The bull's bitten, see, how he butts <sup>1</sup>

PHIL Coomes, Coomes, put up, <sup>2</sup> my friend and  
thou art friends

COOMES I'll hear him say so first

PHIL Frank, pythee, do, be friends, and tell  
him so

FRAN Go to, I am

BOY Put up, sir, and ye be a man, put up

COOMES I am easily persuaded, boy

PHIL Ah, ye mad slave <sup>1</sup>

COOMES Come, come, a couple of whoremasters  
I found ye, and so I leave ye [Exit

PHIL Lo, Frank, dost thou not see he's drunk.  
That twits thee <sup>3</sup> with thy disposition <sup>2</sup>

FRAN What disposition <sup>2</sup>

PHIL Nan Lawson, Nan Lawson

FRAN Nay, then——

PHIL Go to, ye wag, 'tis well

If ever ye get a wife, I' faith I'll tell

Sirrah, at home we have a servingman,

He is <sup>4</sup> not humour'd bluntly as Coomes is,

Yet his condition <sup>5</sup> makes me often merry

I'll tell thee, sirrah, he's a fine neat fellow,

A spruce slave, I warrant ye, he will <sup>6</sup> have

His cruel garters <sup>7</sup> cross about the knee,

His woollen hose as white as th' driven snow,

<sup>1</sup> [Meaning a tavern of that name]

<sup>2</sup> Sheathe your sword <sup>3</sup> Edits, me

<sup>4</sup> [Old copy, *He's*] Read, for the metre, *He is*

<sup>5</sup> i.e., Quality, disposition

<sup>6</sup> [Old copies, *he'll*] Read, for the metre, *he will*

<sup>7</sup> [Fine worsted]

His shoes dry-leather neat, and tied with red  
ribbons,

A nosegay bound with laces in his hat—

Bridelaces, sir—and his hat all green,<sup>1</sup>

Green coverlet for such a grass-green wit

‘ The goose that grazeth on the green,’ quoth he.

“ May I eat on, when you shall buried be ! ”

All proverbs is his speech, he’s proverbs all

FRAN Why speaks he proverbs ?

PHIL Because he would speak truth,

And proverbs, you’ll confess, are old-said sooth

FRAN I like this well, and one day I will see  
him

But shall we part ?

PHIL Not yet, I’ll bring ye somewhat on your  
way,

And as we go, between your boy and you

I’ll know where that brave pinner stands at  
livery

FRAN Come, come, you shall not

PHIL I’ faith, I will [Exit

*Enter MASTER BARNES and his Wife*

MR BAR Wife, in my mind to-day you were to  
blame,

Although my patience did not blame ye for it

Methought the rules of love and neighbourhood

Did not direct your thoughts, all indiscreet<sup>2</sup>

Were your proceedings in the entertain

Of them that I invited to my house

Nay, stay, I do not chide, but counsel, wife,

And in the mildest manner that I may

You need not view me with a servant’s eye,

Whose vassal<sup>3</sup> senses tremble at the look

Of his displeased master O my wife,

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *his hat, and all green hat*]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copies, *indirect*]      <sup>3</sup> Edits, *assurances*



You are myself ' when self sees fault in self,  
Self is sin-obstinate if self amend not  
Indeed, I saw a fault in thee myself,  
And it hath set a foil upon thy fame,  
Not as the foil doth grace the diamond

MRS BAR What fault, sir, did you see in me to-day?

MR BAR O, do not set the organ of thy voice  
On such a grunting key of discontent '  
Do not deform the beauty of thy tongue  
With such misshapen answers Rough wretched  
words

Are bastards got by rashness in the thoughts  
Foul demeanours are virtue's nuptial babes,  
The offspring of the well-instructed soul,  
O, let them call thee mother, then, my wife '  
So seem not barren of good courtesy

MRS BAR So, have ye done?

MR BAR Ay, and I had done well,  
If you would do what I advise for well

MRS BAR What's that?

MR BAR Which is, that you would be good  
friends

With Mistress Goursey

MRS BAR With Mistress Goursey '

MR BAR Ay, sweet wife

MRS BAR Not so, sweet husband

MR BAR Could you but show me any grounded  
cause.

MRS BAR The grounded cause I ground, be-  
cause I will not

MR BAR Your will hath little reason, then, I  
think

MRS BAR Yes, sir, my reason equalleth my  
will

MR BAR Let's hear your reason, for your will  
is great.

MRS BAR Why, for I will not.

MR BAR Is all your reason "for I will not,"  
wife ?

Now, by my soul, I held ye for more wise,  
Discreet, and of more temp'ature in sense  
Than in a sullen humour to affect  
That woman's<sup>1</sup> will—boine, common, scholai  
Oft have I heard a timely-married gill, [phrase  
That newly left to call her mother mam,  
Her father dad but yesterday come from  
"That's my good girl, God send thee a good hus-  
band !"

And now being taught to speak the name of hus-  
band,

Will, when she would be wanton in her will,  
If her husband ask'd her why, say "for I will"  
Have I chid men for<sup>2</sup> [an] unmanly choice,  
That would not fit their years ? have I seen thee  
Pupil such green young things, and with thy  
counsel

Tutor their wits ? and art thou now infected  
With this disease of imperfection ?

I blush for thee, ashamed at thy shame

MRS BAR A shame on her that makes thee rate  
me so !

MR BAR O black-mouth'd rage, thy breath is  
boisterous,  
And thou mak'st virtue shake at this high storm'  
She is<sup>3</sup> of good report, I know thou know'st it

MRS BAR She is not, nor I know not, but I  
know

That thou dost love her, therefore think'st her so,  
Thou bear'st with her, because she bears with thee  
Thou may'st be ashamed to stand in her defence  
She is a strumpet, and thou art no honest man

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit *women's*

<sup>2</sup> Qv for an ?

<sup>3</sup> [Old copies, *She's*] Read, for the metre, *She is*

To stand in her defence against thy wife  
If I catch her in my walk, now, by Cock's<sup>1</sup> bones,  
I'll scratch out both her eyes

MR BAR O God !

MRS BAR Nay, never say "O God" for the  
matter

Thou art the cause, thou bad'st her to my house  
Only to blear the eyes of Goursey, did'st not ?

But I will send him word, I warrant thee,  
And ere I sleep too, trust upon it, sir [Exit

MR BAR Methinks this is a mighty fault in  
her,

I could be angry with her O, if I be so,

I shall but put a link unto a torch,

And so give greater light to see her fault

I'll rather smother it in melancholy

Nay, wisdom bids me shun that passion,

Then I will study for a remedy

I have a daughter,—now, heaven invoke,

She be not of like spirit as her mother !

If so, she'll be a plague unto her husband,

If that he be not patient and discreet,

For that I hold the ease of all such trouble

Well, well, I would my daughter had a husband,

For I would see how she would demean herself

In that estate, it may be, ill enough,—

And, so God shall help me, well-remembered now !

Frank Goursey is his father's son and heir

A youth that in my heart I have good hope on,

My senses say a match, my soul applauds

The motion O, but his lands are great,

He will look high, why, I will strain myself

To make her dowry equal with his land

Good faith, and 'twere a match, 'twould be a means

To make their mothers friends I'll call my  
daughter,

---

<sup>1</sup> A corruption of *God's*

To see how she's dispos'd to marriage —  
Mall, where are ye ?

*Enter MALL*

MALL Father, here I am

MR BAR Where is your mother ?

MALL I saw her not, forsooth, since you and  
she

Went walking both together to the garden

MR BAR Dost thou hear me, girl ? I must dis-  
pute with thee

MALL Father, the question then must not be  
hard,

For I am very weak in argument

MR BAR Well, this it is, I say 'tis good to  
mairy

MALL And this say I, 'tis not good to marry

MR BAR Were it not good, then all men would  
not marry,

But now they do

MALL Mairy, not all, but it is good to marry

MR BAR Is it both good and bad, how can  
this be ?

MALL Why, it is good to them that marry well  
To them that marry ill, no greater hell

MR BAR If thou might marry well, wouldst  
thou agree ?

MALL I cannot tell, heaven must appoint for  
me

MR BAR Wench, I am studying for thy good  
indeed

MALL My hopes and duty wish your thoughts  
good speed

MR BAR But tell me, wench, hast thou a mind  
to marry ?

MALL This question is too hard for bashfulness,  
And, father, now ye pose my modesty

I am a maid, and when ye ask me thus,  
I, like a maid, must blush, look pale and wan,  
And then look red<sup>1</sup> again, for we change colour,  
As our thoughts change With true-fac'd passion  
Of modest maidenhead I could adoin me,  
And to your question make a sober cour'sey,  
And with close-clipp'd civility be silent,  
Or else say "No, forsooth," or "Ay, forsooth"  
If I said, "No, forsooth," I lied forsooth  
To lie upon myself were deadly sin,  
Therefore I will speak truth and shame the devil  
Father, when first I heard ye name a husband  
At that same very time my spirits quickened  
Despair before had kill'd them, they were dead  
Because it was my hap so long to tarry,  
I was persuaded I should never marry,  
And sitting sewing thus upon the ground,  
I fell in trance of meditation,  
But coming to myself, "O Lord," said I,  
"Shall it be so? must I unmarried die?"  
And, being angry, father, farther, said—  
"Now, by Saint Anne, I will not die a maid!"  
Good faith, before I came to this ripe growth,  
I did accuse the labouring time of sloth,  
Methought the year did run but slow about,  
For I thought each year ten I was without  
Being fourteen and toward the tother year,  
Good Lord, thought I, fifteen will ne'er be here!  
For I have heard my mother say that then  
Pretty maids were fit for handsome men  
Fifteen past, sixteen, and seventeen too,  
What thought I, will not this husband do?  
Will no man marry me? have men forsworn  
Such beauty and such youth? shall youth be worn  
As rich men's gowns, more with age than use?  
Why, then I let restrained fancy loose,

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *pale*]

And bad it gaze for pleasure , then love swore me  
 To do whate'er my mother did befoie me ,  
 Yet, in good faith, I have been vey loth,  
 But now it lies in you to save my oath  
 If I shall have a husband, get him quickly,  
 For maids that wear cork shoes may step awiy

MR BAR Believe me, wench, I do not i<sup>1</sup>prehend<sup>1</sup>  
 thee,

But for this pleasant answer do commend thee  
 I must confess, love doth thee mighty wrong,  
 But I will see thee have thy right eye long ,  
 I know a young man, whom I hold most fit  
 To have thee both for living and for wit  
 I will go write about it presently

MALL Good father, do *[Exit [BARNES]*  
 O God, methinks I should

Wife it as fine as any woman could '  
 I could carry a port to be obeyed,  
 Carry a mastering eye upon my maid,  
 With "Minion, do your business, or I'll make ye '  
 And to all house authority betake me  
 O God ! would I were married ! by my troth,  
 But if I be not I swear I'll keep my oath

*Enter MRS BARNES*

MRS BAR How now, minion, where have you  
 been gadding ?

MALL Forsooth, my father called me foith to  
 him

MRS BAR Your father ! and what said he to  
 ye I pray ?

MALL Nothing, forsooth

MRS BAR Nothing ! that cannot be ; something  
 he said

---

<sup>1</sup> Edits, *apprehend*, but certainly Mall had spoken with sufficient plainness.

MALL Ay, something that as good as nothing was.

MRS BAR. Come, let me hear that something-nothing, then.

MALL Nothing but of a husband for me, mother

MRS BAR A husband<sup>1</sup> that was something, but what husband?

MALL Nay, faith, I know not, mother would I did<sup>1</sup>

MRS BAR Ay, "would ye did<sup>1</sup>" i' faith, are ye so hasty?

MALL Hasty, mother<sup>1</sup> why, how old am I?

MRS BAR Too young to marry

MALL Nay, by the mass, ye lie

Mother, how old were you when you did marry?

MRS BAR How old soe'er I was, yet you shall tarry

MALL Then the worse for me Hark, mother, hark<sup>1</sup>

The priest forgets that e'er he was a clerk

When you were at my years, I'll hold my life,

Your mind was to change maidenhead for wife

Pardon me, mother, I am of your mind,

And, by my troth, I take it but by kind<sup>1</sup>

MRS BAR Do ye hear, daughter? you shall stay my leisure

MALL Do you hear, mother? would you stay from pleasure,

When ye have mind to it? Go to, there's no wrong

Like this, to let maids lie alone so long

Lying alone they muse but in their beds,

How they might lose their long-kept maiden-heads

This is the cause there is so many scapes,

For women that are wise will not lead apes

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e., Nature

In hell I tell ye, mother, I say true ,  
Therefore come husband. maidenhead adieu !

[*Exit*

MRS BAR Well, lusty guts, I mean to make ye  
stay,  
And set some rubs in your mind's smoothest  
way<sup>1</sup>

*Enter* PHILIP

PHIL Mother——

MRS BAR How now, sirrah, where have you  
been walking?

PHIL Over the meads, half-way to Milton,  
mother,

To bear my friend, Frank Goursey, company

MRS BAR Where's your blue coat,<sup>2</sup> your sword  
and buckle, sir?

Get you such like habit for a serving-man,  
If you will wait upon the brat of Goursey

PHIL Mother, that you are mov'd, this makes  
me wonder,

When I departed, I did leave ye friends

What undigested jar hath since betided?

MRS BAR Such as almost doth choke thy  
mother, boy,

And stifles her with the conceit of it,

I am abus'd, my son, by Goursey's wife

PHIL By Mistress Goursey

MRS BAR Mistress Flirt—yea,<sup>3</sup> foul strumpet,

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *may*

<sup>2</sup> The common dress of a serving man.

<sup>3</sup> Edits *you*, which, perhaps, is the right reading, some  
word having dropp'd out after it Qy thus—

“ MRS BAR Mistressse flirt, you *mean*,  
Foule strumpet, light a loue, short heeles’ Mistressse Goursey  
Call her,” &c

—*Dyce* [But *yea* seems to be the more likely word ]



Light-a-love, short-heels ! Mistress Goursey  
Call her again, and thou wert better no.

PHIL O my dear mother, have some patience !

MRS BAR Ay, sir, have patience, and see your  
father

To rifle up the treasure of my love,  
And play the spendthrift upon such an harlot !  
This same will make me have patience, will it not ?

PHIL This same is women's most impatience  
Yet, mother, I have often heard ye say,  
That you have found my father temperate,  
And ever free from such affections

MRS BAR Ay, till <sup>1</sup> my too much love did glut  
his thoughts,  
And make him seek for change

PHIL O, change your mind !  
My father bears more cordial love to you

MRS BAR Thou liest, thou liest, for he loves  
Goursey's wife,  
Not me

PHIL Now I swear, mother, you are much to  
blame,  
I durst be sworn he loves you as his soul

MRS BAR Wilt thou be pampered by affection ?  
Will nature teach thee such vild <sup>2</sup> perjury ?  
Wilt thou be sworn, ay, forsworn, <sup>3</sup> careless boy ?  
And if thou swear't, I say he loves me not

PHIL [Mother] he loves <sup>4</sup> ye but too well, I swear  
Unless ye knew much better how to use him

MRS BAR Doth he so, sir ? thou unnatural boy !  
"Too well," sayest thou ? that word shall cost thee <sup>5</sup>  
somewhat

O monstrous ! have I brought thee up to this ?  
"Too well !" O unkind, wicked, and degenerate,

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *tell* <sup>2</sup> *ze*, Vile

<sup>3</sup> Edits, *forlorn* <sup>4</sup> *Qv*, *Mother, he loves* ?

<sup>5</sup> So second edit First edit, *the*

Hast thou the heart to say so of thy mother ?  
 Well God will plague thee for't, I warrant thee  
 Out on thee, villain ! fie upon thee, wretch !  
 Out of my sight, out of my sight, I say !

PHIL This air is pleasant, and doth please me  
 well,  
 And here I will stay

MRS BAR Wilt thou, stubborn villain ?

*Enter MR BARNES*

MR BAR How now, what's the matter ?

MRS BAR Thou sett'st thy son to scoff and mock  
 at me

Is't not sufficient I am wrong'd of thee,

But he must be an agent to abuse me ?

Must I be subject to my cradle too ?

O God, O God, amend it ! [Exit

MR BAR Why, how now, Philip ? is this true  
 my son ?

PHIL Dear father, she is much impatient  
 Neither let that hand assist me in my need,  
 If I more said than that she thought amiss  
 To think that you were so licentious given,  
 And thus much more, when she infer'd it more  
 I swore an oath you lov'd her but too well  
 In that as guilty I do hold myself

Now that I come to more considerate trial,  
 I know my fault I should have borne with her  
 Blame me for rashness, then, not for want of duty

MR BAR I do absolve thee, and come hither.  
 Philip

I have writ a letter unto Master Goursey,  
 And I will tell thee the contents thereof,  
 But tell me first, think'st thou Frank Goursey  
 loves thee ?

PHIL. If that a man devoted to a man,  
 Loyal, religious in love's hallowed vows—

If that a man that is sole laboursome  
 To work his own thoughts to his friend's delight,  
 May purchase good opinion with his friend,  
 Then I may say, I have done this so well,  
 That I may think Frank Gousey loves me well

MR BAR 'Tis well, and I am much deceived in  
 him,

And if he be not sober, wise, and valiant

PHIL I hope my father takes me for thus wise,  
 I will not glue myself in love to one  
 That hath not some desert of virtue in him  
 Whate'er you think of him believe me, father  
 He will be answerable to your thoughts  
 In any quality commendable

MR BAR Thou cheer'st my hopes in him, and,  
 in good faith,

Thou'st<sup>1</sup> made my love complete unto thy friend  
 Philip, I love him, and I love him so,  
 I could afford him a good wife, I know

PHIL. Father, a wife !

MR BAR Philip, a wife

PHIL I lay my life—my sister !

MR BAR Ay, in good faith

PHIL Then, father, he shall have her, he shall,  
 I swear

MR BAR How canst thou say so, knowing not  
 his mind ?

PHIL All's one for that, I will go to him  
 straight

Father, if you would seek this seven-years'-day,  
 You could not find a fitter match for her,  
 And he shall have her, I swear he shall,  
 He were as good be hanged, as once deny<sup>2</sup> her  
 I' faith, I'll to him

MR BAR Hairbrain, hairbrain, stay !  
 As yet we do not know his father's mind .

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *Thaust*

<sup>2</sup> *ie*, Refuse

Why, what will Master Goursey say, my son,  
 If we should motion it without his knowledge?  
 Go to, he's a wise and discreet gentleman,  
 And that expects from me all honest parts,  
 Nor shall he fail his expectation,  
 First I do mean to make him privy to it  
 Philip, this letter is to that effect

PHIL Father, for God's<sup>1</sup> sake, send it quickly,  
 then  
 I'll call your man What, Hugh! where's Hugh,  
 there, ho?

MR BAR Philip, if this would prove a match,  
 It were the only means that could be found  
 To make thy mother friends with Mistress  
 Goursey

PHIL How, a match! I'll warrant ye a match  
 My sister's fair, Frank Goursey he is rich,  
 Her<sup>2</sup> dowry, too, will be sufficient,  
 Frank's young,<sup>3</sup> and youth is apt to love  
 And, by my troth, my sister's maidenhead  
 Stands like a game at tennis if the ball  
 Hit into the hole, or hazard, farewell all

MR BAR How now, where's Hugh?

[Enter NICHOLAS]

PHIL Why, what doth this proverbial with us?  
 Why, where's Hugh?

MR BAR Peace, peace

PHIL Where's Hugh, I say?

MR BAR Be not so hasty, Philip

PHIL Father, let me alone,  
 I do it but to make myself some sport

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *Gads*

<sup>2</sup> Edits, *His*

<sup>3</sup> Qy, *Frank* he is *young*? Compare the preceding line  
 but one

This formal fool, your man, speaks nought but  
 proverbs,  
 And speak men what they can to him, he'll answer  
 With some rhyme-rotten sentence or old saying,  
 Such spokes as th' ancient of the parish use,  
 With, "Neighbour, 'tis an old proverb and a  
 true,  
 Goose giblets are good meat, old sack better than  
 new,"

Then says another, "Neighbour, that is true,"  
 And when each man hath drunk his gallon  
 round—

A penny pot, for that's the old man's gallon—  
 Then doth he lick his lips, and stroke his beard,  
 That's glued together with his slavering drops  
 Of yeasty ale, and when he scarce can tirm  
 His gouty fingers, thus he'll phillip it,  
 And with a rotten hem, say, "Ay, my hearts,  
 Merry go sorry! cock and pie, my hearts!"  
 But then their saving penny proverb comes,  
 And that is this, "They that will to the wine,  
 By'r Lady<sup>1</sup> mistress, shall lay their penny to  
 mine"

This was one of this penny-father's<sup>2</sup> bastards,  
 For, on my life, he was never<sup>3</sup> begot  
 Without the consent of some great proverb-  
 monger

MR BAR O, ye are a wag

PHIL Well, now unto my business  
 'Swords, will that mouth, that's made of old-said  
 saws

And nothing else, say nothing to us now?

NICH O Master Philip, forbear, you must not  
 leap over the stile, before you come at it, haste  
 makes waste, soft fire makes sweet malt, not too

<sup>1</sup> i e, By our lady

<sup>2</sup> i e, Miserly persons

<sup>3</sup> The author probably wrote *never was*

fast for falling, there's no haste to hang true men<sup>1</sup>

PHIL Father, we ha't, ye see, we ha't Now will I see if my memory will seive for some proverbs too O—a painted cloth were as well worth a shilling as a thief worth a halter, well, after my hearty commendations, as I was at the making hereof, so it is, that I hope as you speed, so you're sure, a swift horse will tire. but he that trots easily will endure You have most learnedly proverb'd it, commending the virtue of patience or forbearance, but yet, you know, forbearance is no quittance

NICH I promise ye, Master Philip, you have spoken as true as steel

PHIL Father, there's a proverb well applied

NICH And it seemeth unto me, ay, it seems to me, that you, Master Philip, mock me do you not know, *qui vocat vocabitur*? mock age, and see how it will prosper

PHIL Why, ye whoreson proverb-book bound up in folio,

Have ye no other sense to answer me

But every word a proverb? no other English?

Well, I'll fulfil a proverb on thee straight

NICH What is it, sir?

PHIL I'll fetch my fist from thine ear

NICH Bear witness, he threatens me!

PHIL That same is the coward's common proverb.

But come, come, sirrah, tell me where Hugh is

NICH I may, and I will, I need not, except I list, you shall not command me, you give me neither meat, drink, nor wages, I am your father's man, and a man's a man, and a have but a hose on his head, do not misuse me so, do not,

---

<sup>1</sup> i e, Honest men

for though he that is bound must obey, yet he that will not tarry, may<sup>1</sup> run away—so he may

MR BAR Peace, Nick, I'll see he shall use thee well,

Go to, peace, sirrah here, Nick, take this letter, Carry it to him to whom it is directed

NICH To whom is it?

MR BAR Why, read it canst thou read?

NICH Forsooth, though none of the best, yet meanly

MR BAR Why, dost thou not use it?

NICH Forsooth, as use makes perfectness, so seldom seen is soon forgotten

MR BAR Well-said. but go, it is to Master Gounsey

PHIL Now, sir, what proverb have ye to deliver a letter?

NICH What need you to care? who speaks to you? you may speak when ye are spoken to, and keep your wind to cool your pottage Well, well, you are my master's son, and you look for his land, but they that hope for dead men's shoes may hap go barefoot take heed, as soon goes the young sheep to the pot as the old I pray God save my master's life, for seldom comes the better!

PHIL O, he hath given it me! Farewell, Proverbs

NICH Farewell, frost<sup>2</sup>

PHIL Shall I fling an old shoe after ye?

NICH No, you should say, God send fair weather after me!

PHIL I mean for good luck

NICH A good luck on ye! [*Exit*]

MR BAR Alas, poor fool! he uses all his wit

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit. First edit, *ma*

<sup>2</sup> [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 128]

Philp, in faith<sup>1</sup> this muth hath cheered thought,  
 And cosen'd it of his right play of passion  
 Go after Nick, and, when thou think'st he's there,  
 Go in and urge to that which I have writ  
 I'll in these meadows make a cueling walk,  
 And in my meditation conjure so,  
 As that same<sup>2</sup> fiend of thought, self-eating angel,  
 Shall by my spells of reason<sup>3</sup> vanish quite  
 Away, and let me hear from thee to-night

PHIL To-night<sup>1</sup> yes, that you shall but hark  
 ye, father,

Look that you my sister waking keep,  
 For Frank, I swear, shall kiss her, ere I sleep  
[*Exeunt*

*Enter FRANK and BOY*

FRAN I am very dry with walking o'er the  
 green —

Butler, some beer<sup>1</sup> Sirrah, call the butler

BOY Nay, faith, sir, we must have some smith  
 to give the butler a drench, or cut him in the fore-  
 head, for he hath got a horse's disease, namely the  
 staggers, to-night he's a good huswife, he reels all  
 that he wrought to-day, and he were good now to  
 play at dice, for he casts<sup>4</sup> excellent well

FRAN How mean'st thou? is he drunk?

BOY I cannot tell, but I am sure he hath more  
 liquor in him than a whole dicker of hides, he's  
 soak'd throughly, i' faith

FRAN Well, go and call him, bid him bring  
 me drunk

BOY I will, sir. [*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *faith in*

<sup>2</sup> Edits, *some*

<sup>3</sup> Edits, *treason*

<sup>4</sup> *ie*, Vomits a common pun in old dramas



FRAN My mother pouts, and will look merrily  
 Neither upon my father nor on me  
 He says she fell out with Mistress Barnes to-day,  
 Then I am sure they'll not be quickly friends  
 Good Lord, what kind of creatures women are!  
 Their love is lightly<sup>1</sup> won and lightly lost,  
 And then their hate is deadly and extreme  
 He that doth take a wife betakes himself  
 To all the cares and troubles of the world  
 Now her disquietness doth grieve my father  
 Grieves me and troubles all the house besides  
 What, shall I have some drink? [*Horn sounded  
 within*—How now? a horn!  
 Belike the drunken knave is fall'n asleep,  
 And now the boy doth wake him with his horn

*Enter BOY*

How now, sirrah, where's the butler?

BOY Marry, sir, where he was even now, asleep,  
 but I wak'd him, and when he wak'd he thought  
 he was in Master Barnes's buttery, for he stretch'd  
 himself thus, and yawning, said, "Nick, honest  
 Nick, fill a fresh bowl of ale, stand to it, Nick,  
 and thou beest a man of God's making, stand to  
 it," and then I winded my horn, and he's horn-  
 mad

*Enter HODGE*

HOD Boy, hey! ho, boy! and thou beest a  
 man, draw—O, here's a blessed moonshine, God  
 be thanked!—Boy, is not this goodly weather for  
 barley?

BOY Spoken like a right malster, Hodge but  
 dost thou hear? thou art not drunk?

HOD No, I scorn that, I' faith

BOY<sup>1</sup> But thy fellow Dick Coomes is mightily drunk

HOD.<sup>2</sup> Drunk ! a plague on it, when a man cannot carry his drink well ! 'sblood, I'll stand to it

BOY Hold, man, see, and thou canst stand first

HOD Drunk ! he's a beast, and he be drunk, there's no man that is a sober man will be drunk, he's a boy, and he be drunk

BOY No, he's a man as thou art

HOD Thus 'tis, when a man will not be ruled by his friends I bad him keep under the lee, but he kept down the weather two bows, I told him he would be taken with a planet, but the wisest of us all may fall

BOY True, Hodge *[Boy trips him]*

HOD Whoop ! lend me thy hand, Dick, I am fall'n into a well, lend me thy hand, I shall be drowned else

BOY Hold fast by the bucket, Hodge

HOD A rope on it !

BOY Ay, there is a rope on it, but where art thou, Hodge ?

HOD In a well, I prythee, draw up

BOY Come, give up thy body, wind up, hoist

HOD I am over head and ears

BOY In all, Hodge, in all

FRAN How loathsome is this beast-man's shape to me,

This mould of reason so unreasonable !—

SURAH, why dost thou trip him down, seeing he's drunk ?

BOY Because, sir, I would have drunkards cheap<sup>2</sup>

FRAN How mean ye ?

<sup>1</sup> Edits, *But*

<sup>2</sup> So second edit, First edit, *cehape*

BOY. Why, they say that, when anything hath a fall, it is cheap, and so of drunkards

FRAN Go to, help him up [*Knocking without*]  
but, hark, who knocks?

[*BOY goes to the door, and returns*]

BOY Sir, here's one of Master Barnes's men with a letter to my old master

FRAN Which of them is it?

BOY They call him Nicholas, sir

FRAN Go, call him in [*Exit BOY*]

*Enter COOMES*

COOMES By your leave, ho! How now, young master, how is't?

FRAN Look ye, sirrah, where your fellow lies. He's<sup>1</sup> in a fine taking, is he not?

COOMES Whoop, Hodge! where art thou, man where art thou?

HOD O, in a well

COOMES In a well, man! nay, then, thou art deep in understanding

FRAN Ay once to-day you were almost so, sir

COOMES Who, I! go to, young master, I do not like this humour in ye, I tell ye true, give every man his due, and give him no more say I was in such a case! go to, 'tis the greatest indignation that can be offered to a man, and, but a man's more godlier given, you were able to make him swear out his heart-blood. What, though that honest Hodge have cut his finger here, or, as some say, cut a feather what, though he be mump, misled, blind, or as it were—'tis no consequent to me you know I have drunk all the ale-houses in Abington dry, and laid the taps on the tables, when I had done 'sblood, I'll challenge all

---

<sup>1</sup> Read, for the metre, *He is*

the true job-pots in Europe to leap up to the chin in a barrel of beer, and if I cannot drink it down to my foot, ere I leave, and then set the tap in the midst of the house, and then turn a good turn on the toe on it, let me be counted nobody, a pinger,<sup>1</sup>—nay, let me be<sup>2</sup> bound to drink nothing but small-beer seven years after—and I had as lief be hanged

*Enter* NICHOLAS

FRAN Peace, sir, I must speak with one — Nicholas, I think, your name is

NICH True as the skin between your brows

FRAN Well, how doth thy master?

NICH Forsooth, live, and the best doth no better

FRAN Where is the letter he hath sent me?

NICH *Ecce signum*! here it is

FRAN 'Tis right as Philip said, 'tis a fine fool

[*Aside*] —

This letter is directed to my father,  
I'll carry it to him Dick Coomes, make him  
drunk [Exit

COOMES Ay, I'll make him drunk,<sup>3</sup> and he will

<sup>1</sup> Equivalent to—poor, contemptible fellow but I must leave the reader to determine the exact meaning of this term of reproach As *pingle* signifies a small croft, Naes (citing a passage from Lyly's "Euphues") says that *pinger* is "probably a labouring horse, kept by a farmer in his homestead" "Gloss" in v—In Brockett's "Gloss of North Country Words" is "*Pingle*, to work assiduously but inefficiently,—to labour until you are almost blind" In Forby's "Vocab of East Anglia" we find, "*Pingle* to pick one's food, to eat squeamishly" and in Mool's "Suffolk Words" is a similar explanation See also Jamieson's "Et Dict of Scott Lang"

<sup>2</sup> So second edit Not in first edit

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit, *drinke*

NICH Not so, Richard, it is good to be merry and wise

DICK<sup>1</sup> [COOMES] Well, Nicholas, as thou art Nicholas, welcome, but as thou art Nicholas and a boon companion, ten times welcome. Nicholas, give me thy hand: shall we be merry? and we shall, say but we shall, and let the first word stand

NICH Indeed, as long lives the merry man as the sad, an ounce of debt will not pay a pound of care

COOMES Nay, a pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt

NICH Well, 'tis a good house never stumbles but who lies here?

COOMES 'Tis our Hodge, and I think he lies asleep: you made him drunk at your house to-day, but I'll pepper some of you for't

NICH Ay, Richard, I know you'll put a man over the shoes, and if you can, but he's a fool will take more than will do him good

COOMES 'Sblood, ye shall take more than will do ye good, or I'll make ye clap under the table

NICH Nay, I hope, as I have temperance to forbear drink, so have I patience to endure drink: I'll do as company doth, for when a man doth to Rome come, he must do as there is done<sup>2</sup>

COOMES Ha, my resolved Nick, frohigozene! Fill the pot, hostess, swouns, you whore! Harry Hook's a rascal: Help me, but carry my fellow Hodge in, and we'll c'rouse<sup>3</sup> it, i' faith [Exeunt

<sup>1</sup> So second edit. First edit, *Nich*

<sup>2</sup> [This is probably intended to run into verse—

"For when a man doth to Rome come,  
He must do as there is done"]

<sup>3</sup> [Old copies, *crush*]

*Enter PHILIP*

PHIL By this, I think, the letter is delivered,  
And 'twill be shortly time that I step in,  
And woo their favours for my sister's fortune  
And yet I need not, she may do as well,  
But yet not better, as the case doth stand,  
Between our mothers, it may make them friends  
Nay, I would swear that she would do as well,  
Were she a stranger to one quality,  
But they are so acquainted, they'll ne'er part  
Why, she will flout the devil, and make blush  
The boldest face of man that e'er man saw,  
He that hath best opinion of his wit,  
And hath his brainpan fraught with bitter jests,  
Of his own, or stol'n, or howsoever,  
Let him stand ne'er so high in his own conceit,  
Her wits a sun that melts him down like butter,  
And makes him sit at table pancake-wise,  
Flat, flat, God knows, and ne'er a word to say,  
Yet she'll not leave him then, but like a tyrant  
She'll persecute the poor wit-beaten man,  
And so bebang him with dry bobs and scoffs,  
When he is down, most coward-like, good faith,  
As I have pitied the poor patient  
There came a farmer's son a-wooing to her,  
A proper man well-landed too he was,  
A man that for his wit need not to ask  
What time a year 'twere good to sow his oats,  
Nor yet his barley, no, nor when to reap,  
To plough his fallows, or to fell his trees,  
Well-experienc'd thus each kind of way,  
After a two months' labour at the most—  
And yet 'twas well he held it out so long—  
He left his love, she had so lac'd his lips  
He could say nothing to her but "God be with  
ye!"  
Why she, when men have din'd and call for cheese,

Will straight maintain jests bitter to digest,<sup>1</sup>  
 And then some one will fall to argument,  
 Who if he over-master her with reason,  
 Then she'll begin to buffet him with mocks  
 Well, I do doubt Francis hath so much spleen,  
 They'll ne'er agree, but I will moderate  
 By this time it is time, I think, to enter  
 This is the house, shall I knock? no, I will not,  
 [Nor] wait, while one comes out to answer [me]<sup>2</sup>  
 I'll in, and let them be as bold with us [Exit

*Enter MASTER GOURSEY, reading a letter*

MR GOUR *If that they like, her dowry shall be equal*

*To your son's wealth or possibility  
 It is a means to make our wives good friends,  
 And to continue friendship 'twixt us two  
 'Tis so, indeed I like this motion,  
 And it hath my consent, because my wife  
 Is sore infected and heart-sick with hate,  
 And I have sought the Galen of advice,  
 Which only tells me this same potion  
 To be most sovereign for her sickness' cure*

*Enter FRANK and PHILIP*

Here comes my son, conferring with his friend —  
 Francis, how do you like your friend's discourse?<sup>1</sup>  
 I know he is persuading to this motion.

FRAN Father, as matter that befits a friend,  
 But yet not me, that am too young to marry

MR GOUR Nay, if thy mind be forward with  
 thy years,  
 The time is lost thou tallest Trust me, boy,

---

<sup>1</sup> A form of *digest*, common in our early writers.

<sup>2</sup> [This emendation was suggested by Dyce]

This match is answerable to thy birth,  
Her blood and portion give each other grace,  
These indented lines promise a sum,  
And I do like the value, if it hap  
Thy liking to accord to my consent,  
It is a match Wilt thou go see the maid?

FRAN Ne'er trust me, father, the shackles<sup>1</sup> of  
marriage,

Which I do see in others, seem so severe,  
I dare not put my youngling liberty  
Under the awe of that instruction,  
And yet I grant the limits of free youth  
Going astray are often restrain'd by that  
But mistress wedlock, to my scholar-thoughts,  
Will be too curs'd, I fear O, should she snip  
My pleasure-aiming mind, I shall be sad,  
And swear, when I did marry, I was mad!

MR GOUR But, boy, let my experience teach  
thee this—

Yet, in good faith, thou speak'st not much  
amiss—

When first thy mother's fame to me did come,  
Thy grandsire thus then came to me his son,  
And even my words to thee to me he said,  
And as to me thou say'st to him I said,  
But in a greater huff and hotter blood,—  
I tell ye, on youth's tip-toes then I stood  
Says he (good faith, this was his very say),  
“When I was young, I was but reason's fool,  
And went to wedding as to wisdom's school  
It taught me much, and much I did forget,  
But, beaten much, by it I got some wit,  
Though I was shackled from an often scout,  
Yet I would wanton it, when I was out,  
'Twas comfort old acquaintance then to meet,  
Restrained liberty attain'd is sweet”

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *shape*]



Thus said my father to thy father,<sup>1</sup> son,  
And thou mayst do this too, as I have done

PHIL In faith, good counsel, Frank what  
say'st thou to it?

FRAN Philip, what should I say?

PHIL Why, either ay or no

FRAN O, but which rather?

PHIL Why, that which was persuaded by thy  
father

FRAN That's ay then? Ay O, should it fall  
out ill,

Then I, for I am guilty of that ill!—

I'll not be guilty No

PHIL What, backward gone!

FRAN Philip, no whit backward, that is, on

PHIL On, then

FRAN O, stay!

PHIL Tush, there is no good luck in this de-  
lay

Come, come, late-comers, man, are shent

FRAN Heigho, I fear I shall repent!

Well, which way, Philip?<sup>2</sup>

PHIL Why, this way

FRAN.

Canst thou tell,

And takest upon thee to be my guide to hell?—

But which way, father?

MR GOUR

That way.

FRAN Ay, you know,

You found the way to sorrow long ago

Father, God be wi' ye<sup>4</sup> you have sent your son

To seek on earth an earthly day of doom,

Where I shall be adjudged, alack the ruth,

To penance for the follies of my youth!

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *fathers*

<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit, *than*

<sup>3</sup> Edits, *Frankie*

<sup>4</sup> [Old copies, *boye yee*]

Well, I must go, but, by my troth, my mind  
 Is not capable to love [in]<sup>1</sup> that kind  
 O, I have look'd upon this mould of men,  
 As I have done upon a lion's den !  
 Praised I have the gallant beast I saw,  
 Yet wish'd me no acquaintance with his paw  
 And must I now be grated with them ? well.  
 Yet I may hap to prove a Daniel,  
 And, if I do, sure it would make me laugh,  
 To be among wild beasts and yet be safe  
 Is there a remedy to abate their rage ?  
 Yes, many catch them, and put them in a cage  
 Ay, but how catch them ? marry, in your hand  
 Carry me forth a burning firebrand,  
 For with his sparkling shine, old rumour says,  
 A firebrand the swiftest runner fays  
 This I may do, but, if it prove not so,  
 Then man goes out to seek his adjunct woo  
 Philip, away ! and, father, now adieu !  
 In quest of sorrow I am sent by you

MR GOUR Return, the messenger of joy, my  
 son.

FRAN Seldom in this world such a work is  
 done

PHIL Nay, nay, make haste, it will be quickly  
 night

FRAN Why, is it not good to woo by candle-  
 light ?

PHIL But, if we make not haste, they'll be a-  
 bed

FRAN. The better, candles out and curtains  
 spread [Exeunt FRANCIS and PHILIP]

MR GOUR. I know, though that my son's years  
 be not many,

Yet he hath wit to woo as well as any  
 Here comes my wife I am glad my boy is gone

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *love capable to*]

*Enter* MISTRESS GOURSEY

Eie she came hither. How now, wife<sup>1</sup> how is't?  
What, are ye yet in charity and love  
With Mistiess Barnes?

MRS GOUR With Mistiess Barnes<sup>1</sup> why Mistiess<sup>1</sup> Barnes, I pray?

MR GOUR Because she is your neighbour  
and——

MRS GOUR And what?  
And a jealous, slandering, spiteful quean she is,  
One that would blur my reputation  
With her opprobrious malice, if she could,  
She wrongs her husband, to abuse my fame  
'Tis known that I have lived in honest name  
All my lifetime, and been your right true wife.

MR GOUR I entertain no other thought, my  
wife,  
And my opinion's sound of your behaviour

MRS GOUR And my behaviour is as sound as it,  
But her ill-speeches seeks to rot my credit,  
And eat it with the worm of hate and malice

MR GOUR Why, then, preserve it you by  
patience

MRS GOUR By patience<sup>1</sup> would ye have me  
shame myself,  
And cosen myself to bear her injuries?  
Not while her eyes be open, will I yield  
A word, a letter, a syllable's value  
But equal and make even her wrongs to me  
To her again

MR GOUR Then, in good faith, wife, ye are  
more to blame

MRS GOUR Am I to blame, sir<sup>2</sup> pray, what  
letter's this? [*Snatches the letter*]

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *Maister*

- MR GOUR. There is a dearth of manners in ye,  
wife,  
Rudely to snatch it from me Give it me  
MRS GOUR You shall not have it, sir, till I  
have read it  
MR GOUR Give me it, then, and I will read it  
to you  
MRS GOUR No, no, it shall not need I am a  
scholar  
Good enough to read a letter, sir  
MR GOUR God's passion, if she know but the  
contents,  
She'll seek to cross this match ! she shall not read  
it [Aside]  
Wife, give it me , come, come, give it me  
MRS GOUR Husband, in very deed, you shall  
not have it  
MR GOUR. What, will you move me to im-  
patience, then ?  
MRS GOUR Tut, tell not me of your impatience ,  
But since you talk, sir, of impatience,  
You shall not have the letter, by this light,  
Till I have read it , soul, I'll burn it first !  
MR GOUR Go to, ye move me, wife , give me  
the letter ,  
In troth, I shall grow angry, if you do not.  
MRS GOUR Grow to the house-top with your  
anger, sir !  
Ne'er tell me, I care not thus much for it  
MR GOUR Well, I can bear enough, but not too  
much  
Come, give it me , 'twere best you be persuaded ,  
By God—ye makemeswear—now Godforgiveme !—  
Give me, I say, and stand not long upon it ,  
Go to, I am angry at the heart, my very heart  
MRS GOUR Heart me no hearts ! you shall not  
have it, sir,  
No, you shall not , ne'er look so big,

I will not be afraid at your great looks ,  
 You shall not have it, no, you shall not have it

MR GOUR Shall I not have it ? in troth, I'll try  
 that

Minion, I'll ha' 't , shall I not ha' 't ?—I am loth—  
 Go to, take pausement, be advis'd—

In faith, I will , and stand not long upon it—

A woman of your years ! I am asham'd

A couple of so long continuance

Should thus—God's foot—I cry God heart'ly  
 mercy !—

Go to, ye vex me , and I'll vex ye for it ,

Before I leave ye, I will make ye glad

To tender it on your knees , hear ye, I will, I will

What, worse and worse stomach ! true faith,

Shall I be cross'd by you in my old age ?

And where I should have greatest comfort, too,

A nurse of you ?—nurse in the devil's name !—

Go to, mistress , by God's precious deer,

If ye delay—

MRS GOUR Lord, Lord, why, in what a fit

Are you in, husband ! so enrag'd, so mov'd,

And for so slight a cause, to read a letter !

Did this letter, love, contain my death,

Should you deny my sight of it, I would not

Nor see my sorrow nor eschew my danger,

But willingly yield me a patient

Unto the doom that your displeasure gave

Here is the letter , not for that your incensement

[Gives back the letter]

Makes me make offer of it, but your health,

Which anger, I do fear, hath craz'd,<sup>1</sup>

And viper-like hath suck'd away the blood

That wont was to be cheerful in this cheek .

How pale ye look !

---

<sup>1</sup> Some word most probably has dropped out from the line  
 [Perhaps *not* ]

MR GOUR Pale ! Can ye blame me for it ? I  
 tell you true,  
 An easy matter could not thus have moved me  
 Well, this resignation—and so forth—but, woman,  
 This fortnight shall I not forget ye for it —  
 Ha, ha, I see that roughness can do somewhat !  
 I did not think, good faith, I could have set  
 So sour a face upon it, and to her,  
 My bed-embracer, my right bosom friend  
 I would not that she should have seen the letter—  
 As poor a man as I am—by my troth,  
 For twenty pound well, I am glad I have it

[*Aside*]

Ha, here's ado about a thing of nothing !  
 What, stomach, ha ! 'tis happy you're come down

[*Exit*]

MRS GOUR Well, crafty<sup>1</sup> fox, I'll hunt ye, by  
 my troth,  
 Deal ye so closely ! Well, I see his drift  
 He would not let me see the letter, lest  
 That I should cross the match, and I will cross t  
 Dick Coomes !

*Enter COOMES*

COOMES Forsooth  
 MRS GOUR Come hither, Dick, thou art a  
 man I love,  
 And one whom I have much in my regard.

COOMES I thank ye for it, mistress, I thank ye  
 for it

MRS GOUR Nay, here's my hand, I will do very  
 much  
 For thee, if e'er thou stand'st in need of me,  
 Thou shalt not lack, whilst thou hast a day to live.  
 Money, apparel——

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit., *craft*

COOMES And sword and bucklers ?

MRS GOUR And sword and bucklers too, my gallant Dick,

So thou wilt use but this in my defence

[*Pointing to his sword*]

COOMES This ! no, faith, I have no mind to this, break my head, if this break not, if we come to any tough play Nay, mistress, I had a sword, ay, the flower of Smithfield for a sword, a right fox,<sup>1</sup> i' faith, with that, and a man had come over with a smooth and a sharp stroke, it would have cried twang, and then, when I had doubled my point, trac'd my ground, and had carried my buckler before me like a garden-butt, and then come in with a cross blow, and over the pick<sup>2</sup> of his buckler two ells long, it would have cried twang, twang, metal, metal but a dog hath his day, 'tis gone, and there are few good ones made now I see by this dearth of good swords, that<sup>3</sup> dearth of sword-and-buckler fight begins to grow out<sup>4</sup> I am sorry for it, I shall never see good manhood again, if it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then, then a man, a tall<sup>5</sup> man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or a coney, then a boy will be as good as a man, unless the Lord show mercy unto us, well, I had as lief be hang'd as live to see that day Well, mistress, what shall I do ? what shall I do ?

MRS GOUR Why, this, brave Dick Thou knowest that Barnes's wife

And I am foes now, man me to her house,  
And though it be dark, Dick, yet we'll have no light,

<sup>1</sup> A familiar term for the old English broadsword

<sup>2</sup> The sharp point in the centre of the buckler

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit, *and*

<sup>4</sup> [Dyce proposed to read *out*] <sup>5</sup> *e*, Brave

Lest that thy master should prevent our journey  
 By seeing our depart Then, when we come,  
 And if that she and I do fall to words,  
 Set in thy foot and quarrel with her men,  
 Draw, fight, strike, hurt, but do not kill the  
       slaves,

And make as though thou strooked<sup>1</sup> at a man,  
 And hit her, and thou canst,—a plague upon  
       her !—

She hath misus'd me, Dick wilt thou do this ?

COOMES Yes, mistress, I will strike her men,  
 but God forbid that e'er Dick Coomes should be  
 seen to strike a woman !

MRS GOUR Why, she is mankind,<sup>2</sup> therefore  
       thou mayest strike her

COOMES. Mankind ! nay, and she have any part  
 of a man, I'll strike her, I warrant

MRS GOUR. That's my good Dick, that's my  
 sweet Dick !

COOMES 'Swouns, who would not be a man of  
 valour to have such words of a gentlewoman ! one  
 of their words are more to me than twenty of  
 these russet-coats, cheese-cakes, and butter-makers  
 Well, I thank God, I am none of these cowards,  
 well, and a man have any virtue in him, I see he  
 shall be regarded [Aside]

MRS GOUR Art thou resolved, Dick ? wilt thou  
       do this for me ?

And if thou wilt, here is an earnest-penny  
 Of that rich guerdon I do mean to give thee.

[Gives money]

COOMES An angel,<sup>3</sup> mistress ! let me see Stand  
 you on my left hand, and let the angel lie on my  
 buckler on my right hand, for fear of losing Now.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copies, *strokst*]      <sup>2</sup> *a c*, Manlike, masculine.

<sup>3</sup> See note, p. 274



here stand I to be tempted They say, every man hath two spirits attending on him, either good or bad, now, I say, a man hath no other spirits but either his wealth or his wife now, which is the better of them? Why, that is as they are used, for use neither of them well, and they are both nought But this is a miracle to me, that gold that is heavy hath the upper, and a woman that is light doth soonest fall, considering that light things aspie, and heavy things soonest go down but leave these considerations to Sir John,<sup>1</sup> they become a black-coat better than a blue<sup>2</sup> Well, mistress, I had no mind to-day to quarrel, but a woman is made to be a man's seducer, you say, quarrel?

MRS GOUR Ay

COOMES There speaks an angel is it good?

MRS GOUR Ay

COOMES Then, I cannot do amiss, the good angel goes with me *[Exeunt*

*Enter SIR RALPH SMITH, his LADY, WILL,  
[and ATTENDANTS]*

SIR RALPH. Come on, my hearts I' faith, it is ill-luck,  
To hunt all day, and not kill anything  
What sayest thou, lady? art thou weary yet?

LADY. I must not say so, sir

SIR RALPH Although thou art!

WILL And can you blame her, to be forth so long,  
And see no better sport?

SIR RALPH Good faith, 'twas very hard.

LADY. No, 'twas not ill,

---

<sup>1</sup> i e, The parson Sir was a title applied to clergymen

<sup>2</sup> See note, p 295

Because, you know, it is not good to kill

SIR RALPH Yes, venison, lady

LADY No, indeed, nor them,

Life is as dear in deer as 'tis in men

SIR RALPH But they are kill'd for sport

LADY But that's bad play,

When they are made to sport their lives away

SIR RALPH 'Tis fine to see them run.

LADY What, out of breath?

They run but ill that run themselves to death

SIR RALPH They might make, then, less haste,  
and keep their wind

LADY. Why, then, they see the hounds brings  
death behind

SIR RALPH. Then, 'twere as good for them at  
first to stay,

As to run long, and run their lives away.

LADY Ay, but the stoutest of you all that's here  
Would run from death and nimbly scud for fear.

Now, by my troth, I pity these poor elves<sup>1</sup>

SIR RALPH Well, they have made us but bad  
sport to-day

LADY Yes, 'twas my sport to see them 'scape  
away

WILL I wish that I had been at one buck's fall.

LADY Out, thou wood-tyrant! thou art worst  
of all

WILL A wood-man,<sup>2</sup> lady, but no tyrant I

LADY Yes, tyant-like thou lov'st to see lives die.

SIR RALPH Lady, no more I do not like this  
luck,

To hunt all day, and yet not kill a buck

Well, it is late, but yet I swear I will

Stay here all night, but I a buck will kill

---

<sup>1</sup> [A line appears to be lost here, probably ending with  
*scles*, as the whole dialogue is in rhyme]

<sup>2</sup> i e., Forester.

LADY All night ' nay, good Sir Ralph Smith,  
do not so

SIR RALPH Content ye, lady Will, go fetch  
my bow

A berry<sup>1</sup> of fair roes I saw to-day  
Down by the groves, and there I'll take my<sup>2</sup> stand,  
And shoot at one—God send a lucky hand<sup>1</sup>

LADY Will ye not, then, Sir Ralph, go home  
with me?

SIR RALPH No, but my men shall bear thee  
company—

Sirs, man her home Will, bid the huntsmen couple,  
And bid them well reward their hounds to-night—  
Lady, farewell Will, haste ye with the bow,  
I'll stay for thee here by the grove below

WILL I will, but 'twill be dark, I shall not see  
How shall I see ye, then?

SIR RALPH Why, halloo to me, and I will  
answer thee

WILL Enough, I will

SIR RALPH Farewell [Exit

LADY How willingly dost thou consent to go  
To fetch thy master that same killing bow<sup>1</sup>

WILL Guilty of death I willing am in this,  
Because 'twas our ill haps to-day to miss  
To hunt, and not to kill, is hunter's sorrow  
Come, lady, we'll have venison ere to-morrow.

[Exeunt

*Enter* PHILIP, FRANK [*and* BOY]

PHIL Come, Frank, now are we hard by the<sup>3</sup>  
house  
But how now? Sad?

<sup>1</sup> Seems to be used here for herd, an unusual meaning of the word [See Halliwell's "Dict" v *Berry*, No 3]

<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit *me*

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit *th'*

FRAN No, to study how to woo thy sister

PHIL How, man? how to woo her! why, no matter how,

I am sure thou wilt not be ashamed to woo

Thy cheeks not subject to a childish blush,

Thou hast a better warrant by thy wit,

I know thy oratory can unfold

[A] quick invention, plausible discourse,

And set such painted beauty on thy tongue,

As it shall ravish every maiden sense,

For, Frank, thou art not like the russet youth

I told thee of, that went to woo a wench,

And being full stuff'd up with fallow wit

And meadow-matter, ask'd the pretty maid

How they sold corn last market-day with them,

Saying, "Indeed, 'twas very dear with [us]"

And, do ye hear, ye<sup>1</sup> had not need be so,

For she<sup>2</sup> will, Francis, throughly<sup>3</sup> try your wit,

Siriah, she'll bow the metal of your wits,

And, if they crack, she will not hold ye current,

Nay, she will weigh your wit, as men weigh  
angels,<sup>4</sup>

And, if it lack a grain, she will not change with  
ye

I cannot speak it but in passion,

She is a wicked wench to make a jest,

Ah me, how full of flouts and mocks she is!

FRAN Some *aqua-vitæ* reason to recover

This sick discourser! Sound<sup>5</sup> not, prythee,

Philip

Tush, tush, I do not think her as thou sayest

Perhaps she's<sup>6</sup> opinion's darling, Philip,

<sup>1</sup> Edits *he*

<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit *thee*

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit *thorowly*

<sup>4</sup> See note, p. 274

<sup>5</sup> Swoon

<sup>6</sup> Read, for the metre, *she is*

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with me<sup>2</sup>

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company —

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And bid them well reward their hounds to-night —  
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I'll stay for thee here by the grove below

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How shall I see ye, then<sup>2</sup>

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answer thee

WILL Enough, I will

SIR RALPH Farewell [Exit

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To fetch thy master that same killing bow<sup>1</sup>

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[Exeunt

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But how now? Sad?

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<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit *thee*

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit *thoroughly*

<sup>4</sup> See note, p. 274

<sup>5</sup> Swoon

<sup>6</sup> Read, for the metre, *she is*



MAL How now? who's that, brother? who's that with ye?

PHIL A gentleman, my friend

MAL By'r lady, he hath a pure wit

FRAN How means your holy judgment?

MAL O, well put-in, sir!

FRAN Up, you would say

MAL Well climb'd, gentleman!

I pray, sir, tell me, do you cart the queen of love?

FRAN Not cart her, but couch her in your eye,  
And a fit place for gentle love to lie

MAL Ay, but methinks you speak without the book,

To place a four<sup>1</sup>-wheel waggon in my look

Where will you have room to have the coachman sit?

FRAN Nay, that were but small manners, and not fit

His duty is before you bare to stand,  
Having a lusty whipstock<sup>2</sup> in his hand

MAL The place is void, will you provide me one?

FRAN. And if you please, I will supply the room

MAL But are ye cunning in the carman's lash?  
And can ye whistle well?

FRAN Yes, I can well direct the coach of love

MAL Ah, cruel carter! would you whip a dove?

PHIL Hark ye, sister—

MAL Nay, but hark ye, brother,  
Whose white boy<sup>3</sup> is that same? know ye his mother?

---

<sup>1</sup> Edits, *sower*

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, A good whip (*whipstock* is properly the stock or handle of a whip).

<sup>3</sup> A term of endearment, which often occurs in our early dramatists.



PHIL He is a gentleman of a good house.

MAL Why, is his house of gold ?

Is it not made of lime and stone like this ?

PHIL I mean he's well-descended

MAL God be thanked !

Did he descend some steeple or some ladder ?

PHIL Well, you will still be cross, I tell ye,  
sister—

This gentleman, by all your friends' consent

Must be your husband

MAL Nay, not all, some sing another note,

My mother will say no, I hold a groat

But I thought 'twas somewhat, he would be a  
carter,

He hath been whipping lately some blind bear,  
And now he would ferk the blind boy here with  
us

PHIL Well, do you hear, you, sister, mistress  
[that] would have—

You that do long for somewhat, I know what—

My father told me—go to, I'll tell all,

If ye be cross—do you hear me ? I have labour'd

A year's work in this afternoon for ye

Come from your cloister, votary, chaste nun,

Come down and kiss Frank Goursey's mother's son

MAL Kiss him, I pray ?

PHIL Go to, stale maidenhead ! come down, I  
say,

You seventeen and upward, come, come down,

You'll stay till twenty else for your wedding gown

MAL Nun, votary, stale maidenhead, seventeen  
and upward !

Here be names ! what, nothing else ?

FRAN Yes, or a fair-built steeple without bells

MAL Steeple ! good people, nay, another cast

FRAN Ay, or a well-made ship without a mast

MAL Fie, not so big, sir, by one part of four

FRAN Why, then, ye are a boat without an oar

MAL O well row'd wit<sup>1</sup> but what's your fare,  
I play?

FRAN Your fair self must be my fairest pay

MAL Nay, and you be so dear, I'll choose  
another

FRAN Why, take your first man, wench, and go  
no further [Aside]

PHIL Peace, Francis Hark ye, sister, this I say  
You know my mind, or answer ay or nay  
[Your] wit and judgment hath resolv'd his mind,  
And he foresees what after he shall find:  
If such discretion, then, shall govern you,  
Vow love to him, he'll do the like to you

MAL Vow love! who would not love such a  
comely feature,  
Nor high nor low, but of the middle stature?  
A middle man, that's the best size indeed,  
I like him well love grant us well to speed!

FRAN And let me see a woman of that tallness.  
So slender and of such a middle smallness,  
So old enough, and in each part so fit,  
So fair, so kind, endued with so much wit,  
Of so much wit as it is held a wonder,  
'Twere pity to keep love and her asunder,  
Therefore go up, my joy, call down my bliss,  
Bid her come seal the bargain with a kiss

MAL Frank, Frank, I come through dangers.  
death, and harms,  
To make love's patent<sup>1</sup> with my<sup>2</sup> seal of arms

PHIL But, sister, softly, lest my mother hear

MAL Hush, then, mum, mouse in cheese,<sup>3</sup> cat  
is near [Exit MAL]

FRAN. Now, in good faith, Philip, this makes  
me smile,  
That I have wooed and won in so small while

<sup>1</sup> Edits, *patient*

<sup>2</sup> [Old copies, *thy*]

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit, *cheesse*

PHIL Francis, indeed my sister, I dare say,  
Was not determin'd to say thee nay ,  
For this same tother thing, call'd maiden-head,  
Hangs by so small a hair or spider's thread,  
And woin so too<sup>1</sup> with time, it must needs fall,  
And, like a well-lu'd hawk, she knows her call

[Enter MALL]

MAL Whist, brother, whist ! my mother heard  
me tread,  
And ask'd, Who's there ? I would not answer  
her,  
She call'd, A light ! and up she's gone to seek  
me

There when she finds me not, she'll hither come ,  
Therefore dispatch, let it be quickly done.  
Francis, my love's lease I do let to thee,  
Date of my life and thine . what sayest thou to  
me ?

The ent'ring, fine, or income thou must pay,  
Are kisses and embraces every day ,  
And quarterly I must receive my rent ,  
You know my mind

FRAN I guess at thy intent  
Thou shalt not miss a minute of thy time

MAL Why, then, sweet Francis, I am only  
thine —

Brother, bear witness

PHIL Do ye deliver this as your deed ?

MAL I do, I do.

PHIL God send ye both good speed !  
God's Lord, my mother ! Stand aside,  
And closely too, lest that you be espied

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit , to

[*Enter MISTRESS BARNES*]

MRS BAR Who's there?

PHIL Mother, tis I

MRS BAR You disobedient ruffian, careless wretch,

That said your father lov'd me but too well!

I'll think on't, when thou think'st I have forgot it

Who's with thee else?—How now, minion? you!

With whom? with him!—Why, what make you

here, sir, [*Discovers FRANCIS and MALL*]

And thus late too? what, hath your mother sent ye

To cut my throat, that here you be in wait?—

Come from him, mistress, and let go his hand—

Will ye not, sir?

FRAN Stay, Mistress Barnes, or mother—what ye will,

She is<sup>1</sup> my wife, and here she shall be still.

MRS BAR How, sir? your wife? wouldst thou my daughter have?

I'll rather have her married to her grave<sup>2</sup>

Go to, be gone, and quickly, or I swear

I'll have my men beat ye for staying here

PHIL Beat him, mother! as I am true<sup>3</sup> man

They were better beat the devil and his dam

MRS BAR What, wilt thou take his part?

PHIL To do him good,

And 'twere to wade hitherto up in blood

FRAN God-a-mercy, Philip!—But, mother, hear me.

MRS BAR Call'st thou me mother? no, thy mother's name

<sup>1</sup> Read, for the metre, *Shee is*

<sup>2</sup> A recollection perhaps of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," act iii sc 5—

"I would the fool were married to her grave!"

<sup>3</sup> i e, Honest.

Carries about with it reproach and shame  
 Give me my daughter ere that she shall wed  
 A strumpet's son, and have her so misled,  
 I'll marry her to a carter, come, I say,  
 Give me her from thee

FRAN Mother, not to-day,  
 Nor yet to-morrow, till my life's last morrow  
 Make me leave that which I with leave did borrow  
 Here I have borrowed love, I'll not deny<sup>1</sup> it —  
 Thy wedding night's my day, then I'll repay it —  
 Till then she'll trust me Wench is't<sup>2</sup> not so?  
 And if it be, say ay, if not, say no

MAL Mother, good mother, hear me! O good  
 God,

Now we are even, what, would you make us odd?  
 Now, I beseech ye, for the love of Christ,  
 To give me leave once to do what I list  
 I am as you were, when you were a maid,  
 Guess by yourself how long you would have stay'd,  
 Might you have had your will as good begin  
 At first as last, it saves us from much sin,  
 Lying alone, we muse on things and things,  
 And in our minds one thought another brings  
 This maid's life, mother, is an idle life,  
 Therefore I'll be, ay, I will be a wife,  
 And, mother, do not mistrust<sup>3</sup> my age or power,  
 I am sufficient, I lack ne'er an hour;  
 I had both wit to grant, when he did woo me,  
 And strength to bear whate'er he can do to me

MRS BAR Well, bold-face, but I mean to make  
 ye stay  
 Go to, come from him, or I'll make ye come  
 Will ye not come?

PHIL Mother, I pray, forbear,  
 This match is for my sister

<sup>1</sup> i.e., Deny

<sup>2</sup> Read, for the metre, *is it*

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit, *mistrust*

MRS BAR Villain, 'tis not,  
Nor she shall not be so match'd now <sup>1</sup>

PHIL In troth, she shall, and your unruly hate  
Shall not rule us, we'll end all this debate  
By this begun device

MRS BAR Ay, end what you begun ! Villains,  
thieves,  
Give me my daughter ! will ye rob me of her ?—  
Help, help ! they'll rob me here, they'll rob me  
here !

*Enter MASTER BARNES and his men*

MR BAR How now ? what outcry's here ?  
why, how now, woman ?

MRS BAR Why, Gousey's son, confederate <sup>2</sup>  
with this boy,  
This wretch unnatural and undutiful,  
Seeks hence to steal my daughter will you suffer  
it ?

Shall he, that's son to my arch-enemy,  
Enjoy her ? Have I brought her up to this ?  
O God, he shall not have her, no, he shall not !

MR BAR I am sorry she knows it [*Aside* ]—  
Hark ye, wife,

Let reason moderate your rage a little.  
If you examine but his birth and living,  
His wit and good behaviour, you will say,  
Though that ill-hate make your opinion bad,  
He doth deserve as good a wife as she

MRS BAR Why, will you give consent he shall  
enjoy her ?

MR BAR Ay, so that thy mind would agree  
with mine ?

MRS BAR My mind shall ne'er agree to this  
agreement

---

<sup>1</sup> Q, now I swear ?

<sup>2</sup> Edits, confederates

*Enter* MISTRESS GOURSEY and COOMES <sup>1</sup>

MR BAR. And yet it shall go forward —but  
who's here ?

What, Mistress Goursey ! how knew she of this ?

PHIL Frank, thy mother !

FRAN 'Sowns, where ? a plague upon it !

I think the devil is set to cross this match

MRS GOUR This is the house, Dick Coomes,  
and yonder's [th'] light

Let us go near How now ? methinks I see

My son stand hand in hand with Barnes his  
daughter.

Why, how now, sirrah ? is this time of night

For you to be abroad ? what have we here ?

I hope that love hath not thus coupled you

FRAN Love, by my troth, mother, love . she  
loves me,

And I love her , then we must needs agree

MRS BAR Ay, but I'll keep her sure enough  
from thee

MRS GOUR. It shall not need, I'll keep him safe  
enough,

Be sure he shall not graft in such a stock.

MRS BAR What stock, forsooth ? as good a  
stock as thine

I do not mean that he shall graft in mine

MRS GOUR Nor shall he, mistress Hark, boy,  
th'art but mad

To love the branch that hath a root so bad

FRAN Then, mother, I will graft a pippin on a  
crab

MRS GOUR It will not prove well

FRAN But I will prove my skill

MRS BAR Sir, but you shall not

---

<sup>1</sup> Occurs somewhat earlier in edits (to warn the actors to be in readiness for coming on the stage).

FRAN Mothers both, I will  
 MR BAR Hark, Philp send away thy sister  
 straight,  
 Let Francis meet her where thou shalt appoint,  
 Let them go several to shun suspicion,  
 And bid them go to Oxford both this night,  
 There to-morrow say that we will meet them,  
 And there determine of their marriage [Aside]  
 PHIL I will though it be very late and dark,  
 My sister will endure it for a husband [Aside]  
 MR BAR Well, then, at Carfax,<sup>1</sup> boy, I mean to  
 meet them [Aside]  
 PHIL Enough Exit [MASTER BARNES]  
 Would they would begin to chide!  
 For I would have them brawling, that meanwhile  
 They may steal hence, to meet where I appoint it.  
 [Aside]  
 What, mother, will you let this match go forward?  
 O, Mistress Gouisey, will you first agree?  
 MRS GOUR Shall I agree first?  
 PHIL Ay, why not? come, come  
 MRS GOUR Come from her, son, and if thou  
 lov'st thy mother  
 MRS BAR With the like spell, daughter, I con-  
 jure thee  
 MRS GOUR Francis, by fair means let me win  
 thee from her,  
 And I will gild my blessing, gentle son,  
 With store of angels I would not have thee  
 Check thy good fortune by this cos'ning choice  
 O, do not thrall thy happy liberty  
 In such a bondage! if thou'lt needs be bound,  
 Be then to better worth, this worthless choice  
 Is not fit for thee

---

<sup>1</sup> A well-known part of Oxford "The principal street is the High Street, running from Magdalen Bridge to Carfax Church," &c — *New Oxford Guide*, p 3, 8th edit.



MRS BAR Is't not fit for him? wherefore is't not fit?

Is he too brave<sup>1</sup> a gentleman, I pray?

No, 'tis not fit, she shall not fit his turn

If she were wise, she would be fitter for

Three times his better Minion, go in, or I'll make ye,

I'll keep ye safe from him, I warrant ye

MRS GOUR Come, Francis, come from her

FRAN Mothers, with both hands shove I hate from love,

That like an ill-companion would infect

The infant mind of our affection

Within this cradle shall this minute's babe

Be laid to rest, and thus I'll hug my joy

MRS GOUR Wilt thou be obstinate, thou self-will'd boy?

Nay, then, perforce I'll part ye, since ye will not

COOMES Do ye hear, mistress? pray ye give me leave to talk two or three cold words with my young master—Hark ye, sir, ye are my master's son, and so forth, and indeed I bear ye some good-will, partly for his sake, and partly for your own, and I do hope you do the like to me,—I should be sorry else I must needs say ye are a young man, and for mine own part, I have seen the world, and I know what belongs to causes, and the experience that I have, I thank God I have travelled for it

FRAN Why, how far have ye travell'd for it?

BOY From my master's house to the ale-house

COOMES How, sir?

BOY So, sir

COOMES Go to I pray, correct your boy, 'twas ne'er a good world, since a boy would face a man so

---

<sup>1</sup> i e, Fine.

FRAN Go to Forward, man

COOMES Well, sir, so it is, I would not wish ye to maily without my mistress' consent

FRAN And why?

COOMES Nay, there's ne'er a why but there is a wherefore, I have known some have done the like and they have danc'd a galliard at beggars'-bush<sup>1</sup> for it

BOY At beggars'-bush! Hear him no more, master, he doth bedaub ye with his dirty speech Do ye hear, sir? how far stands beggars'-bush from your father's house, sir? Why, thou whoreson refuge<sup>2</sup> of a tailor, that wert 'prentice to a tailor half an age, and because, if thou hadst served ten ages thou wouldst prove but a botcher, thou leapst from the shop-board to a blue coat, doth it become thee to use thy terms so? well, thou degree above a hackney, and ten degrees under a page, sew up your lubber lips, or 'tis not your sword and buckler shall keep my poniard from your breast

COOMES Do ye hear, sir? this is your boy

FRAN How then?

COOMES You must breech him for it.

FRAN Must I? how, if I will not?

COOMES Why, then, 'tis a fine world, when boys keep boys, and know not how to use them

FRAN. Boy, ye rascal!

MRS GOUR Strike him, and thou darest

COOMES Strike me? alas, he were better strike his father! Sowns, go to, put up your bodkin<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> A common proverbial expression "*Beggars'-bush* being a tree notoriously known, on the left-hand of the London road, from Huntingdon to Caxton" [Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 401 See also pp. 82, 199]

<sup>2</sup> i. e., Refuse.

<sup>3</sup> Is a common term for a small dagger, but here it seems to be used in contempt, see the next speech of Coomes

FRAN Mother, stand by, I'll teach that rascal—

COOMES Go to, give me good words, or, by God's dines,<sup>1</sup> I'll buckle ye for all your bird-spit

FRAN. Will you so, sir?

PHIL Stay, Frank, this pitch of frenzy will defile thee,

Meddle not with it thy unimproved valour

Should be high-minded, couch it not so low

Dost hear me? take occasion to slip hence,

But secretly, let not thy mother see thee

At the back-side there is a coney-green,<sup>2</sup>

Stay there for me, and Mall and I will come to thee [*Aside*]

FRAN Enough, I will [*Aside*] Mother, you do me wrong

To be so peremptory in your command,

And see that rascal to abuse me so

COOMES Rascal! take that and take all! Do ye hear, su? I do not mean to pocket up this wrong

BOY I know why that is

COOMES Why?

BOY Because you have ne'er a pocket

COM A whip, sirrah, a whip! But, sir, provide your tools against to-morrow morning, 'tis somewhat dark now, indeed you know Dawson's close, between the hedge and the pond, 'tis good even ground, I'll meet you there, and I do not, call me cut,<sup>3</sup> and you be a man, show yourself a man, we'll have a bout or two, and so we'll part for that present

FRAN Well, sir, well

NICH Boy, have they appointed to fight?

<sup>1</sup> The origin of this corrupted oath is, I believe, unknown

<sup>2</sup> *ee*, Rabbit-burrow

<sup>3</sup> *ee*, Call me horse

BOY Ay, Nicholas, wilt not thou go see the fray?

NICH No, indeed, even as they brew, so let them bake I will not thrust my hand into the flame, and [I] need not, 'tis not good to have an oar in another man's boat, little said is soon amended, and in little meddling cometh great rest, 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin, so a man might come home by Weeping-Cross <sup>1</sup> no, by lady, a friend is not so soon gotten as lost, blessed are the peace-makers, they that strike with the sword, shall be beaten with the scabbard

PHIL Well-said, Proverbs ne'er another to that purpose?

NICH Yes, I could have said to you, sir, Take heed is a good reed <sup>2</sup>

PHIL Why to me, take heed?

NICH For happy is he whom other men's harms do make to beware

PHIL O, beware, Frank! Slip away, Mall. you know what I told ye I'll hold our mothers both in talk meanwhile [*Aside*] Mother and Mistress Baines, methinks you should not stand in hatred so hard one with another

MRS BAR Should I not, sir? should I not hate a harlot,  
That robs me of my right, vild <sup>3</sup> boy?

MRS GOUR That title I return unto thy teeth,  
[*Exeunt* FRANCIS and MALL.  
And spit the name of harlot in thy face

MRS BAR Well, 'tis not time of night to hold out chat

<sup>1</sup> A not uncommon proverbial expression Nares ("Gloss" in *v*) mentions three places which still retain the name—one between Oxford and Banbury, another close to Stafford, the third near Shrewsbury.

<sup>2</sup> *ie*, Counsel, advice.

<sup>3</sup> *ie*, Vile.

With such a scold as thou art, therefore now  
Think that I hate thee, as I do the devil

MRS GOUR The devil take thee, if thou dost  
not, wretch!

MRS BAR Out upon thee, strumpet!

MRS GOUR Out upon thee, harlot!

MRS BAR Well, I will find a time to be re-  
veng'd

Meantime I'll keep my daughter from thy son —  
Where are ye, minion? how now, are ye gone?

PHIL She went in, mother

MRS GOUR Francis, where are ye?

MRS BAR He is not here O, then, they slipp'd  
away,

And both together!

PHIL I'll assure ye, no

My sister she went in—into the house

MRS BAR But then she'll out again at the back  
door,

And meet with him but I will search about  
All these same fields and paths near to my house,  
They are not far, I am sure, if I make haste.

[Exit.  
MRS GOUR O God, how went he hence, I did  
not see him?

It was when Barnes's wife did scold with me;  
A plague on<sup>1</sup> her!—Dick, why didst not thou look  
to him?

COOMES What should I look for him? no, no,  
I look not for him while<sup>2</sup> to-morrow morning

MRS GOUR. Come, go with me to help me look  
him out

Alas! I have nor light, nor link, nor torch!

Though it be dark, I will take any pains

To cross this match I put thee, Dick, away.

COOMES Mistress, because I brought ye out, I'll

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *vpon*

<sup>2</sup> *ie*, Till

bring ye home , but, if I should follow, so he might have the law on his side

MRS GOUR Come, 'tis no matter, prythee, go with me.

*Exeunt* [MRS GOURSEY and COOMES ]

MR BAR Philip, thy mother's gone to seek thy sister,

And in a rage, i'faith but who comes here ?

PHIL Old Master Goursey, as I think, 'tis he.

MR BAR 'Tis so, indeed

[*Enter* MASTER GOURSEY ]

MR GOUR Who's there ?

MR BAR. A friend of yours

MR GOUR What, Master Barnes ' did ye not see my wife ?

MR BAR Yes, sir, I saw her ; she was here even now

MR GOUR I doubted that, that made me come unto you

But whither is she gone ?

PHIL To seek your son, who slipp'd away from her

To meet with Mall my sister in a place,

Where I appointed , and my mother too

Seeks for my sister , so they both are gone

My mother hath a torch , marry, your wife

Goes daikling up and down, and Coomes before her

MR GOUR I thought that knave was with her, but 'tis well

I pray God, they may come by ne'er a light,

But both be led a daik dance in the night !

HOD Why, is my fellow, Dick, in the dark with my mistress? I pray God, they be honest, for there may be much knavery in the dark . faith, if I were there, I would have some knavery with them [*Aside*] Good master, will ye carry the

torch yourself, and give me leave to play at blind-man-buff with my mistress

PHIL On that condition thou wilt do thy best  
To keep thy mistress and thy fellow, Dick,  
Both from my sister and thy master's son,  
I will entreat thy master let thee go

HOD O, ay, I warrant ye, I'll have fine ticks  
to cosen them

MR GOUR Well, sir, then, go your ways, I give  
you leave

HOD O brave ! but whereabouts are they ?

PHIL About our coney-green they surely are,  
If thou canst find them

HOD O, let me alone to grope for cunnies

PHIL Well, now will I to Frank and to my  
sister [Exit

Stand you two heark'ning near the coney-green,  
But sure your light in you must not be seen,  
Or else let Nicholas stand afar off with it,  
And as his life keep it from Mistress Goursey.  
Shall this be done ?

MR BAR. Philip, it shall

PHIL God be with ye ! I'll be gone. [Exit

MR BAR. Come on, Master Goursey, this same  
is a means

To make our wives friends, if they resist not

MR GOUR. Tut, sir, howsoever, it shall go for-  
ward

MR BAR. Come, then, let's do as Philip hath  
advis'd [Exeunt

### *Enter MALL*

MAL Here is the place where Philip bad me  
stay,  
Till Francis came, but wherefore did my brother  
Appoint it here ? why in the coney-burrow ?

He had some meaning in 't, I warrant ye  
 Well, here I'll set me down under this tree,  
 And think upon the matter all alone  
 Good Lord, what pretty things these conies are !  
 How finely they do feed till they be fat,  
 And then what a sweet meat a coney is !  
 And what smooth skins they have, both black and  
 gray !

They say they run more in the night than day .  
 What is the reason ? mark, why in the light  
 They see more passengers than in the night ,  
 For harmful men many a hay <sup>1</sup> do set,  
 And laugh to see them tumble in the net ,  
 And they put ferrets in the holes—fie, fie !—  
 And they go up and down where conies lie ;  
 And they lie still, they have so little wit  
 I marvel the warener will suffer it,  
 Nay, nay, they are so bad, that they themselves  
 Do give consent to catch these pretty elves  
 How if the warener should spy me here ?  
 He would take me for a coney, I dare swear.  
 But when that Francis comes, what will he say ?  
 “Look, boy, there lies a coney in my way !”  
 But, soft, a light ! who's that ? soul, my mother !  
 Nay, then, all-hid <sup>2</sup> ! faith, she shall not see me  
 I'll play bo-peep with her behind this tree.

[*Enter* MISTRESS BARNES ]

MRS BAR. I marvel where this wench doth <sup>3</sup>  
 hide herself  
 So closely, I have search'd in many a bush.

---

<sup>1</sup> *h* e , A kind of net for catching rabbits,—usually stretched  
 before their holes

<sup>2</sup> [The name of a popular game ]

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit , *do* .



MAL. Belike my mother took me for a thrush  
[*Aside*]

MRS BAR She's hid in this same warren, I'll  
lay money.

MAL Close as a rabbit-sucker<sup>1</sup> from an old  
coney [*Aside*]

MRS BAR O God, I would to God that I could  
find her !

I would keep her from her love's toys yet

MAL Ay, so you might, if your daughter had no  
wit. [*Aside*]

MRS BAR. What a vild<sup>2</sup> girl 'tis, that would  
hav't so young !

MAL A murrain take that dissembling tongue !  
Ere your calf's teeth were out, you thought it long  
[*Aside*]

MRS BAR But, minion, yet I'll keep you from  
the man

MAL To save a lie, mother, say, if you can  
[*Aside*]

MRS BAR Well, now to look for her

MAL. Ay, there's the spite

What trick shall I now have to 'scape her light ?  
[*Aside*]

MRS BAR Who's there ? what, minion, is it  
you ?—

Beshrew her heart, what a fright she put me to !  
But I am glad I found her, though I was afraid  
[*Aside*]

Come on your ways, you are<sup>3</sup> a handsome maid !  
Why [steal] you forth a-doors so late at night ?

Why, whither go ye ? come, stand still, I say

MAL No, indeed, mother, this is my best way

MRS BAR 'Tis not the best way, stand by me,  
I tell ye

<sup>1</sup> i e, A sucking, or young rabbit

<sup>2</sup> Vile

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit, *you'r*.

MAL No, you would catch me, mother O, I  
smell ye<sup>1</sup>

MRS BAR Will ye not stand still?

MAL No, by lady, no

MRS BAR. But I will make ye.

MAL. Nay, then, trip-and-go

MRS BAR Mistress, I'll make ye weary, ere I  
have done

MAL Faith, mother, then, I'll try, how you can  
run

MRS BAR. Will ye?

MAL Yes, faith [*Exeunt*

*Enter [FRANK and BOY]*

FRAN Mall, sweet-heart, Mall! what, not a word?

BOY A little farther, master, call again

FRAN Why, Mall! I prythee, speak, why, Mall  
I say!

I know thou art not far, if thou wilt<sup>1</sup> speak,  
Why, Mall!—

But now I see she's in her merry vein,  
To make me call, and put me to more pain.

Well, I must bear with her, she'll bear with me  
But I will call, lest that it be not so—

What, Mall! what, Mall, I say! Boy, are we nigh?<sup>2</sup>  
Have we not miss'd the way this same dark night?

BOY Mass, it may be so as I am true<sup>2</sup> man,  
I have not seen a coney since I came,  
Yet at the coney-burrow we should meet  
But, hark! I hear the trampling of some feet

FRAN It may be so, then, therefore, let's lie  
close.

[*Enter MISTRESS GOURSEY and COOMES*]

MRS GOUR Where art thou, Dick?

<sup>1</sup> Second edit, *wilt not*.

<sup>2</sup> *ie*, Honest.

COOMES Where am I, quoth-a ' marry, I may be where anybody will say I am, either in France or at Rome, or at Jerusalem, they may say I am, for I am not able to disprove them, because I cannot tell where I am

MRS GOUR O, what a blindfold walk have we had, Dick,

To seek my son ' and yet I cannot find him

COOMES Why, then, mistress, let's go home

MRS GOUR Why, 'tis so dark we shall not find the way

FRAN I pray God, ye may not, mother, till it be day ' [*Aside*

COOMES 'Sblood, take heed, mistress, here s a tree

MRS GOUR Lead thou the way, and let me hold by thee

BOY Dick Coomes, what difference is there between a blind man and he that cannot see ?

FRAN Peace, a pox on thee !

COOMES Swounds, somebody spake.

MRS GOUR Dick, look about,  
It may be here we may find them out.

COOMES I see the glimpse <sup>1</sup> of somebody here —  
And ye be a sprite, I'll fray the bugbear —  
There a-goes, mistress

MRS GOUR. O, sir, have I spied you ?

FRAN A plague on the boy ! 'was he that  
descried <sup>2</sup> me [*Exeunt*

[*Enter PHILIP*]

PHIL How like a beaoutous lady mask'd in black  
Looks that same large circumference of heaven '  
The sky, that was so fair three hours ago,

<sup>1</sup> Edits *glimpses* (the two last letters transposed by mistake)

<sup>2</sup> *a.e.*, Gave notice of, discovered

Is in three hours become an Ethiop,  
 And being angry at her beauteous change,  
 She will not have one of those pearly stars  
 To blab her sable metamorphosis <sup>1</sup>  
 'Tis very dark I did appoint my sister  
 To meet me at the coney-borough below,  
 And Francis too, but neither can I see  
 Belike my mother happ'ned on that place,  
 And fray'd them from it, and they both are now  
 Wand'ring about the <sup>2</sup> fields how shall I find  
 them?

It is so dark, I scarce can see my hand  
 Why, then, I'll hollow for them—no, not so,  
 So will his voice betray him to our mothers,  
 And if he answer, and bring them where he is  
 What shall I then do? it must not be so—  
 'Sblood, <sup>3</sup> it must be so, how else, I pray?  
 Shall I stand gaping here all night till day,  
 And then be ne'er the near? <sup>4</sup> So ho, so ho'

[Enter WILL]

WILL So ho' I come where are ye? where  
 art thou? here!

PHIL How now, Frank, where hast thou<sup>5</sup>  
 been?

WILL Frank! what Frank? 'sblood, is Sir  
 Ralph mad? [Aside] Here's the bow

PHIL I have not been much private with that  
 voice

Methinks Frank Goursey's talk and his doth tell  
 me

I am mistaken, especially by his bow,

<sup>1</sup> So second edit. First edit *metamorphesie*

<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit *these*

<sup>3</sup> So second edit. First edit. 'Sbloud

<sup>4</sup> *ie*, Nearer

<sup>5</sup> So second edit. Not in first edit.

Frank had no bow. Well, I will leave this fellow,  
And hollow somewhat farther in the fields

[*Aside* ]—

Dost thou hear, fellow? I perceive by thee  
That we are both mistaken · I took thee  
For one thou art not, likewise thou took'st me  
For Sir Ralph Smith, but sure I am not he  
And so, farewell, I must go seek my friend  
So ho!

[*Exit*

WILL So ho, so ho! nay, then, Sir Ralph, so  
whole!

For a whore she was sure, if you had her here  
So late Now, you are Sir Ralph Smith!<sup>1</sup>  
Well do ye counterfeit and change your voice,  
But yet I know ye. But what should be that  
Francis?

Belike that Francis cosen'd him of his wench,  
And he conceals himself to find her out,  
'Tis so, upon my life Well, I will go,  
And help him ring his peal of so ho, so ho! [*Exit*

*Enter FRANK.*

FRAN. A plague on Coomes! a plague upon the  
boy!  
A plague, too—not on my mother for an hundreth  
pound!  
'Twas time to run, and yet I had not thought  
My mother could have followed me so close,  
Her legs with age I thought had foundered,  
She made me quite run through a quickset hedge,  
Or she had taken me Well, I may say,  
I have run through the briars for a wench;  
And yet I have her not—the worse luck mine  
Methought I heard one hollow hereabout,  
I judge it Philip, O, the slave will laugh,

---

<sup>1</sup> Qy “*Sir Ralph Smith, I know*”

When as he hears how that my mother scar'd me !  
Well, here I'll stand until I hear him hollow,  
And then I'll answer him ; he is not far.

[*Enter SIR RALPH SMITH*]

SIR RALPH My man is hollowing for me up and  
down,  
And yet I cannot meet with him So ho !

FRAN So ho !

SIR RALPH Why, what a pox, wert thou so  
near me, man,  
And wouldst not speak ?

FRAN 'Sblood, ye're very hot

SIR RALPH No, sir, I am cold enough with  
staying here

For such a knave as you

FRAN Knave ! how now, Philip ?  
Art mad, art mad ?

SIR RALPH. Why, art not thou my man,  
That went to fetch my bow ?<sup>1</sup>

FRAN Indeed, a bow  
Might shoot me ten bows down the weather so  
I your man !

SIR RALPH What art thou, then ?

FRAN A man but what's thy name ?

SIR RALPH Some call me Ralph

FRAN Then, honest Ralph, farewell

SIR RALPH Well-said, familiar Will ! plain Ralph,  
i'faith [*Hollow within PHILIP and WILL*]<sup>2</sup>

FRAN There calls my man.

SIR RALPH But there goes mine away ,  
And yet I'll hear what this next call will say,  
And here I'll tarry, till he call again. [*Retires*]<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> So second edit. These words are wanting in first edit

<sup>2</sup> This stage direction occurs somewhat earlier in edit

<sup>3</sup> I am not sure that this stage direction, which I have added, is the right one It would seem, however, that Sir

[*Enter WILL.*]

WILL. So ho !

FRAN. So ho ! where art thou, Philip ?

WILL 'Sblood,<sup>1</sup> Philip !

But now he call'd me Francis · this is fine .

FRAN Why studieth thou ? I prythee, tell me,  
Philip,

Where the wench<sup>2</sup> is

WILL Even now he ask'd me (Francis) for the  
wench,  
And now he asks<sup>3</sup> me (Philip) for the wench

Well, Sir Ralph, I must needs tell ye now,  
'Tis<sup>4</sup> not for your<sup>5</sup> credit to be forth  
So late a-wenching in this order.<sup>6</sup>

FRAN What's this ? so late a-wenching, doth he  
say ?

Indeed, 'tis true I am thus late a-wenching,  
But I am forc'd to wench without a wench

WILL. Why, then, you might have ta'n your bow  
at first,  
And gone and kill'd a buck, and not have been  
So long a-drabbing, and be ne'er the near<sup>7</sup>

FRAN. Swounds, what a puzzle am I in this  
night !

But yet I'll put this fellow farther [question

Dost thou hear, man ? I am not Sir Ralph Smith,

---

Ralph Smith remains on the stage, and is supposed not to  
overhear the dialogue which ensues between Francis and  
Will

<sup>1</sup> Edits, *Sblood*

<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit, *whench*.

<sup>3</sup> Edits, *ask't* and *ask*e

<sup>4</sup> Read, for the metre, *It is*

<sup>5</sup> So second edit Not in first edit

<sup>6</sup> Qy, *order here ?*

<sup>7</sup> i.e., Nearer

As thou dost think I am , but I did meet him,  
 Even as thou sayest, in pursuit of a wench  
 I met the wench too, and she ask'd for thee,  
 Saying 'twas thou that wert her love, hei deal,  
 And that Sir Ralph was not an honest knight  
 To train her thither, and to use her so

WILL 'Sblood, my wench ! swounds, weie heten  
 Sir Ralphs——

FRAN Nay, 'tis true, look to it , and so, fare  
 well [Exit

WILL Indeed, I do love Nan our dairymaid  
 And hath he trame[d] her forth to that intent,  
 Or for another ? I carry his crossbow,  
 And he doth cross me, shooting in my bow.  
 What shall I do ? [Exit ]<sup>1</sup>

*Enter PHILIP*

PHIL So ho !

SIR RALPH So ho !

PHIL Francis, art thou there ?

SIR RALPH No, here's no Francis. Art thou  
 Will, my man ?

PHIL Will Fool your man, Will goose<sup>2</sup> you  
 man !

My back, sir, scoins to wear your livery

SIR RALPH Nay, sir, I mov'd but such a ques-  
 tion to you,

And it hath not disparag'd you, I hope ;

'Twas but mistaking , such a night as this

May well deceive a man God be w'ye,<sup>3</sup> sir.

[Exit ]

PHIL God's will, 'tis Sir Ralph Smith, a virtuous  
 knight !

How gently entertains he my hard answer !

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps he ought only to retire.

<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit, *asgoe*.

<sup>3</sup> [Old copies, *boye* ]



Rude anger made my tongue unmannerly .  
I cry him mercy Well, but all this while  
I cannot find a Francis — Francis, ho !

[Enter WILL,]

WILL Francis, ho ! O, you call Francis now !  
How have ye us'd my Nan ? come, tell me, how.

PHIL Thy Nan ! what Nan ?

WILL Ay, what Nan, now ! say, do you not  
seek a wench ?

PHIL Yes, I do

WILL Then, sir, that is she

PHIL Art not thou [he] I met withal before ?

WILL Yes, sir, and you did counterfeit before,  
And said to me you were not Sir Ralph Smith

PHIL No more I am not I met Sir Ralph  
Smith,

Even now he ask'd me, if I saw his man

WILL O, fine !

PHIL Why, surrah, thou art much deceived in  
me

Good faith, I am not he thou think'st I am.

WILL What are ye, then ?

PHIL Why, one that seeks one Francis and a  
wench

WILL And Francis seeks one Philip and a  
wench

PHIL How canst thou tell ?

WILL I met him seeking Philip and a wench  
As I was seeking Sir Ralph and a wench

PHIL Why, then, I know the matter we met  
cross,

And so we miss'd, now here we find our loss  
Well, if thou wilt, we two will keep together,  
And so we shall meet right with one or other

WILL I am content but, do you hear me, sir ?  
Did not Sir Ralph Smith ask ye for a wench ?

PHIL No, I promise thee, nor did he look  
For any but thyself, as I could guess

WILL Why, this is strange but come, sir, let's  
away

I fear that we shall walk here, till't be day

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter Boy*

[BOY] O God, I have run so far into the wind,  
that I have run myself out of wind ! They say a  
man is near his end, when he lacks breath, and I  
am at the end of my race, for I can run no farther,  
then here I be in my breath-bed, not in my death-  
bed <sup>1</sup>

*Enter COOMES*

COOMES They say men moil and toil for a  
poor living, so I moil and toil, and am living, I  
thank God, in good time be it spoken It had  
been better for me my mistress's angel had been  
light, for then perhaps it had not led me into this  
darkness Well, the devil never blesses a man  
better, when he purses up angels by owl-light I  
ran through a hedge to take the boy, but I stuck  
in the ditch, and lost the boy [*Falls*] 'Swounds,  
a plague on that clod, that molehill, that ditch, or  
what the devil so e'er it were, for a man cannot  
see what it was ! Well, I would not, for the price  
of my sword and buckler, anybody should see me  
in this taking, for it would make me but cut off  
their legs for laughing at me Well, down I am,  
and down I mean to be, because I am weary, but

---

<sup>1</sup> It would seem that something is wanting after this  
speech, unless we are to suppose that here the Boy lies down  
and falls asleep, and that he awakens on the second entrance  
of Hodge,—where, however, the edits. distinctly mark  
'Enter Hodge and Boy', see p 358

to tumble down thus, it was no part of my meaning · then, since I am down, here I'll rest me, and no man shall remove me.

*Enter HODGE*

HOD O, I have sport in coney, i'faith<sup>1</sup> I have almost burst myself with laughing at Mistress Barnes She was following of her daughter, and I, hearing her, put on my fellow Dick's sword-and-buckler voice and his *swounds* and *sblood* words, and led her such a dance in the dark as it passes<sup>1</sup> "Here she is," quoth I "Where?" quoth she "Here," quoth I O, it hath been a brave here-and-there night! but, O, what a soft-natured thing the dirt is! how it would endure my hard treading, and kiss my feet for acquaintance! and how courteous and mannerly were the clods<sup>2</sup> to make me stumble only of purpose to entreat me lie down and rest me! But now, and I could find my fellow Dick, I would play the knave with him honestly, i'faith Well, I will grope in the dark for him, or I'll poke with my staff, like a blind man, to prevent a ditch

[*He stumbles*<sup>3</sup> on DICK COOMES

COOMES Who's that, with a pox?

HOD Who art thou, with a pestilence?

COOMES Why, I am Dick Coomes

HOD What, have I found thee, Dick? nay, then, I am for ye, Dick. [*Aside* ]—Where are ye, Dick?

COOMES What can I tell, where I am?

HOD Can ye not tell? come, come, ye wait on your mistress well! come on your ways, I have sought you, till I am weary, and call'd ye,

---

<sup>1</sup> *z e*, Excels

<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit *cloudes*

<sup>3</sup> So second edit. Not in first edit

till I am hoarse good Lord, what a jaunt I have had this night, heigho !

COOMES Is't you, mistress, that came over me ? 'Sblood, 'twere a good deed to come over you for this night's work I cannot afford all this pains for an angel I tell ye true, a kiss were not cast away upon a good fellow, that hath deserved more that way than a kiss, if your kindness would afford it him what, shall I have't, mistress ?

HOD Fie, fie, I must not kiss my man

COOMES Nay, nay, ne'er stand, shall I, shall I ? nobody sees say but I shall, and I'll smack it<sup>1</sup> soundly, i'faith

HOD Away, bawdy man ! in truth, I'll tell your master

COOMES My master ! go to, ne'er tell me of my master he may pray for them that may, he is past it, and for mine own part, I can do somewhat that way, I thank God, I am not now to learn, and 'tis your part to have your whole desue

HOD Fie, fie, I am ashamed of you would you tempt your mistress to lewdness ?

COOMES To lewdness ! no, by my troth, there's no such matter in't, it is for kindness, and, by my troth, if you like my gentle offer, you shall have what counteously I can afford ye

HOD Shall I indeed, Dick ? I'faith, if I thought nobody would see—

COOMES Tush, fear not that, swoons, they must have cats' eyes, then

HOD Then, kiss me, Dick

COOMES A kind wench, i'faith ! [*Aside*]—Where are ye, mistress ?

HOD Here, Dick O, I am in the dark ! Dick, go about<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Second edit *ye*

<sup>2</sup> Qy Is this a stage direction crept into the text ?

COOMES Nay, I'll throw<sup>1</sup> sure where are ye?  
 HOD Here

COOMES A plague on this post! I would the  
 carpenter had been hang'd, that set it up, for me?  
 Where are ye now?

HOD. Here

COOMES Here! O, I come [*Exit*] A plague  
 on it, I am in a pond, mistress!

HOD. Ha, ha! I have led him into a pond —  
 Where art thou, Dick?

COOMES [*Within*] Up to the middle in a pond!

HOD Make a boat of thy buckler, then, and  
 swim out Are ye so hot, with a pox? would you  
 kiss my mistress? cool ye there, then, good Dick  
 Coomes O, when he comes forth, the skirts of  
 his blue coat will drop like a pent<sup>3</sup>-house! O,  
 that I could see, and not be seen, how he would  
 spaniel it, and shake himself, when he comes out  
 of the pond! But I'll be gone; for now he'll  
 fight with a fly, if he but buzz<sup>4</sup> in his ear [*Exit*]

*Enter COOMES*

COOMES Here's so ho-ing with a plague! so hang,  
 and ye will, for I have been almost drown'd A  
 pox of your stones,<sup>5</sup> and ye call this kissing! Ye  
 talk of a drowned rat, but 'twas time to swim like  
 a dog; I had been serv'd like a drown'd cat else  
 I would he had digg'd his grave that digg'd the  
 pond! my feet were foul indeed, but a less pail than  
 a pond would have served my turn to wash them  
 A man shall be serv'd thus always, when he follows  
 any of these females but 'tis my kind heart that  
 makes me thus forward in kindness unto them

<sup>1</sup> Second edit. *grope*

<sup>2</sup> Second edit. *so*

<sup>3</sup> [Old copies, *paint*]

<sup>4</sup> So second edit First edit *buzze*.

<sup>5</sup> Second edit *lips*.

well, God amend them, and make them thankful to them that would do them pleasure I am not diunk, I would ye should well know it, and yet I have diunk more than will do me good, for I might have had a pump set up with as<sup>1</sup> good Maich beer as this was, and ne'er set up an alebush for the matter Well, I am somewhat in wiath, I must needs say, and yet I am not moie angry than wise, nor more wise than angry, but I'll fight with the next man I meet, and it be but for luck's sake, and if he love to see himself hurt, let him bring light with him, I'll do it by darking else, by God's dines Well, here will I walk, whosoever says nay.

*Enter* NICHOLAS

NICH He that worse may, must hold the candle, but my master is not so wise, as God might have made him He is gone to seek a hare in a hen's nest, a needle in a bottle of hay, which is as seldom seen as a black swan he is gone to seek my young mistress, and I think she is better lost than found, for whosoever hath her, hath but a wet eel by the tail But they may do, as they list, the law is in their own hands, but, and they would be rul'd by me, they should set her on the lee-land, and bid the devil split her, beshrew her fingers, she hath made me watch past mine hour, but I'll watch her a good turn for it

COOMES How, who's that? Nicholas!—So, first come, first serv'd, I am for him [*Aside*]—How now, Proverb, Proverb? 'sblood, how now, Proverb?

NICH My name is Nicholas, Richard, and I know your meaning, and I hope ye mean no harm. I thank ye. I am the better for your asking.

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit *I have had a Pumpe set up, as good*

COOMES Where have ye been a-whoring thus late, ha?

NICH Master Richard, the good wife would not seek her daughter in the oven, unless she had been there herself but, good Lord, you are knuckle-deep in dirt!—I warrant, when he was in, he swore Walsingham,<sup>1</sup> and chaf'd terrible for the time [*Aside* ]—Look, the water drips from you as fast as hops

COOMES What need'st thou to care, whip-her-jenny,<sup>2</sup> tripe cheeks?<sup>3</sup> out, you fat ass!

NICH Good words cost nought ill words corrupt good manneis, Richard, for a hasty man never wants woe And I had thought you had been my friend, but I see all is not gold that glitters, there's falsehood in fellowship, *amicus certus in re certa cernitur*, time and truth tries all, and 'tis an old proverb, and not so old as true, bought wit is the best, I can see day at a little hole, I know your mind as well as though I were within you, 'tis ill halting before a cripple go to, you seek to quarrel, but beware of had I wist,<sup>4</sup> so long goes the pot to the water, at length it comes home broken, I know you are as good a man as ever drew sword, or as was e'er girt in a girdle, or as e'er went on neat's leather, or as one shall see upon a summer's day, or as e'er look'd man in the face, or as e'er trod on God's earth, or as e'er broke bread or drunk drink, but he is proper that hath proper conditions,<sup>5</sup> but be not

<sup>1</sup> *z c*, (Perhaps) swore by our Lady of Walsingham, in Norfolk

<sup>2</sup> [The name of a game, though here used as a bye-word See "Popular Antiquities of Gr Britain" ii 341]

<sup>3</sup> So second edit First edit, *Tripe cheek*

<sup>4</sup> *z c*, Had I known the consequences a common proverbial expression of repentance

<sup>5</sup> See note, p 25

you like the cow, that gives a good sop of milk, and casts it down with her<sup>1</sup> heels, I speake plainly, for plain-dealing is a jewel, and he that useth it shall die a beggar, well, that happens in an hour, that happens not in seven years, a man is not so soon whole as hurt, and you should kill a man, you would kiss his—well, I say little, but I think the more Yet I'll give him good words, 'tis good to hold a candle before the devil, yet, by God's dine,<sup>2</sup> I'll take no wrong, if he had a head as big as Brass,<sup>3</sup> or look'd as high as Paul's steeple [*Aside*]

COOMES Siriah, thou grasshopper, that shalt skip from my sword as from a scythe, I'll cut thee out in collops and eggs, in steaks, in slic'd beef, and fry thee with the fire I shall strike from the pike of thy buckler

NICH Ay, Brag's a good dog, threat'ned folks live long

COOMES What say ye, sir?

NICH Why, I say not so much as, How do ye?

COOMES Do ye not so, sir?

NICH No, indeed, whatsoe'er I think; and thought is free

COOMES You whoreson wafer-cake, by God's dines, I'll crush ye for this!

NICH Give an inch, and you'll take an ell, I will not put my finger in a hole, I warrant ye what, man! ne'er crow so fast, for a blind man may kill a hare, I have known when a plain fellow hath hurt a fence, so I have what! a man may be as slow as a snail, but as fierce as a lion, and he be moved, indeed, I am patient, I must needs say, for patience in adversity brings a man to the Three Cranes in the Vintry

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *his* <sup>2</sup> [Edits, *me*]

<sup>3</sup> Qy a proverbial allusion to the famous Brazen-head?



COOMES Do ye hear? set down your torch, draw, fight, I am for ye.

NICH And I am for ye too, though it be from this midnight to the next morn

COOMES Where be your tools?

NICH Within a mile of an oak, sir, he's a proud horse will not carry his own provender, I warrant ye.

COOMES Now am I in my quarrelling humour, and now can I say nothing but, zounds, draw! but I'll untruss, and then have to it [Aside]

*Enter [severally] HODGE and BOY*

HOD Who's there? boy! honest boy, well-met where hast thou been?

BOY O Hodge, Dick Coomes hath been as good as a cry of hounds, to make a breath'd<sup>1</sup> hare of me! but didst thou see my master?

HOD I met him even now, and he ask'd me for thee, and he is gone up and down, whooing like<sup>2</sup> an owl for thee

BOY Owl, ye ass!

HOD Ass! no, nor glass, for then it had been Owl-glass<sup>3</sup> but who's that, boy?

BOY By the mass, 'tis our Coomes and Nicholas, and it seems they are providing to fight

HOD Then we shall have fine sport, i'faith Sirrah, let's stand close, and when they have fought a bout or two, we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight darkling, shall we?

BOY Content, I'll get the torch stand close

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *breath*

<sup>2</sup> So second edit Not in first edit

<sup>3</sup> The hero of a popular German jest-book ("Eulenspiegel," which was translated into English at a very early period see Gifford's note on Jonson's "Works," iv 60, and Nares' Gloss in v

COOMES So now my back hath room to reach  
I do not love to be lac'd in, when I go to lace a  
rascal I pray God, Nicholas prove not a fly <sup>1</sup>  
it would do me good to deal with a good man now,  
that we might have half-a-dozen good smart strokes  
Ha, I have seen the day I could have danc'd in my  
fight, one, two, three, four, and five on the head  
of him, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten on the  
sides of him, and, if I went so far as fifteen, I  
warrant I shewed <sup>2</sup> him a trick of one-and-twenty,  
but I have not fought this four days, and I lack a  
little practice of my ward, but I shall make a shift  
ha, close [*Aside*] —Are ye disposed, sir?

NICH Yes, indeed, I fear no colours change  
sides, Richard

COOMES. Change the gallows! I'll see thee  
hang'd first

NICH Well, I see the fool will not leave his  
bale <sup>3</sup> for the Tower of London

COOMES Fool, ye rogue! nay, then, fall to it.

NICH Good goose, bite not

COOMES 'Sblood, how puiſy I am! Well, I see  
exercise is all I must practice my weapons oft'ner,  
I must have a goal or two at foot-ball, before I  
come to my right kind [*Aside*] Give me thy hand,  
Nicholas thou art a better man than I took thee  
for, and yet thou art not so good a man as I.

NICH You dwell by ill-neighbour's, Richard,  
that makes ye praise yourself

COOMES Why, I hope thou wilt say I am a man?

NICH Yes, I'll say so, if I should see ye hang'd

COOMES Hang'd, ye rogue! nay, then, have at  
ye [*While they fight, exeunt HODGE and BOY with  
the torch*] Zounds, the light is gone!

---

<sup>1</sup> [First 4o, *silly*]

<sup>2</sup> So second edit First edit, *shew*

<sup>3</sup> *i e*, Bauble

NICH O Lord, it is as dark as pitch <sup>1</sup>

COOMES Well, here I'll lie, with my buckler  
thus, lest striking up and down at randall <sup>1</sup> the  
rogue might hurt me, for I cannot see to save it,  
and I'll hold my peace, lest my voice should bring  
him where I am [Stand aside]

NICH 'Tis good to have a cloak for the rain, a  
bad shift is better than none at all, I'll sit here,  
as if I were as dead as a dooi-nail [Stand aside] <sup>2</sup>

*Enter MR BARNES and MR GOURSEY*

MR GOUR Hark! there's one hallooes

MR BARNES And there's another

MR GOUR And everywhere we come, I hear  
some halloo,

And yet it is our haps to meet with none

MR BAR I marvel where your Hodge is and my  
man

MR GOUR Ay, and our wives? we cannot meet  
with them,

Nor with the boy, nor Mall, nor Fiank, nor  
Philip,

Nor yet with Coomes, and yet we ne'er stood  
still

Well, I am very angry with my wife,  
And she shall find I am not pleas'd with her,

If we meet ne'er so soon but 'tis my hope <sup>3</sup>

She hath had as blind a journey on't as we,

Pray God, she have, and worse, if worse may be <sup>1</sup>

MR BAR This is but short-liv'd envy, <sup>4</sup> Master  
Goursey

But, come, what say ye to my policy?

<sup>1</sup> Random

<sup>2</sup> [i e, Coomes and Nicholas both retire to the back of  
the stage]

<sup>3</sup> Edits, hap

<sup>4</sup> i e, Ill-will

MR GOUR. I faith, 'tis good, and we will practise  
it,  
But, sir, it must be handled cunningly,  
Or all is man'd, our wives have subtle heads  
And they will soon perceive a drift device

*Enter SIR RALPH SMITH*

SIR RALPH So ho !  
MR GOUR So ho !  
SIR RALPH Who there ?  
MR BAR Here's one or two.  
SIR RALPH Is Will there ?  
MR BAR. No Philip ?  
MR GOUR Frank ?  
SIR RALPH No, no —  
Was ever man deluded thus like me ?  
I think some spirit leads me thus amiss,  
As I have often heard that some have been  
Thus in the nights  
But yet this mazes me, where e'er I come  
Some asks me still for Frank or Philip,  
And none of them can tell me where Will is  
*[Aside]*

WILL So ho !	} <i>They halloo within</i>
PHIL So ho !	
HOD So ho !	
BOY So ho !	

SIR RALPH Zounds, now I hear four halloo at  
the least !  
One had a little voice, then, that's the wench  
My man hath lost well, I will answer all. *[Aside]*—  
So ho !

*[Enter HODGE]*

HOD. Whoop, whoop !  
SIR RALPH Who's there ? Will ?

HOD No, sir, honest Hodge but, I pray ye, sir, did ye not meet with a boy with a torch? he is run away from me, a plague on him!

SIR RALPH Heyday, from Frank and Philip to a torch,

And to a boy! nay, zounds, then, hap as 'twill

[Aside

[*Exeunt* SIR RALPH and HODGE *severally*

MR GOUR Who goes there?

[Enter WILL]

WILL Guess here

MR BAR Philip?

WILL Philip! no, faith; my name's Will—ill-Will, for I was never worse I was even now with him, and might have been still, but that I fell into a ditch and lost him, and now I am going up and down to seek him.

MR GOUR What would'st thou do with him?

WILL Why, I would have him go with me to my master's

MR GOUR Who's thy master?

WILL Why, Sir Ralph Smith, and thither he promis'd me he would come, if he keep his word, so 'tis

MR BAR What was a<sup>1</sup> doing, when thou first found'st him?

WILL. Why, he halloo'd for one Francis, and Francis halloo'd for him, I halloo'd for my master, and my master for me, but we miss'd still, meeting contrary, Philip and Francis with me and my master, and I and my master with Philip and Frank

---

<sup>1</sup> Second edit., *he a*; but *a* is a common contraction for *he*

MR GOUR Why, wherefore is Sir Ralph so late abroad?

WILL Why, he meant to kill a buck, I'll say so to save his honesty, but my Nan was his mark [*Aside*] And he sent me for his bow, and when I came, I halloo'd for him, but I never saw such luck to miss him, it hath almost made me mad.

MR BAR Well, stay with us, perhaps Sir Ralph and he will come anon hark! I do hear one halloo

*Enter PHILIP*

PHIL Is this broad waking in a winter's night?  
I am broad walking in a winter's night—  
Broad indeed, because I am abroad—  
But these broad fields, methinks, are not so broad  
That they may keep me forth of narrow ditches.  
Here's a hard world!

For I can hardly keep myself upright in it  
I am marvellous dutiful—but, so ho!

WILL So ho!

PHIL Who's there?

WILL Here's Will

PHIL What, Will ' how 'scap'st thou?

WILL What, sir?

PHIL Nay, not hanging, but drowning wert thou in a pond or a ditch?

WILL A pestilence on it! is't you, Philip? no, faith, I was but dirty a little but here's one or two ask'd for ye

PHIL Who be they, man?

MR BAR Philip, 'tis I and Master Goursey

PHIL Father, O father, I have heard them say  
The days of ignorance are pass'd and done,  
But I am sure the nights of ignorance  
Are not yet pass'd, for this is one of them  
But where's my sister?

MR BAR Why, we cannot tell

PHIL Where's Francis ?

MR GOUR Neither saw we him

PHIL Why, this is fine

What, neither he nor I, nor she nor you,

Nor I nor she, nor you and I, till <sup>1</sup> now,

Can meet, could meet, or e'er, I think, shall meet'

Call ye this wooing ? no, 'tis Christmas sport

Of Hob-man-blind,<sup>2</sup> all blind, all seek to catch,

All miss—but who comes here ?

*Enter FRANK and his BOY*

FRAN O, have I catch'd ye, sir ? It was your  
doing

That made me have this pretty dance to-night,

Had not you spoken, my mother had not scar'd  
me

But I will swinge ye for it.

PHIL Keep the king's peace !

FRAN How ! art thou become a constable ?

Why, Philip, where hast thou been all this while ?

PHIL Why, where you were not but, I pray  
[you], where's my sister ?

FRAN Why, man, I saw her not, but I have  
sought her,

As I should seek—

PHIL A needle, have ye not ?

Why you, man, are the needle that she seeks

To work withal ! Well, Francis, do you hear ?

You must not answer so, that you have sought  
her,

But have ye found her ? faith, and if you have,

God give ye joy of that ye found with her !

FRAN<sup>3</sup> I saw her not how could I find her ?

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *tell*

<sup>2</sup> *ze*, Blind-man's-buff

<sup>3</sup> So second edit Not in first edit.

MR GOUR Why, could ye miss from Master  
Barnes's house

Unto his coney-burrow ?

FRAN Whether I could or no, father, I did

PHIL Father, I did ! Well, Frank, wilt thou  
believe me ?

Thou dost not know how much this same doth  
grieve me

Shall it be said thou miss'd so plain a way,  
When as so fair a wench did for thee stay ?

FRAN Zounds, man !

PHIL Zounds, man ! and if thou hadst been  
blind,

The coney-burrow thou needest must find.

I tell, thee, Francis, had it been my case,

And I had been a wooer in thy place,

I would have laid my head unto the ground,

And scented out my wench's way, like a hound,

I would have crept upon my knees all night,

And have made the flintstones links to give me  
light,

Nay, man, I would

FRAN Good Lord, what you would do !

Well, we shall see one day, how you can woo

MR GOUR Come, come, we see that we have  
all been cross'd,

Therefore, let's go, and seek them we have lost

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter* MALL.

[MAL] Am I alone ? doth not my mother  
come ?

Her torch I see not, which I well might see,

If any way she were coming toward me .

Why, then, belike she's gone some other way ,

And may she go, till I bid her [to] turn !

Far shall her way be then, and little far,

Foe she hath hindered me of my good turn ,



God send her wet and weary, ere she turn !  
 I had been at Oxenford, and to-morrow  
 Have been releas'd from all my maiden's sorrow,  
 And tasted joy, had not my mother been ,  
 God, I beseech thee, make it her worst sin !  
 How many maids this night lies in their beds,  
 And dream that they have lost their maidenheads !  
 Such dreams, such slumbers I had too enjoy'd,  
 If waking malice had not them destroy'd  
 A starved man with double death doth die,  
 To have the meat might save him in his eye,  
 And may not have it so am I tormented,  
 To starve for joy I see, yet am prevented  
 Well, Frank, although thou wooedst and quickly won,  
 Yet shall my love to thee be never done ,  
 I'll run through hedge and ditch, through brakes  
 and briars,  
 To come to thee, sole lord of my desires .  
 Short wooing is the best, an hour, not years,  
 For long-debating love is full of fears  
 But, hark ! I hear one tread O, were't my brother,  
 Or Frank, or any man, but not my mother !

[*Enter* SIR RALPH SMITH ]

SIR RALPH O, when will this same year of  
 night have end ?  
 Long-look'd for day's sun, when wilt thou ascend ?  
 Let not this thief<sup>1</sup>-friend, misty veil of night,  
 Encroach on day, and shadow thy fair light,  
 Whilst thou com'st tardy from thy Thetis' bed,  
 Blushing forth golden hair and glorious red ,  
 O, stay not long, bright lanthorn of the day,  
 To light my miss'd-way feet to my right way !  
 MAL It is a man, his big voice tells me so,  
 Much am I not acquainted with it, tho' ,

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *thief*]

And yet mine ear, sound's true distinguisher,  
 Boys<sup>1</sup> that I have been more familiar  
 With it than now I am well, I do judge,  
 It is no envious fellow, out<sup>2</sup> of grudge,  
 Therefore I'll plead acquaintance, hire his guiding  
 And buy of him some place of close abiding,  
 Till that my mother's malice be expir'd,  
 And we may joy in that is long desired [*Aside* ]—  
 Who's there?

SIR RALPH Are ye a maid? No question, this  
 is she

My man doth miss faith, since she lights on me,  
 I do not mean till day to let her go,  
 For whe'er<sup>3</sup> she is my man's love, I will know

[*Aside* ]  
 Hark ye, maid, if [a] maid, are ye so light,  
 That you can see to wander in the night?

MAL Hark ye, true man, if true, I tell ye, no,  
 I cannot see at all which way I go

SIR RALPH Fair maid, is't so? say, had ye ne'er  
 a fall?

MAL Fair man, not so, no, I had none at all

SIR RALPH Could you not stumble on one man,  
 I pray?

MAL No, no such block till now came in my way

SIR RALPH Am I that block, sweet tripe, then,  
 fall and try.

MAL The ground's too hard a feather-bed,  
 not I.

SIR RALPH Why, how, and you had met with  
 such a stump?

MAL Why, if he had been your height, I meant  
 to jump.

SIR RALPH Are ye so nimble?

MAL Nimble as a doe

---

<sup>1</sup> i e, (I suppose) Buoy<sup>2</sup> [*Old copy, not envies fellow, not*]  
<sup>3</sup> [*Old copies, what*]

SIR RALPH Bak'd in a pie  
 MAL Of ye  
 SIR RALPH Good meat, ye know  
 MAL Ye hunt sometimes?<sup>1</sup>  
 SIR RALPH I do  
 MAL What take ye?  
 SIR RALPH Deer  
 MAL You'll ne'er strike rascal?<sup>1</sup>  
 SIR RALPH Yes, when ye are there  
 MAL Will ye strike me?  
 SIR RALPH Yes will ye strike again?  
 MAL No, sir it fits not maids to fight with  
 men  
 SIR RALPH I wonder, wench, how I thy name  
 might know  
 MAL Why, you may find it, sir, in th' Christ-  
 cross row?<sup>2</sup>  
 SIR RALPH Be my schoolmistress, teach me how  
 to spell it  
 MAL No, faith, I care not greatly, if I tell it,  
 My name is Mary Barnes  
 SIR RALPH How, wench? Mall Barnes!  
 MAL The very same  
 SIR RALPH Why, this is strange  
 MAL I pray, sir, what's your name?  
 SIR RALPH Why, Sir Ralph Smith doth wonder,  
 wench, at this,  
 Why, what's the cause thou art abroad so late?  
 MAL What, Sir Ralph Smith! nay, then, I will  
 disclose  
 All the whole cause to him, in him repose  
 My hopes, my love God him, I hope, did send  
 Our loves and both our mothers' hates to end  
 [*Aside* ]—  
 Gentle Sir Ralph, if you my blush might see,

---

<sup>1</sup> *z e*, A dear lean and out of season

<sup>2</sup> *z. e.*, The alphabet

You then would say I am ashamed to be  
 Found, like a wand'ring stray, by such a knight,  
 So far from home at such a time of night  
 But my excuse is good, love first by fate  
 Is cross'd, controll'd, and sundered by fell hate  
 Frank Goursey is my love, and he loves me,  
 But both our mothers hate and disagree,  
 Our fathers like the match and wish it done;  
 And so it had, had not our mothers come,  
 To Oxford we concluded both to go,  
 Going to meet, they came, we parted so,  
 My mother followed me, but I ran fast,  
 Thinking who went from hate had need make  
 haste,

Take me she cannot, though she still pursue.  
 But now, sweet knight, I do repose on you,  
 Be you my orator and plead my right,  
 And get me one good day for this bad night

SIR RALPH Alas, good heart, I pity thy hard  
 hap!

And I'll employ all that I may for thee  
 Frank Goursey, wench! I do commend thy choice  
 Now I remember I met one Francis,  
 As I did seek my man,—then, that was he,—  
 And Philip, too,—belike that was thy brother  
 Why, now I find how I did lose myself,  
 And wander<sup>1</sup> up and down, mistaking so  
 Give me thy hand, Mall I will never leave,  
 Till I have made your mothers friends again,  
 And purchas'd to ye both your hearts' delight,  
 And for this same one bad many a good night  
 'Twill not be long, ere that Aurora will,  
 Deck'd in the glory of a golden sun,  
 Open the crystal windows of the east,  
 To make the earth enamour'd of her face,

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit. First edit. *wandering*  
 VOL VII.

When we shall have clear light to see our way  
Come, night being done, expect a happy day  
[*Exeunt*]

*Enter* MISTRESS BARNES

MRS BAR O, what a race this peevish girl hath  
led me!

How fast I ran, and now how weary I am!  
I am so out of breath I scarce can speak,—  
What shall I do?—and cannot overtake her  
'Tis late and dark, and I am far from home  
May there not thieves lie watching hereabout,  
Intending mischief unto them they meet?  
There may, and I am much afraid of them,  
Being alone without all company  
I do repent me of my coming forth,  
And yet I do not,—they had else been married,  
And that I would not for ten times more labour  
But what a winter of cold fear I thole,<sup>1</sup>  
Freezing my heart, lest danger should betide me!  
What shall I do to purchase company?  
I hear some halloo here about the fields  
Then here I'll set my torch upon this hill,  
Whose light shall beacon-like conduct them to it,  
They that have lost their way, seeing a light,  
For it may be seen far off in the night,  
Will come to it. Well, here I'll lie unseen,  
And look who comes, and choose my company  
Perhaps my daughter may first come to it.

[*Enter* MISTRESS GOURSEY.]

MRS GOUR Where am I now? nay, where was  
I even now?  
Nor now, nor then, nor where I shall be, know I  
I think I am going home. I may as well

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e., suffer, endure. . Edits *stole*.

Be<sup>1</sup> going from home, 'tis<sup>2</sup> so very dark,  
 I cannot see how to direct a step  
 I lost my man, pursuing of my son,  
 My son escap'd me too now, all alone,  
 I am enforc'd<sup>3</sup> to wander up and down  
 Barnes's wife's<sup>4</sup> abroad pray God, that she  
 May have as good a dance, nay, ten times worse!  
 O, but I fear she hath not, she hath light  
 To see her way O, that some<sup>5</sup> bridge would break,  
 That she might fall into some deep digg'd ditch,  
 And either break her bones or drown herself!  
 I would these mischiefs I could wish to her  
 Might light on her!—but, soft, I see a light  
 I will go near, it is comfortable,  
 After this night's sad sprints-dulling darkness  
 How now? what, is it set to keep itself?

MRS BAR A plague on't, is she there? [*Aside*]

MRS GOUR O, how it cheers and quickens up  
 my thoughts!

MRS BAR O that it were the basilisk's fell eye,  
 To poison thee! [*Aside.*]

MRS GOUR I care not, if I take it—  
 Sure none is here to hinder me—  
 And light me home.

MRS BAR I had rather she were hang'd  
 Than I should set it there to do her good [*Aside*]

MRS GOUR I' faith, I will

MRS BAR. I' faith, you shall not, mistress;  
 I'll venture a burnt finger but I'll have it. [*Aside*]

MRS GOUR Yet Barnes's wife would chafe, if  
 that she knew,  
 That I had this good luck to get a light

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit *Being*

<sup>2</sup> Read, for the metre, *it is*

<sup>3</sup> So second edit. First edit *enforc'st*.

<sup>4</sup> Read, for the metre, *wife is*

<sup>5</sup> So second edit First edit *same*.

MRS BAR And so she doth, but praise your<sup>1</sup>  
 luck at parting [Aside]

MRS GOUR O, that it were<sup>2</sup> her light, good  
 faith, that she

Might darkling walk about as well as I!

MRS BAR O, how this mads me, that she hath  
 her wish! [Aside]

MRS GOUR How I would laugh to see her trot  
 about!

MRS BAR O, I could cry for anger and for  
 rage! [Aside]

MRS GOUR But who should set it here, I mainv'l,  
 a God's name

MRS BAR One that will have 't from you in  
 the devil's name [Aside]

MRS GOUR I'll lay my life that it was Barnes's  
 son

MRS BAR No, forsooth, it was Barnes's wife

MRS GOUR A plague upon her, how she made  
 me start! [Aside]

Mistress, let go the torch

MRS BAR No, but I will not

MRS GOUR I'll thrust it in thy face, then

MRS BAR But you shall not.

MRS GOUR Let go, I say.

MRS BAR Let you go, for 'tis mine

MRS GOUR. But my possession says, it is none  
 of thine.

MRS BAR Nay, I have hold too

MRS GOUR Well, let go thy hold,

Or I will spurn thee

MRS BAR Do, I can spurn thee too

MRS GOUR Canst thou?

MRS BAR. Ay, that I can

<sup>1</sup> Second edit *you*

<sup>2</sup> So second edit. First edit. *weere*

*Enter* MASTER GOURSEY *and* MASTER BARNES,  
[PHILIP, FRANK, &c ]

MR GOUR Why, how now, women ? how unlike  
to women

Aie ye both now ! come, part, come, part, I say

MR BAR. Why, what immodesty is this in you !  
Come, part, I say, fie, fie

MRS BAR Fie, fie ? I say she shall not have my  
torch —

Give me thy torch, boy — I will run a-tilt,  
And burn out both her eyes in my encounter

MRS GOUR Give room, and let us have this  
hot career <sup>1</sup>

MR GOUR I say ye shall not wife, go to, tame  
your thoughts,  
That aie so mad with fury

MR BAR And, sweet wife,  
Temper your rage with patience, do not be  
Subject so much to such misgovernment

MRS BAR Shall I not, sir, when such a strumpet  
wrongs me ?

MR GOUR How, strumpet, Mistress Barnes ?  
nay, I pray, hark ye  
I oft indeed have heard ye call her so,  
And I have thought upon it, why ye should  
Twit her with name of strumpet, do you know  
Any hurt by her, that you term her so ?

MR BAR. No, on my life, rage only makes her  
say so

MR GOUR But I would know whence this same  
rage should come,  
Where's smoke, there's fire ; and my heart mis-  
gives  
My wife's intemperance hath got that name, —

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old edits, *carene* ]



And, Mistress Barnes, I doubt and shrewdly<sup>1</sup>  
doubt,

And some great cause begets this doubt in me,  
Your husband and my wife doth wrong us both

MR BAR How, think ye so? nay, Master  
Goursey, then,

You run in debt to my opinion,  
Because you pay not such advised wisdom,  
As I think due unto my good conceit

MR GOUR. Then still I fear I shall your debtor  
prove

[MR BAR] Then I arrest you in the name of  
love,

Not bail, but present answer to my plea,  
And in the court of reason we will try,  
If that good thoughts should believe jealousy

PHIL Why, look ye, mother, this is 'long of  
you —

For God's sake, father, hark? why, these effects  
Come still from women's malice part, I pray —  
Coomes, Will, and Hodge, come all, and help us  
part them! —

Father, but hear me speak one word—no more

FRAN. Father, but hear him<sup>2</sup> speak, then use  
you will

PHIL Cry peace between ye for a little while

MRS GOUR Good husband, hear him speak.

MRS BAR Good husband, hear him

COOMES Master, hear him speak, he's a good  
wise young stripling for his years, I tell ye, and  
perhaps may speak wiser than an elder body,  
therefore hear him

HOD Master, hear, and make an end, you may  
kill one another in jest, and be hanged in earnest

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *shrewdly*

<sup>2</sup> Second edit, *me*—wrongly, as appears from what follows

MR GOUR Come, let us hear him Then speak quickly, Philip

MR BAR Thou shouldst have done ere this, speak, Philip, speak

MRS BAR O Lord, what haste you make to hurt yourselves !—

Good Philip, use some good persuasions  
To make them friends

PHIL Yes, I'll do what I can —  
Father and Master Goursey, both attend  
It is presumption in so young a man  
To teach where he might learn, or to <sup>1</sup> direct,  
Where he hath had direction , but in duty  
He may persuade as long as his persuade  
Is back'd with reason and a rightful suit  
Physic's first rule is this, as I have learned  
Kill the effect by cutting off the cause  
The same effects of ruffian outrages  
Comes by the cause of malice in your wives ,  
Had not they two been foes, you had been friends,  
And we had been at home, and this same war  
In peaceful sleep had ne'er been dreamt upon  
Mother and Mistress Goursey, to make them friends,  
Is to be friends yourselves you are the cause,  
And these effects proceed, you know, from you ,  
Your hates gives life unto these killing strifes,  
But die, and if that envy <sup>2</sup> die in you —  
Fathers, yet stay —O, speak !—O, stay a while !—  
Francis, persuade thy mother —Master Goursey,  
If that my mother will resolve <sup>3</sup> your mind <sup>4</sup>  
That 'tis but mere suspect, not common proof,  
And if my father swear he's innocent,  
As I durst pawn my soul with him he is,  
And if your wife vow truth and constancy,  
Will you be then persuaded ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Edits, *be*

<sup>3</sup> *i e*, satisfy, convince

<sup>2</sup> *i e*, ill-will

<sup>4</sup> Edits, *mindes*

THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN

MR GOUR Philip, if thy father will remit<sup>1</sup>  
The wounds I gave him, and if these condi-  
tions

May be performed, I banish all my wiath

MR BAR And if thy mother will but clear me,  
Philip,

As I am ready to protest I am,

Then Master Gouisey is my friend again

PHIL Hark, mother, now you hear that your  
desires

May be accomplished, they will both be friends,  
If you'll perform these easy articles

MRS BAR Shall I be friends with such an  
enemy?

PHIL What say you<sup>1</sup> unto my persuaſe?

MRS BAR I say she's<sup>2</sup> my deadly enemy

PHIL Ay, but she will be your friend, if you  
revolt

MRS BAR The words I said<sup>1</sup> what, shall I eat  
a truth?

PHIL Why, hark ye, mother

FRAN Mother, what say you?

MRS GOUR Why, this I say, she slandered my  
good name

FRAN But if she now deny it, 'tis no defame

MRS GOUR. What, shall I think her hate will  
yield so much?

FRAN Why, doubt it not; her spirit may be  
such

MR GOUR Why, will it be?

PHIL Yet stay, I have some hope.

Mother, why, mother, why, hear ye<sup>3</sup>

Give me your hand, it is no more but thus,

'Tis easy labour to shake hands with her

---

<sup>1</sup> Qy, you, mother?

<sup>2</sup> Read, for the metre, *she is*

<sup>3</sup> Something has dropt out here.

Little<sup>1</sup> breath is spent in speaking of fair words,  
When wrath hath violent delivery

MR BAR What, shall we be resolv'd?

MRS BAR O husband, stay!

Stay Master Goursey though your wife doth  
hate me,

And bears unto me malice infinite  
And endless, yet I will respect your safeties.

I would not have you perish by our means

I must confess that only suspect,

And no proof else, hath fed my hate to her

MRS GOUR And, husband, I protest by heaven  
and earth

That her suspect is causeless and unjust,

And that I ne'er had such a vild<sup>2</sup> intent,

Harm she imagin'd, where as none was meant

PHIL Lo, sir, what would ye more?

MR BAR Yes, Philip, this,

That I confirm him in my innocence

By this large universe

MR GOUR By that I swear,

I'll credit none of you, until I hear

Friendship concluded straight between them two

If I see that they willingly will do,

Then I'll imagine all suspicion ends,

I may be then assured, they being friends

PHIL Mother, make full my wish, and be it so

MRS BAR What, shall I sue for friendship to  
my foe?

PHIL No if she yield, will you?

MRS BAR It may be, ay

PHIL Why, this is well The other I will  
try —

Come, Mistress Goursey, do you first agree

MRS GOUR What, shall I yield unto mine  
enemy?

<sup>1</sup> [Edits., *A little*]

<sup>2</sup> i.e., Vile.

PHIL Why, if she will, will you ?

MRS GOUR Perhaps I will

PHIL Nay, then, I find this goes well forward  
still

Mother, give me your hand [*to MRS G*], give me  
yours too—

Be not so loth, some good thing I must do,  
But lay your torches by, I like not them,  
Come, come, deliver them unto your men  
Give me your hands So, now, sir, here I stand,  
Holding two angry women in my hand  
And I must please them both, I could please tone,<sup>1</sup>  
But it is hard when there is two to one,  
Especially of women, but 'tis so,  
They shall be pleas'd, whether they will or no —  
Which will come first ? what, both give back ' ha,  
neither '

Why, then, yond help that both may come to-  
gether<sup>2</sup>

So stand still, stand [*still*] but a little while,  
And see, how I your angers will beguile  
Well, yet there is no hurt, why, then, let me  
Join these two hands, and see how they'll agree  
Peace, peace ! they cry, look how they friendly kiss !  
Well, all this while there is no harm in this  
Are not these two twins ? twins should be both  
alike,

If tone speaks fair, the tother should not strike  
Jesus, the warriors will not offer blows !  
Why, then, 'tis strange that you two should be foes  
O yes, you'll say, your weapons are your tongues,  
Touch lip with lip, and they are bound from  
wrongs

Go to, embrace, and say, if you be friends,  
That here the angry women's quarrels ends.

---

<sup>1</sup> *i e*, The one

<sup>2</sup> [ Old copies, *yond may help that come both together* ]

MRS GOUR Then here it ends, if Mistiess  
Barnes say so

MRS BAR If you say ay, I list not to say no

MR GOUR If they be fiends, by promise we  
agree

MR BAR And may this league of friendship  
ever be '

PHIL What say'st thou, Frank ? doth not this  
fall out well ?

FRAN Yes, if my Mall were here, then all were  
well

*Enter SIR RALPH SMITH with MALL [MALL stays  
behind ]*

SIR RALPH Yonder they be, Mall stay, stand  
close, and stii not

Until I call God save ye, gentlemen !

MR BAR What, Sir Ralph Smith ! you are wel-  
come, man

We wond'red when we heard you were abroad

SIR RALPH Why, sir, how heard ye that I was  
abroad ?

MR BAR By your man

SIR RALPH My man ! where is he ?

WILL Here

SIR RALPH O, ye are a trusty squire !

NICH It had been better, and he had said, a  
sure card

PHIL Why, sir ?

NICH Because it is the proverb

PHIL Away, ye ass !

NICH An ass goes a four legs, I go of two,  
Christ cross

PHIL Hold your tongue

NICH And make no more ado

MR GOUR Go to, no more ado Gentle Sir  
Ralph,

Your man is not in fault for missing you,  
For he mistook by us, and we by him

SIR RALPH. And I by you, which now I well  
perceive

But tell me, gentlemen, what made ye all  
Be from your beds this night, and why thus late  
Are your wives walking here about the fields <sup>1</sup>  
'Tis strange to see such women of accompt  
Here, but I guess some great occasion [prompt]

MR GOUR Faith, this occasion, sir women will  
jar,

And jai they did to-day, and so they parted,  
We, knowing women's malice let alone  
Will, canker-like, eat farther in their hearts,  
Did seek a sudden cure, and thus it was  
A match between his daughter and my son,  
No sooner motioned but 'twas agreed,  
And they no sooner saw but wooed and lik'd  
They have it sought to cross, and cross['d] it thus

SIR RALPH Fie, Mistress Barnes and Mistress  
Goursey both,

The greatest sin wherein your souls may sin,  
I think, is this, in crossing of true love  
Let me persuade ye

MRS BAR Sir, we are persuaded,  
And I and Mistress Goursey are both friends,  
And, if my daughter were but found again,  
Who now is missing, she had my consent  
To be dispos'd of to her own content.

SIR RALPH. I do rejoice that what I thought to  
do,  
Ere I begin, I find already done  
Why, this will please your friends at Abington  
Frank, if thou seek'st that way, there thou shalt  
find  
Her, whom I hold the comfort of thy mind

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit, *fileds*.

MAL He shall not seek me, I will seek him out,

Since of my mother's grant I need not doubt

MR[S] BAR Thy mother grants, my girl, and she doth pray

To send unto you both a joyful day !

HOD Nay, Mistress Barnes, I wish her better that those joyful days may be turn'd to joyful nights

COOMES Faith, 'tis a pretty wench, and tis pity but she should have him

NICH And, Mistress Mary, when ye go to bed, God send you good rest, and a peck of fleas in your nest, every one as big as Francis !

PHIL Well said, wisdom ! God send thee wise children !

NICH And you more money

PHIL Ay, so wish I.

NICH 'Twill be a good while, ere you wish your skin full of eyelet-holes

PHIL Frank, hark ye brother, now your wooing's done,

The next thing now you do is for a son,

I prythee, for, i'faith, I should be glad

To have myself called nunkle,<sup>1</sup> and thou dad

Well, sister, if that Francis play the man,

My mother must be grandam and you mam

To it, Francis—to it, sister !—God send ye joy !

'Tis fine to sing, dancey, my own sweet boy !

FRAN Well, sir, jest on

PHIL Nay, sir,<sup>2</sup> do you jest on

MR BAR Well, may she prove a happy wife to him !

MR GOUR And may he prove as happy unto her !

---

<sup>1</sup> A common, familiar contraction of *mine uncle*

<sup>2</sup> Second edit, *fie*.



SIR RALPH Well, gentlemen, good hap betide them both !

Since 'twas my hap thus happily to meet,  
To be a witness of this sweet contract,  
I do rejoice, wherefore, to have this joy  
Longer present with me, I do request  
That all of you will be my promis'd guests  
This long night's labour doth desire some rest,  
Besides this wished end, therefore, I pray,  
Let me detain ye but a dinner time  
Tell me, I pray, shall I obtain so much ?

MR BAR Gentle Sir Ralph, your courtesy is such,

As may impose command unto us all,  
We will be thankful bold at your request

PHIL. I pray, Sir Ralph, what cheer shall we have ?

SIR RALPH I'faith, country fare, mutton and veal,

Perchance a duck or goose [upon the platter]

MAL O, I am sick !

ALL. How now, Mall ? what's the matter ?

MAL Father and mother, if you needs would know,

He nam'd a goose, which is my stomach's foe.

PHIL. Come, come, she is with child of some odd jest,

And now she's sick, till that she bring<sup>1</sup> it forth

MAL A jest, quoth you ! well, brother, if it be,  
I fear 'twill prove an earnest unto me

Goose, said ye, sir ? O, that same very name  
Hath in it much variety of shame !

Of all the birds that ever yet was seen,  
I would not have them graze upon this green,  
I hope they will not, for this crop is poor,  
And they may pasture upon greater store

---

<sup>1</sup> So second edit First edit., *brings*.

But yet 'tis pity that they let them pass,  
 And like a common bite the Muse's grass  
 Yet this I fear if Frank and I should kiss,  
 Some creaking goose would chide us with a hiss,  
 I mean not that goose that  
 Sings it knows not what,  
 'Tis not that hiss, when one says, "hist, come  
 hither,"

Nor that same hiss that setteth dogs together,  
 Nor that same hiss that by a fire doth stand,  
 And hisseth T or F<sup>1</sup> upon the hand,  
 But 'tis a hiss, and I'll unlace my coat,  
 For I should sound<sup>2</sup> sure, if I heard that note,  
 And then green ginger for the green goose cries,  
 Serves not the turn—I turn'd the white of eyes  
 The *rosa-solis* yet that makes me live  
 Is favour<sup>3</sup> that these gentlemen may give,  
 But if they be displeased, then pleas'd am I  
 To yield myself a hissing death to die  
 Yet I hope here is<sup>4</sup> none consents to kill,  
 But kindly take the favour of good will  
 If any thing be in the pen to blame,  
 Then here stand I to blush the writer's shame  
 If this be bad, he promises a better,  
 Trust him, and he will prove a right true debtor  
[*Exeunt*

---

<sup>1</sup> *i e*, Traitor or felon

<sup>2</sup> *i e*, Swoon

<sup>3</sup> Second edit, *favours*

<sup>4</sup> So read for the metre      Old copies, *here's*



LOOK ABOUT YOU.

## EDITION

*A Pleasant Commedie called Looke About you As it was lately played by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his seruants London, Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne neere Guildhall gate 1600 4°*

This drama is now first reprinted from the original edition, which has no division into acts and scenes. Mr Halliwell ("Dict of Old Plays," 1860, p 149) observes "This is a diverting play, and the plot of it is founded on the English historians of the reign of Henry II" <sup>1</sup>

"Look About You" is not only a *pleasant* comedy, full of bustle and amusing episodes, and abundantly stored with illustrations of manners, but it is a piece which exhibits, on the part of the unknown writer, a considerable share of power and originality. The crazed Earl of Gloucester is not an ill-conceived character, and may have supplied a hint to Shakespeare, and the cross-purposes, stratagems, and deceptions, of which it is full, remind us of our great dramatist's own "Comedy of Errors," with which, however, it has nothing in common. It is by no means improbable, at the same time, that "Look About You," and not Shakespeare's play, was the piece performed at Gray's Inn in December 1594. <sup>2</sup>

Skink, who fills the part assigned to the vice in the earlier comedies, is a well-sustained and entertaining character, and the series of transformations which he and the rest undergo, even while they occasionally perplex us a little, as the plot thickens, and the figures on the stage multiply, can hardly fail to amuse

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<sup>1</sup> See also Collier's 'Hist of Eng Dramatic Poetry,' i 3

<sup>2</sup> See Dyce's "Shakespeare," 1868, II 2

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ <sup>1</sup>

HENRY II, *King of England*

PRINCE HENRY, *the young usurped King*

PRINCE JOHN

PRINCE RICHARD

EARLS OF GLOUCESTER, LANCASTER, CHESTER, LEICESTER,  
and MORTON

SIR RICHARD FAUCONBRIDGE

ROBIN HOOD, *Earl of Huntington,*

SKINK, *disguised as a hermit*

THE QUEEN

LADY FAUCONBRIDGE.

BLOCK

*Warden of the Fleet*

REDCAP, *a messenger*

*Constable and Watch.*

*A Pursuant*

*A Drauer*

*Music*

---

<sup>1</sup> Not in the old copy



# A PLEASANT COMEDY CALLED LOOK ABOUT YOU.

---

## SCENE THE FIRST

*Enter ROBERT HOOD, a young Nobleman, a Servant with him, with riding wands in their hands, as if they had been new-lighted.*

ROB Go, walk the horses, wait me on the hill,  
This is the hermit's cell, go out of sight  
My business with him must not be reveal'd  
To any mortal creature but himself

SERV I'll wait your honour in the cross high-  
way [Exit

ROB Do so Hermit devout and reverend,  
If drowsy age keep not thy stiffened joints  
On thy unrestful bed, or if the hours  
Of holy orisons detain thee not,  
Come forth

*Enter SKINK, like an hermit*

SKINK Good morrow, son,  
Good morrow, and God bless thee, Huntington,  
A brighter gleam of true nobility  
Shines not in any youth more than in thee  
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,  
Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by meed

ROB Father, I come not now to know my fate,  
Important business ugeth princely Richard  
[Deliver letters



In these terms to salute thy reverent age  
 Read and be brief, I know some cause of trust  
 Made him employ me for his messenger

SKINK A cause of trust indeed, true-honoured  
 youth

Princes had need, in matters of import,  
 To make nice choice Fair earl, if I not err,  
 Thou art the prince's ward?

ROB Father, I am  
 His ward, his chamberlain, and bed-fellow

SKINK Fair fall thee, honourable Robert Hood!  
 Wend to Prince Richard say, though I am loth  
 To use my skill in conjuration,  
 Yet Skink, that poisoned red-cheek'd Rosamond,  
 Shall make appearance at the parliament,  
 He shall be there by noon, assure his grace

ROB Good-morrow, father, see you fail him not,  
 For though the villain did a horrible deed,  
 Yet hath the young king Richard, and Earl John,  
 Sworn to defend him from his greatest foes

SKINK God's benison be with thee, noble Earl!

ROB Adieu, good father Holla, there! my  
 horse!

[Exit

SKINK Up, spur the kicking jade, while I make  
 speed

To conjure Skink out of his hermit's weed,  
 Lie there, religion keep thy master grave,  
 And on the fair trust of these princes' word  
 To court again, Skink But, before I go,  
 Let mischief take advice of villany,  
 Why to the hermit letters should be sent,  
 To post Skink to the court incontinent  
 Is there no trick in this? ha! let me see!  
 Or do they know already I am he?  
 If they do so, faith, westward! then with Skink  
 But what an ass am I to be thus fond!

---

<sup>1</sup> [i.e., to Tyburn]

Here lies the hermit, whom I dying found  
 Some two months since, when I was hourly chang'd  
 With Hugh the crier and with constables  
 I saw him in the ready way to heaven,  
 I help'd him forward 'twas a holy deed,  
 And there he lies some six foot in the ground  
 Since where, and since, I kept me in his weeds.  
 O, what a world of fools have fill'd my cells!  
 For fortunes, run-aways, stol'n goods, lost cattle!  
 Among the number, all the faction  
 That take the young king's part against the old,  
 Come to myself to hearken for myself  
 So did the adverse party make inquest,  
 But either fall full of contrary desire  
 The old king's part would kill me being stain'd,  
 The young king's keep me from their violence  
 So then thou need'st not fear, go boldly on,  
 Brave Hal, Prince Dick, and my spruce hot-spur  
     John,  
 Here's then safe-conduct O, but for Rosamond!  
 A fig for Rosamond! to this hope I'll lean,  
 At a queen's bidding I did kill a queen

## SCENE THE SECOND

*Sound trumpets, enter with a Herald, on the one side, HENRY THE SECOND, crowned, after him LANCASTER, CHESTER, SIR RICHARD FAUCONBRIDGE on the other part, KING HENRY the son, crowned, Herald after him. after him PRINCE RICHARD, JOHN, LEICESTER Being set, enters fantastical ROBERT OF GLOSTER in a gown girt. walks up and down*

OLD KING Why doth not Gloster take his  
     honoured seat?

GLO In faith, my hege, Gloster is in a land,

Where neither surety is to sit or stand.  
 I only do appear as I am summoned,  
 And will await without till I am call'd.

YOUNG K Why, hear you, Gloster?

GLO Henry, I do hear you

YOUNG K And why not *King*?

GLO What's he that sits so near you?

RICH King too

GLO Two kings? Ha, ha!

OLD K Gloster, sit, we charge thee

GLO I will obey your charge, I will sit down,  
 But in this house on no seat but the ground

JOHN The seat's too good

GLO I know it, brother John

JOHN Thy brother?

OLD K Silence there

YOUNG KING. Pass to the bills, Sir Richard  
 Fauconbridge

FAU My lieges both, old Fauconbridge is proud  
 Of your right honour'd charge He that woist may  
 Will strain his old eyes God send peace this day!  
 A bill for the releasement of the queen pre-  
 ferr'd,

By Henry the young King, Richard the Prince,  
 John, Earl

Of Morton, Bohmine, Earl of Leicester, and the  
 Commons

OLD K Did you prefer this bill?

ALL We did

CHES and LAN Ye did not well

GLO Why, this is good; now shall we have  
 the hell

THREE BRO Chester and Lancaster, you wrong  
 the king

CHES and LAN Our king we do not.

YOUNG K Do not you see me crown'd?

LAN But whilst he lives, we to none else are  
 bound.

LEI Is it not wrong, think you, when all the  
 would['s]  
 Troubled with rumour of a captive queen,  
 Imprisoned by her husband in a realm,  
 Where her own son doth wear a diadem?  
 Is like an head of people mutinous,  
 Still mumming at the shame done her and us?  
 Is it not more wrong, when her mother zeal,  
 Sounded through Europe, Afric, Asia,  
 Tells in the hollow of news-thirsting ears,  
 Queen Elnor lives in a dungeon,  
 For pity and affection to her son?  
 But when the true cause, Clifford's daughter's  
 death,

Shall be exposed to stranger nations,  
 What volumes will be writ, what libels spread,  
 And in each line our state dishonoured!

FAU My lord speaks to the purpose, marry,  
 It may be so, pray God it prove not so

LEI Hear me conclude, and therewithal con-  
 clude,

It is an heinous and unheard-of sin  
 Queen Elnor, daughter to kingly France,  
 King Henry's wife, and royal Henry's mother.  
 Is kept close prisoner for an act of justice,  
 Committed on an odious concubine

KING Thou wrong'st her, Leicester

LEI Lechers ever praise

The cause of their confusion, she was vile

FAU She was ill-spoken of, it's true, [too] true

GLO Yonder sits one would do as much for  
 you,

Old fool, young Richard hath a gift, I know it,  
 And on your wife my sister would bestow it  
 Here's a good world! men hate adulterous sin,  
 Count it a gulf, and yet they needs will in

[*Aside*]

LEI. What answer for the queen?

LAN The king replies,  
 Your words are foul slanderous forgeries  
 JOHN His highness says not so  
 LAN His highness doth,  
 Tells you it is a shame for such wild youth  
 To smother any impiety,  
 With shew to chastise loose adultery,  
 Say Rosamond was Henry's concubine  
 Had never king a concubine but he?  
 Did Rosamond begin the fires in France?  
 Made she the northern borders reek with flames?  
 Unpeopled she the towns of Picardy?  
 Left she the wives of England husbandless?  
 O, no She sinn'd, I grant, so do we all,  
 She fell herself, desuing none should fall  
 But Elnor, whom you so much commend,  
 Hath been the bellows of seditious fire,  
 Either through jealous rage or mad desire  
 Is't not a shame to think that she hath arm'd  
 Four sons' right hands against their father's head,  
 And not the children of a low-priz'd wretch,  
 But one, whom God on earth hath deified?  
 See, where he sits with sorrow in his eyes!  
 Three of his sons and hers tutor'd by her  
 Smiles, whilst he weeps, and with a proud disdain  
 Embrace blithe mirth, while his sad heart com-  
 plain

FAU Ha! laugh they? nay, by the rood, that is  
 not well,

Now fie, young princes, fie!

HEN Peace, doting fool

JOHN Be silent, ass

FAU With all my heart, my lords, my humble  
 leave, my lords

God's mother, ass and fool for speaking truth!

'Tis terrible, but fare ye well, my lords

RICH Nay, stay, good Fauconbridge, impute it  
 rage,

That thus abuses your right reverend age  
My brothers are too hot

FAU Too hot indeed !

Fool, ass, for speaking truth' It's more than  
need

RICH Nay, good Sir Richard, at my kind in-  
treat,

For all the love I bear your noble house,  
Let not your absence kindle further wrath  
Each side's at council now, sit down, I pray  
I'll quit it with the kindest love I may

GLOS Ay, to his wife [Aside

FAU Prince Richard, I'll sit down,  
But by the faith I owe fair England's crown,  
Had you not been, I would have left the place.  
My service merits not so much disgrace

RICH Good Fauconbridge, I thank thee  
[Go to their places

GLO And you'll think of him,  
If you can step into his bowel at Stepney

FAU Prince Richard's very kind, I know his  
kindness

He loves me, but he loves my lady better  
No more I'll watch him, I'll prevent his game.  
Young lad, it's ill to halt before the lame [Aside  
[They break asunder, papers thus while being  
offered and subscribed between either

HEN I'll not subscribe to this indignity,  
I'll not be called a king, but be a king  
Allow me half the realm, give me the north,  
The provinces that lie beyond the seas  
Wales and the Isles,\* that compass in the main

GLO Nay, give him all, and he will scant be  
pleased [Aside

RICH Brother, you ask too much

JOHN Too much ? too little !

He shall have that and more, I swear he shall  
I will have Nottingham and Salisbury.

Stafford and Darby, and some other earldom,  
 O! by St John (whose blessed name I bear),  
 I'll make these places like a wildeiness  
 Is't not a plague, an horrible abuse,  
 A king, a King of England, should be father  
 To foui such proper youths as Hal and Dick,  
 My brother Geoffiey, and my proper self,  
 And yet not give his sons such maintenance,  
 As he consumes among his minions?

RICH Be more respective, John

JOHN Respective, Richard?

Are you turn'd pure? a changing weathercock!

[*Aside*]

I say its reason Henry should be king,  
 Thou prince, I duke, as Geoffiey is a duke

LAN What shall your father do?

JOHN Live at his prayers,  
 Have a sufficient pension by the year,  
 Repent his sins, because his end is near.

GLO A gracious son, a very gracious son! [*Aside*]

KING Will this content you? I that have sat still  
 Amaz'd to see my sons devoid of shame,  
 To hear my subjects with rebellious tongues  
 Wound the kind bosom of their sovereign,  
 Can no more bear, but from a bleeding heart  
 Deliver all my love for all your hate  
 Will this content ye?<sup>1</sup> Cruel Elinor,  
 Your savage mother, my uncivil queen:  
 The tigress, that hath drunk the purple blood  
 Of three times twenty thousand valiant men,  
 Washing her red chaps in the weeping tears  
 Of widows, virgins, nurses, sucking babes,  
 And lastly, sorted with her damn'd consorts,  
 Ent'ied a labyrinth to murder love  
 Will this content you? She shall be releas'd,  
 That she may next seize me she most envies!

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *thee*]

HEN Our mother's liberty is some content

KING What else would Henry have ?

HEN The kingdom

KING Peruse this bill, draw near, let us confer

JOHN Hal, be not answered but with sovereignty,

For glorious is the sway of majesty

KING. What would content you, John ?

JOHN. Five ealdoms, sir

KING What you, son Richard ?

RICH Pardon, gracious father,  
And th' furtherance for my vow of penance  
For I have sworn to God and all his saints,  
These aims elected in rebellious brawls  
Against my father and my sovereign,  
Shall fight the battles of the Lord of Hosts,  
In wrong'd Judæa and Palestina  
That shall be Richard's penance for his pride,  
His blood a satisfaction for his sin,  
His patrimony, men, munition,  
And means to waft them into Syria.

KING Thou shalt have thy desire, heroic son,  
As soon as other home-bred brawls are done

LAN Why weeps old Fauconbridge !

FAU I am almost blind,  
To hear sons cruel and the fathers kind  
Now, well-a-year,<sup>1</sup> that e'er I liv'd to see  
Such patience and so much impiety !

GLO Brother, content thee, this is but the first

Worse is a-brewing, and yet not the worst

LEI You shall not stand to this

HEN And why, my lord ?

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *well a neere* Well-a-year is an unusual phrase, *well* being corrupted from *wail* "Well-a-day" in the same sense is common enough ]



LEI The lands of Morton doth belong to John

HEN What's that to me ? by Act of Parliament

If they be mine confirm'd, he must be pleas'd

JOHN Be pleased, King-puppet ! have I stood for thee,

Even in the mouth of death ? open'd my arms

To circle in sedition's ugly shape ?

Shook hands with duty, bad adieu to virtue,

Profan'd all majesty in heaven and earth,

Writ in black characters on my white brow

The name of *rebel John* against his father ?

For thee, for thee, thou 'otomy<sup>1</sup> of honour,

Thou worm of majesty, thou fieth, thou bubble !<sup>2</sup>

And must I now be pleas'd in peace to stand,

While statutes make thee owner of my land ?

GLO Good pastime, good, now will the thieves fall out !

[*Aside*

JOHN O, if I do, let me be never held

Royal King Henry's son, pardon me, father,

Pull down this rebel, that hath done thee wrong

Dick, come and leave his side, assail him, lords,

Let's have no parley but with bills and swords

KING Peace, John lay down thy arms, hear

Henry speak

He minds thee no such wrong

JOHN. He were not best

HEN. Why, hair-brain'd brother, can ye brook no jest ?

I do confirm you Earl of Nottingham

JOHN And Morton too ?

HEN Ay, and Morton too.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *otomie* I conjecture *otomy* for *anotomy*, a common form of *anatomy*

<sup>2</sup> Halliwell mentions the words *pubble* and *puble* in different senses, and the old copy reads *puble*, but here the context seems to require *bubble* He has immediately before used the term *fioth*.

JOHN Why so? now once more I'll sit down by  
you  
GLO Blow, wind! the youngest of King Henry's  
stock  
Would fitly serve to make a weathercock  
JOHN Gape, earth! challenge thine own, as  
Gloster lies,  
Pity such muck is cover'd with the skies?  
FAU Be quiet, good my lords, ['tis] the King's  
command  
You should be quiet, and 'tis very meet,  
It's most convenient—how say you, Prince Richard?  
RICH It is indeed  
FAU Why, that is wisely said,  
You are a very kind, indifferent man,  
Marry a'God, and by my halidom,  
Were not I had a feeling in my head  
Of some suspicion 'twixt my wife and him  
I should affect him more than all the world [*Aside*  
GLO Take heed, old Richard, keep thee there,  
mad lad  
My sisters' fair, and beauty may turn bad [*Aside*

## SCENE THE THIRD

*Enter ROBIN HOOD, a paper in his hand*

OFFICER Room there, make room for young  
Huntington

FAU A gallant youth, a proper gentleman

HEN Richard, I have had wrong about his  
wardship

RICH You cannot right yourself

JOHN He can and shall

RICH Not with your help, but, honourable  
youth,

Have ye perform'd the business I enjoin'd?

ROB I have, and Skink is come, here is his bill.

HEN No matter for his bill, let him come in

KING Let him not enter, his infectious breath  
Will poison the assembly

GLO Never doubt,<sup>1</sup>  
There's more infectious breaths about your throne  
Leicester is there, your envious sons are there,  
If them you can endure, no poison fear.

KING Content thee, Gloster.

GLO I must be content  
When you, that should mend all, are patient

*Enter SKINK.*

HEN Welcome, good Skink, thou justly dost  
complain,  
Thou stand'st in dread of death for Rosamond,  
Whom thou didst poison at our dread command  
And the appointment of our gracious mother  
See here my father's hand unto thy pardon

SKINK I receive it graciously, wishing his soul  
sweet peace in heaven for so meritorious a work,  
for I fear me I have not his heart, though his  
hand

KING Be sure thou hast not, murderous blood-  
sucker,  
To jealous envy executioner

HEN Besides, thou suest to have some main-  
tenance,  
We have bethought us how we will reward thee,  
Thou shalt have Rowden lordship

GLO Shall he so?  
Will you reward your murtherers with my lands?

---

<sup>1</sup> Fear

HEN Your lands? it is our gift, and he  
shall have it  
GLO I'll give him seizure first with this and  
this [Strike him  
JOHN Lay hold on Gloster  
KING Hold that murderous Skink  
GLO Villains, hands off, I am a prince, a peer,  
And I have borne disgrace, while I can bear  
FAU Knaves, leave your rudeness, how now,  
brother  
Gloster? nay, be appeas'd, be patient, brother  
RICH Shift for thyself, good Skink, there's gold,  
away  
Here will be parts <sup>1</sup>  
SKINK Swounds! I'll make one, and stay  
JOHN I pry thee, begone, since thus it falleth out,  
Take water, hence, away, thy life I doubt  
SKINK Well, farewell [then], get I once out of  
door,  
Shink never will put trust in warrants more [Exit  
KING Will Gloster not be bridled?  
GLO Yes, my liege;  
And saddled too, and rid, and spurred, and rem'd,  
Such misery (in your reign) 'falls your friends  
Let go my aims, you dunghills, let me speak  
KING Where's that knave, Skink? I charge  
you see him stay'd  
FAU The swift-heel'd knave is fled,  
Body-a-me, here's rule, here's work indeed  
KING Follow that Skink, let privy search be  
made,  
Let not one pass, except he be well-known,  
Let posts be every way sent speedily  
For ten miles' compass round about the city  
HEN Take Gloster to you, Lieutenant of the  
Tower

<sup>1</sup> Divisions, conflicts



GLO Nav, stay, go to the Lady Fauconbridge,  
my sister

RED The La-La-Lady Fau-Fau-Fauconbieech?  
I r-r-run, sir!

GLO But take thy errand, tell her I am prisoner,  
Committed to the Fleet

RED I am g-g-glad of th-th-that, my fa-fa father  
the p-p-porter sha-shall ge-ge-get a f-f-fee by you

[*Still runs*]

GLO Stand still a while—desire her to make  
means

Unto Prince Richard for my liberty;  
At thy return (make speed) I will reward thee.

RED I am g-g-gone, si-sir

RICH Commend me to her, gentle Huntington,  
Tell her in these affairs I'll stand her friend,  
Her brother shall not long be prisoner  
Say I will visit her immediately

Begone, sweet boy, to Marion Fauconbridge,  
Thou lookest like love persuade her to be loving

ROB So far as honour will, I will persuade,  
I'll lay love's battery to her modest ears;  
Second my mild assault, you may chance win,  
Fair parley at the least may hap pass in

[*Exit*]

HEN Here, take your charge, let no man  
speak with him,

Except ourself, our brethren, or Earl Leicester

FAU Not I, my lord? may not I speak with him?

HEN Yes, Fauconbridge thou shalt

JOHN And why? he is his wife's brother.

FAU Earl John, although I be,  
I am true unto the state, and so is he

GLO What, shall I have no servant of my own?

HEN No, but the household servants of the  
Fleet

GLO. I thank you, kinsman King, your father  
knows,

Gloster may boldly give a base slave blows

FAU O, but not here, it was not well done  
here

KING Farewell, good Gloster, you shall hear  
from us

GLO Even what your sons will suffer you to  
send

Is't not a misery to see you stand,  
That sometime was the monarch of this land,  
Intreating traitors for a subject's freedom?

LEI. Let him not speak, away with him to  
prison

GLO Here's like to be a well-stay'd common-  
wealth,

Wherein proud Leicester and licentious John  
Are pillars for the king to lean upon

JOHN We'll hear your railing lecture in the  
Fleet

GLO<sup>1</sup> On thy displeasure — well ye have me  
here

O, that I were within my fort of Bungay,  
Whose walls are wash'd with the clear streams of  
Waveney,<sup>2</sup>

Then would not Gloster pass a halfpenny,  
For all these rebels and their poor king too<sup>3</sup>  
Laughtst thou, King Henry? Thou know'st my  
words are true,

God help thee, good old man! adieu, adieu!

JOHN That castle shall be mine, wherein stands<sup>4</sup>  
Fauconbridge

FAU Far from your reach, sure, under Feck-  
hill-ridge,

Five hundred men (England hath few such wight)  
Keep it for Gloster's use both day and night

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Henry*

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *Aveney*

<sup>3</sup> But see Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 23

<sup>4</sup> Old copy, *where stands in*

But you may easily win it Wantons' words  
Quickly can master men, tongues out-brawl  
swords !

JOHN Ye are an idiot

RICH I prythee, John, forbear

JOHN What, shall old winter with his frosty  
jests

Cross flow'ry pleasures ?

FAU Ay, and nip you too !

God Mary mother,<sup>1</sup> I would tickle you,

Were there no more in place but I and you

KING Cease these contentions , forward to the  
Tower

Release Queen Elnor, and leave me there

Your prisoner I am, sure, if ye had power ,

There's nothing let's you but the Commons' fear

Keep your state, lords , we will by water go,

Making the fresh Thames salt with tears of woe

HEN And we'll by land thorough the City  
ride,

Making the people tremble at our pride

*[Exeunt with trumpets two ways]*

## SCENE THE FIFTH

*Enter SKINK solus*

SKINK. Blackheath, quoth he ! And I were king  
of all Kent, I would give it for a commodity of  
apron-strings, to be in my cottage again Princes'  
warrants ! marry, Skink finds them as sure as an  
obligation seal'd with batter At King's-Bridge I  
durst not enter a boat Through London the stones

---

<sup>1</sup> i e , Mary, God's mother



were fiery. I have had a good cool way through the fields, and in the highway to Ratcliffe stands a heater Mile-end's covered with *who goes there?* 'Tis for me, sure O Kent, O Kent, I would give my part of all Christendom<sup>1</sup> to feel thee, as I see thee If I go forward, I am stayed, if I go backward, there's a rogue in a red cap, he's run from St John's after me I were best stay here, lest if he come with hue and cry, he stop me yonder I would slip the collar for fear of the halter, but here comes my runner, and if he run for me, his race dies, he is as sure as dead as if a Parliament of devils<sup>2</sup> had decreed it [Retires

## SCENE THE SIXTH

*Enter REDCAP*

RED Ste-Ste-Stepney ch-church yonder, but I have forgot  
 The La-La-Lady Fau-Fau-Fau—plague on her,  
 I mu-must b-back to the Fle-Fle-Fleet to kn-kn-know  
 it  
 The La- the La-La-Lady Fau—plague on't, G-  
 Gloster  
 Will go ne-near to st-stab me so for forgetting  
 My errand, he is such a ma-ma-mad lord, the  
 La-Lady Fau-Fau-Fau—  
 SKINK Help me, device; upon my life, this  
 fool is sent  
 From Gloster to his sister Marian

---

<sup>1</sup> See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 289

<sup>2</sup> Possibly in reference to a tract, so called, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and (after him) by others

RED I m-must ne-needs go back, the La-Lady  
Fau-Fau-Fau——

SKINK God speed, good fellow

RED Go-Go-God sp-sp-speed you, sir

SKINK Why runn'st thou from me?

RED Ma-Marry, sir, I have lo-lost a la-lad's  
name, and I am running ba-back to se-se-see it

SKINK What lady? I prythee, stay

RED Why, the La-Lady Fau-Fau-Fau——

SKINK Fauconbridge?

RED Ay, the s-s-same farewell I th-th-thank  
you h-heartily

SKINK If thou would'st speak with her, she is  
in Kent

I serve her, what's thy business with my lady?

RED I sh-sh-should do an errand to her f-f-from  
my Lord of Gloucester, but, a-a-and she be in  
K-Kent, I'll send it by you

SKINK Where is my lord?

RED Marry, p-p-prisoner in the Fl-Fleet, a-a-  
and w-would have her speak to P-Prince R-Richard  
for his re-re-release

SKINK I have much business, hold, there's thy  
fare by water, my Lady lies this night——

RED Wh-wh-where, I pray?

SKINK At Gravesend at the Angel

RED 'Tis devilish co-co-cold going by water

SKINK Why, there's my cloak and hat to keep  
thee warm,

Thy cap and jerkin will serve me to ride in  
By the way, thou hast wind and tide, take oars,  
My lady will reward thee royally

RED G-God-a-mercy, f-fa-faith, and ever th-thou  
co-co-come to the Fl-Fleet, I'll give the tu-tu-  
turning of the ke-key f-for n-no-nothing

SKINK Hie thee, to-morrow morning at Graves-  
end I'll wash thy stammering throat with a mug  
of ale merrily

RED God be w-with you till s-soo-soon What call you the lady? O, now I re-remember. the La-Lady Fa-Fauconbridge. At what s-sign?

SKINK. At the Angel.

RED A-Angel, the La-La-Lady Fa-Fa-Fauconbridge, Fa-Fan-Fanconbridge

SKINK Farewell and be hang'd, good stammering ninny, I think I have set your Redcap's heels a-running, would your pianot-chattering humour could as sa-safely se set me fr-from the searchers' walks Yonder comes some one 'Hem! Skink, to your tricks this titty titty Ah, the tongue, I believe, will fail me<sup>1</sup>

## SCENE THE SEVENTH.

*Enter CONSTABLE and WATCH.*

CON. Come, make up to this fellow, let th'other go, he seems a gentleman. [*Exit REDCAP dressed as SKINK*] What are you, sir?

SKINK Would I had kept my own suit, if the countenance carry it away

CON Stand, sirrah, what are you?

SKINK The po-po-porter's son of the F-Fl-Fleet, going to Stepney about business to the La La-Lady Fa-Fa-Fauconbridge

CON. Well, bring him thither, some two or three of ye, honest neighbours, and so back to the Fleet, we'll show ourselves diligent above other officers

SKINK Wh-wh-why, le le-let me run I am Re-Redcap

---

<sup>1</sup> He means the stammer of Redcap, which he intends to imitate

CON Well, sure you shall now run no faster than I lead you, hear ye, neighbour Simmes, I leave my staff with ye, be vigilant, I pray you, search the suspicious houses at the town's end, this Skink's a trouncer Come, will you be gone, sir?

SKINK Yes, sir, and the devil go with you and them,  
Well, yet have hope, mad ha-heart, co-co-come your way. [Exeunt

## SCENE THE EIGHTH

*Enter* ROBIN HOOD and BLOCK

BLO Sweet nobility in reversion, Block, by the commission of his head, conjures you and withal binds you, by all the tricks that pages pass in time of Parliament, as swearing to the pantable,<sup>1</sup> crowning with custards, paper-whiffs to the sleepers' noses, cutting of tags, stealing of torches, *cum multis aliis*—tell, Block, what block you have cast in the way of my lady's content!

ROB Block, by the antiquity of your ancestry, I have given your lady not so much as the least cause of dislike, if she be displeased at any news I bring, it's more than I must blab

BLO Zounds, these pages be so proud, they care not for an old servingman, you are a ward and so an earl, and no more you disquiet our house—that's the most, and I may be even with thee—that's the least

---

<sup>1</sup> Compare "Damon and Pithias," vol. iv, pp 67-8

*Enter the* LADY FAUCONBRIDGE

LADY F What, Block, what, Block, I say ' what  
do you there ?

BLO. Making the young lord meriy, madam

LADY F Go, attend the gate ,  
See if you can let in more grief thereat

BLO Zounds, and grief come in there , and I  
see

Him once, I'll conjure his gaberdine [Aside

LADY F Will you be gone, sir ?

BLO Hem ! these women, these women !  
And she be not in love either with Prince Richard  
or this lad, let Block's head be made a chopping-  
block [Exit BLOCK

ROB. Fair madam, what reply you to my suit ?  
The prince expects<sup>1</sup> smiles, welcomes, loving  
looks

LADY F The prince, if he give heed to Marian's  
suit,  
Must hear heart-sighs, see sorrow in my eyes,  
And find cold welcome to calamities

ROB And why, for God's sake ?

LADY F Even for Gloster's sake

ROB Why, by mine honour, and Prince Richard  
saith,

Your brother Gloster shall have liberty,  
Upon condition you release a prisoner,  
That you have long held in captivity

LADY F I have no prisoner

ROB Yes, a world of eyes  
Your beauty in a willing bondage ties

LADY F. Go to, you are dispos'd to jest, my  
lord.

ROB In earnest, I must be an earnest suitor  
To you for love , yet you must be my tutor.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *excepts*.

LADY F Are you in love?

ROB I dearly love Prince Richard

LADY F Then do you love the loveliest man  
alive,

The princeliest person of King Henry's sons

ROB I like this well [Aside

LADY F He is virtuous in his mind, his body  
fair,

His deeds are just, his speeches debonair

ROB Better and better still [Aside

LADY F Indeed he is, what nobody can deny,  
All lovely, beauty all, all majesty

ROB I'll tell his excellence what you report,  
No doubt he will be very thankful for 't

LADY F Nay, hear you, young lord! [for] God's  
pity, stay

ROB What, have you more in Richard's praise  
to say?

LADY F I have said too much, if you miscon-  
strue me

Duty bids praise him, not unchastity

ROB Unchastity? holy heavens forfend it,  
That he or I, or you should once intend it!

## SCENE THE NINTH

*Enter BLOCK and RICHARD*

BLO They are there, sir, close at it, I leave  
you, sir, the more room the less company

RICH Drink that, farewell [Gives him money

BLO If that Sir Richard comes, this ties  
this binds,

O gold, thy power converteth servants' minds

[Exit.

RICH How now, fair madam, who hath anger'd you?

LADY F Grief at my brother's durance angers me

RICH I had thought my ward, young Huntington, had vex'd you.

LADY F Who? he? alas, good gentleman, he wrong'd me not,

No matter, for all this I'll tell your tale

*A noise within, enter SKINK, BLOCK, CONSTABLE*

BLO. Sir, there comes no more of you in with him than the constable Zounds, here's a beadroll of bills at the gate indeed, back, ye base!

LADY F Now, sirrah, what's the matter?

BLO Marry, here's a stammerer taken clipping the king's English, and the constable and his watch hath brought him to you to be examin'd

CON No, madam, we are commanded by the king to watch, and meeting this fellow at Mile-end, he tells us he is the porter's son of the Fleet, [and] that the Earl of Gloster sent him to you

SKINK Ay, f-forsooth he desire[d] you to speak to the p-prince for him.

LADY F. O, I conceive thee, bid him blithely fare,

Bear him this ring in token of my care

SKINK If I be rid of this evil angel that haunts me, many rings, much Fleet, will Skink come unto

*[Aside*

CON Madam, if you know this fellow, we'll discharge him

BLO. Madam, and you be wise, trust your honest neighbours here, let them bring this ca-ca-ca-to the Fleet, and s-see your ring delivered.

SKINK A plague upon you for a damned rogue '  
The porter of the Fleet will surely know me

[*Aside.*

LADY F Good neighbours, bring this honest  
fellow thither ,  
There's for his pains a crown, if he say true,  
And for your labour there's as much for you

SKINK Why, ma-ma-madam, I am Re-Re-  
Redcap, the porter's son

LADY F Thou hast no wrong in this , farewell,  
good fellow

SKINK Best speaking to Prince Richard? no,  
I'll try  
And face out Redcap, if the slave were by

LADY F Make them drink, Block

BLO Come to the buttely-bai, stitty-stitty  
stammerer , come, honest  
Constable, hey ! the watch of our town , we'll  
drink, try-hill, i'faith

## SCENE THE TENTH

*As they go out, enters SIR RICHARD FAUCONBRIDGE,  
stealing forward, PRINCE and LADY talking*<sup>1</sup>

ROB *Lupus in fabula*, my noble Lord ,  
See the old fox, Sir Richard Fauconbridge

RICH We'll fit him well enough , second us,  
Robin

LADY F I'll fit you well enough for all you hope.  
[FAUC *beckons to BLOCK.*

FAU Leave quaffing, sirrah, listen to their  
talk

---

<sup>1</sup> He does not appear, however, to make himself visible,  
but stands aside, listening



BLO O, while you live, beware, two are sooner seen than one, besides, bear a brain, master, if Block should be now spied, my madam would not trust this sponce neither in time nor tide

FAU Well, leave me, now it buds, see, see, they kiss

BLO Adieu, good old sinner, you may recover it with a sallet of paisley and the herb patience, if not, su, you know the worst It's but even this

RICH Madam, what you desire, I not deny,  
But promise Gloster life and liberty  
I beg but love

FAU When doth she give her alms? [*Aside*

LADY F Fair, honourable prince

FAU Nay, then, they speed [*Aside*

LADY F My soul hath your deserts in good esteem

FAU Witness these goodly times,<sup>1</sup> that grace my head. [*Aside.*

LADY F But were you the sole monarch of the earth,

Your power were insufficient to invade

My never-yielding heart of chastity

FAU Sayst thou so, Mall? I promise thee for this,  
I'll owe thy cherry lips an old man's kiss,  
Look, how my cockerell droops, 'tis no matter,  
I like it best, when women will not flatter [*Aside*

RICH Nay, but sweet lady—

ROB Nay, but gracious lord,

Do not so much forget your princely worth  
As to tempt<sup>2</sup> virtue t'unchastity

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *times*. See Halliwell, v *tine*, where the word is said to mean "the prong of a fork (second explanation)," thence, as in the text, a horn

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *attempt*]

FAU. O noble youth! [*Aside*

ROB Let not the lady's dead grief for her brother

Give life to shameless and detested sin

FAU Sweet child [*Aside*

ROB Consider that she is of high descent

FAU Most virtuous earl [*Aside.*

ROB Wife to the noblest knight that ever breath'd

FAU Now, blessing on thee, blessed Huntington! [*Aside.*

ROB And would you then first stain your princely stock,

Wrong beauty, virtue, honour, chastity,  
And blemish Fauconbridge's untainted arms?

FAU By adding horns unto our falcon's head!  
Well thought on, noble youth 'twas well put in [*Aside*

LADY F Besides, my gracious lord,—

FAU Tickle him, Mall,

Plague him on that side for his hot desire

LADY F ——— however secretly great princes sin

FAU O, now the spring! she'll do it secretly [*Aside*

LADY F. The King of all hearts will have all sins known.

FAU Ah, then she yields not! [*Aside.*

RICH Lady, here's my hand

I did but try your honourable faith.

FAU He did but try her! would she have been tried,

It had gone hard on this and on this side [*Aside.*

RICH And since I see your virtue so confirm'd,

As vice can have no entrance in your heart,

I vow, in sight of heaven, never again,

To move like question but for love

FAU My heart is eased , hold, Block, take up  
my cloak

BLO And your cap, too, sir ? <sup>1</sup>

[SIR RICH FAUC *comes forward*

RICH Sir Richard !

FAU What, sweet Prince, welcome, i'faith,  
I see youth quickly gets the start of age ,  
But welcome, welcome , and, young Huntington,  
Sweet Robin Hood, honour's best flow'ing bloom,  
Welcome to Fauconbridge with all my heart !  
How cheers my love, how fares my Marian, ha ?  
Be merry, chuck, and, Prince Richard, welcome  
Let it go, Mall , I know thy grievances  
Away, away , tut, let it pass, sweet gill  
We needs must have his help about the earls

[*Aside*

LADY F Let it not be delay'd, dear Fauconbridge.

RICH Sir Richard, first make suit unto my  
father,

I'll follow you to Court, and second you

FAU Follow to court, ha ? then I smell a rat,  
It's probable he'll have a bout again ,  
Long siege makes entrance to the strongest fort  
It must not be , I must not leave him here

[*Aside*

Prince Richard, if you love my brother's good,  
Let's ride back to the court , I'll wait on you

RICH He's jéalous , but I must observe the  
time

[*Aside*

We'll ride unto the court , I'll leave my boy  
Till we return , are you agreed to this ?

FAU. O, ay, he is an honourable youth,  
Virtuous and modest, Huntington's right heir,  
His father Gilbert was the smoothest-fac'd lord  
That e'er bare arms in England or in Fiance

---

<sup>1</sup> Block seems to refer jocularly to Sir Richard's long  
aside, under a sort of invisible cap

RICH Solicit,<sup>1</sup> Robin Lady, give good ear,  
 And of your brother's freedom never fear [*Aside*  
 FAU Marian, farewell, where's Block? open  
 the gate,  
 Come, Prince, God send us to prove fortunate.

[*Exeunt*

LADY F Why do you stay,<sup>2</sup> sir?

ROB Madam, as a lieger to solicit for your  
 absent love

LADY F Walk in the garden, I will follow you,  
 I'faith, i'faith, you are a noble wag

ROB An honourable wag and waggish earl,  
 Even what you will, sweet lady, I must bear,  
 Hoping of patience profit will ensue,  
 That you will bear the Prince as I bear you

LADY F Well said, well said, I'll have these  
 toys amended,  
 Go, will you walk into the garden, sir?

ROB But will you promise me to bring no  
 maids,  
 To set upon my little manship there?

You threat'ned whipping, and I am in fear

LADY F Upon my word, I'll bring none but  
 myself

ROB You see I am weapon'd, do not, I be-  
 seech thee<sup>3</sup>

I'll stab them, come there twenty, ere they breech  
 me

[*Exit*

LADY F This youth and Richard think me  
 easily won,  
 But Marian rather will embrace  
 The bony carcase of dismaying death,  
 Than prove unchaste to noble Fauconbridge  
 Richard,<sup>4</sup> King Henry's son, is light,  
 Wanton, and loves not humble modesty,

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *solicitie*.

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *say*

<sup>3</sup> Old copy, *you*

<sup>4</sup> Old copy, *Richard's*.

Which makes me (much contrary to my thoughts)  
 Flatter his humour for my brother's safety,  
 But I protest I'll dwell among the dead,  
 Ere I pollute my sacred nuptial bed. *[Exit*

## SCENE THE ELEVENTH

*Enter GLOSTER in his gown, calling*

GLO Porter, what, porter, where's this drowsy  
 ass?

*Enter PORTER.*

POR Who calls? my Lord of Gloucester all  
 alone?

GLO Alone, and have your wisdom's company!  
 Pray, where's the stammering chatterer, your son?  
 He's ever running, but he makes small haste.  
 I'll bring his lither legs in better frame,  
 And if he serve me thus another time—

*[Knock within.*

Hark, sir, your clients knock, and't be your pye,  
 Let him<sup>1</sup> vouchsafe to chatter us some news,  
 Tell him we dance attendance in our chamber

*[Exit PORTER*

This John and Henry are so full of hate,  
 That they will have my head by some device,  
 Gloster hath plotted means for an escape,  
 And if it fadge,<sup>2</sup> why so, if not, then well  
 The way to heaven is death, this life's a hell.

## SCENE THE TWELFTH

*Enter PORTER and SKINK.*

POR Why should the watchman come along  
 with thee?

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *us*]

<sup>2</sup> Succeed

SKINK There's such a que-question for you s-same i-rogue, Skink, p-plague keep [me] far enough from him, that a-an-honest f-fellow ca-can-not w-w-walk the streets

POR Well, sir, dispatch your business with the earl;

He's angy at your stay, I tell ye that [*Exit*

SKINK 'Sblood, what a frown this Gloster casts at me,

I hope he means to lend me no more cuffs,  
Such as he paid me at the Parliament [*Aside*

GLO What mutter you? what tidings from my sister?

SKINK Co-commendations, and s-she hath s-sent ye this r-ring

GLO Hold, there's two angels, shut the chamber-door,

You must about some business for me straight,  
Come nearer, man

SKINK. I fear I am too near [*Aside*

GLO Hast thou no tidings for my liberty?

SKINK No, b-but ye sh-shall he-hear f-from her p-p-presently

GLO And p-presently, sir, off with your coat

Nay, quick, uncase, I am bold to borrow it,

I'll leave my gown, change is no robbery.

Stutterer, it's so, ne'er flinch, ye cannot pass

Cry, and by heaven I'll cut thy coward's throat,

Quickly cashier yourself you see me stay.

SKINK N-n-nay, b-b-but wh-wh-what m-mean ye?

GLO To 'scape, I hope, sir, with your privilege—

[*He takes his coat off*

How now, who's this? my fine familiar Skink,

Queen Beldam's minion?

SKINK Zounds, ye see 'tis I.

GLO Time sorts not now to know these mysteries.

How thou cam'st by this ring, or stol'st this coat,

They are mine now in possession, for which kindness,  
 If I escape, I'll get thee liberty,  
 Or fire the Fleet about the warden's ears  
 Mumbudget, not a word, as thou lovest thy life  
     SKINK Ay mum, mum fair, pray God may  
     chance it,  
 My lord, but that my case is desperate,  
 I'd see your eyes out, ere I would be cheated.  
     GLO Walk like an earl, villain, some are  
     coming

### SCENE THE THIRTEENTH.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN and PORTER*

JOHN Where is this Gloster?

GLO Y-y-yonder he walks Fa-fa-father, I let  
 me out

POR. Why, whither must you now?

GLO To Je-Jericho, I th-think, 'tis such a  
 h-h-humorous earl

POR. Well, sir, will't please you hasten home  
 again

GLO. I-I-I'll be h-here in a trice, b-but p-pray  
 have a care of th-this madcap, if he g-give us the  
 s-s-shp, s-s-some of us a are like to m-make a sl-sl-  
 shippy occupation on't

[*This while JOHN walks and stalks by SKINK [dis-  
 guised as GLO'STER], never a word between  
 them*]

POR Look to your business, sir, let me alone

GLO Alone, never trust me, if I trouble thee

JOHN Mad Gloster mute, all mirth turn'd to  
 despair?

Why, now you see what 'tis to cross a king,

Deal against princes of the royal blood,  
You'll snail and rail, but now your tongue is  
bedrid,

Come, caperhay,<sup>1</sup> set all at six and seven,  
What, musest thou with thought of hell or heaven?

SKINK Of neither, John, I muse at my disgrace,

That I am thus kept prisoner in this place

JOHN O, sir, a number are here prisoners  
My cousin Morton, whom I came to visit  
But he (good man) is at his morrow mass,  
But I, that neither care to say nor sing,  
Come to seek that preaching hate and prayer,  
And while they mumble up their oisons,  
We'll play a game at bowls What say'st thou,  
Gloster?

SKINK I care not, if I do.

JOHN You do not care,  
Let old men care for graves, we for our sports,  
Off with your gown, there lies my hat and  
cloak,  
The bowls there quickly, ho?

SKINK No, my gown stirs not, it keeps sorrow  
warm,  
And she and I am not to be divorced

*Enter PORTER with bowls*

JOHN Yes, there's an axe must part your head  
and you,  
And with your head sorrow will leave your heart  
But come, shall I begin? a pound a game?

SKINK More pounds, and we thus heavy? well,  
begin

JOHN. Rub, rub, rub, rub

---

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the dance so called is meant



SKINK Amen, God send it short enough, and me  
A safe running with these<sup>1</sup> clothes from thee

JOHN Play, Robin ; run, run, run

SKINK Far enough and well fly one foot more,  
Would I were half so far without the door

JOHN Now, Porter, what's the news?

POR Your cousin Morton humbly craves,  
Leaving your game, you would come visit him

JOHN Bowl, Gloster, I'll come presently  
So near, mad Robin? then have after you

[*Ex* PORT

SKINK Would I were gone, make after as you  
may

JOHN Well, sir, 'tis yours, one all, throw but  
the jack,

While I go talk with Morton I'll not stay,  
Keep coat and hat in pawn, I'll hold out play

[*Ex* JOHN

SKINK I would be sorry, John, but you should  
stay,

Until my bias run another way  
Now pass and hey-pass, Skink, unto you tricks  
'Tis but a chance at hazard There lies Gloster,  
And here stands Skink, now, John, play thou thy  
part,

And if I 'scape I'll love thee with my heart

[*Puts on* PRINCE JOHN'S cloak, sword, and hat  
So, porter! let me forth

*Enter* PORTER

POR God bless your grace, spoke ye<sup>2</sup> with the  
Lord Morton?

SKINK I have, and must about his business to  
the Court

It grieves me to break my sport with Gloster  
The melancholy earl is comfortless

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *them*]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *ye spoke*]

POR I would your grace would comfort him  
from hence,  
The Fleet is weary of his company

[REDCAP *Knocks*

SKINK Drink that, some knocks, I prythee, let  
me out,  
His head shall off ere long, never make doubt  
[*Exeunt*

*Enter JOHN at the other door.*

JOHN Now, madcap, thou winn'st all, where  
art thou, Robin?  
Uncased? nay, then, he means to play in earnest  
But where's my cloak, my rapier, and my hat?  
I hold my birthright to a beggar's scrip,  
The bastard is escaped in my clothes  
'Tis well he left me his to walk the streets,  
I'll fire the city, but I'll find him out  
Perchance he hides himself to try my spleen  
I'll to his chamber Gloster! hallo! Gloster!  
[*Erit*

*Enter REDCAP*

POR. I wonder how thou cam'st so strangely  
chang'd!  
'Tis not an hour since thou went'st from hence  
RED By my Ch-Ch-Christendom, I ha-have not  
b-been h-here this three nights, a p-p-plague of him,  
that made me such a ch-chanting, and s-sent me  
such a ja-ja-jaunt! blood, I was st stayed for Skink,  
that ill-fa-fa-fac'd rogue

POR I pray God there be no practice in this  
change.  
Now I remember these are Skink's clothes,  
That he wore last day at the Parl'ament

*Knock, Enter at another door JOHN in GLOSTER'S gown*

JOHN Porter? you Porter?

POR Do you not hear them knock? you must stay, sir

JOHN Blood, I could eat these rogues

RED Wh-wh-what, raw?

'Tis a very harsh mo-morsel,

Ne-next your he-heart

JOHN A plague upon your jaunts! what, porter, slave?

RED I have been at G-Gravesend, sir

JOHN What's that to me?

RED And at Ca-Ca-Canterbury

JOHN And at the gallows! zounds, this frets my soul

RED But I c-could not f-find your s-s-sister the La-Lady Fau-Fauconbridge

JOHN You stammering slave, hence! chat among your daws

Come ye to mad me? while the rogue your father—

*Enter PORTER*

RED My f-fa father?

JOHN. Porter, you damned slave.

POR Is't midsummer do you begin to rave?

JOHN Hark, how the traitor flouts me to my teeth!

I would entreat your knaveship, let me forth,  
For fear I dash your brains out with the keys.  
What is become of Gloster and my garments?

POR Alas, in your apparel Gloster's gone,  
I let him out even now, I am undone

JOHN It was your practice, and to keep me back,

You sent Jack Daw your son with ka-ka-ka,

To tell a sleeveless tale ' lay hold on him,  
 To Newgate with him and you! tut-a-tut '  
 Run, Redcap, and trudge about,  
 Or bid your father's portership farewell

[*Exeunt with PORTER*

RED Eh ' here's a go-good je-je-jest, by the L-Lord,  
 to mo-mock an ape withal ' my fa-fa-father has  
 brought his ho-ho-hogs to a fa-fa-fair m-m market  
 Po-po-porter, quoth you ? p-po-porter that will for  
 me , and I po-po porter it, let them po-po-post me  
 to heaven in this qua-quarter But I must s-s-see  
 this Gl-Gl-Gloster and Sk-Sk-Skink that co-coney-  
 catching ra-ra-rascal, a pa-pa-plague co-co-confound  
 him Re-Re-Redcap must ru-run, he cannot tell  
 whi-whither

[*Exit.*

## SCENE THE FOURTEENTH.

*Sound trumpets, enter HENRY the younger, on one  
 hand of him QUEEN ELINOR, on the other  
 LEICESTER*

HEN Mother and Leicester, add not oil to  
 fire,  
 Wrath's kindled with a word, and cannot hear  
 The numberless persuasions you insort  
 QUEEN O, but, my son, thy father favours him  
 Richard, that vile abortive changeling brat,  
 And Fauconbridge, are fallen at Henry's feet  
 They woo for him, but entreat my son  
 Gloster may die for this, that he hath done

LEI If Gloster live, thou wilt be overthrown.

QUEEN If Gloster live, thy mother dies in moan

LEI If Gloster live, Leicester will fly the realm

QUEEN If Gloster live, thy kingdom's but a  
 dream

HEN. Have I not sworn by that eternal arm,

That puts just vengeance' sword in monarchs'  
hands,

Gloster shall die for his presumption !

What needs more conjuration, gracious mother ?

And, honourable Leicester, mark my words

I have a bead-roll of some threescore lords

Of Gloster's faction

QUEEN Nay, of Henry's faction,

Of thy false father's faction , speak the truth,

He is the head of factions , were he down,

Peace, plenty, glory, will impale thy crown

LEI Ay, there's the *But*, whose heart-white if  
we hit,

The game is ours Well, we may rage and rave<sup>1</sup>

At Gloster, Lancaster, Chester, Fauconbridge ,

But his the upshot

QUEEN Yet begin with Gloster

HEN The destinies run to the Book of Fates,

And read in never-changing characters

Robert of Gloster's end , he dies to-day .

So fate, so heaven, so doth King Henry say.

QUEEN Imperially resolv'd [*Trumpets far off*]

LEI The old King comes

QUEEN Then comes luxurious lust,

The King of concubines , the King that scorns

The undefiled, chaste, and nuptial bed ,

The King that hath his queen imprisoned .

For my sake, scorn him , son, call him not father ,

Give him the style of a competitor

HEN Pride, seize upon my heart wiath, fill  
mine eyes !

Sit, lawful majesty, upon my front,

Duty, fly from me , pity, be exil'd :

Senses, forget that I am Henry's child

QUEEN. I kiss thee, and I bless thee for this  
thought.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *rove*

## SCENE THE FIFTEENTH

*Enter* KING, LANCASTER, RICHARD, FAUCON-  
BRIDGE

KING O Lancaster, bid Henry yield some  
reason,

Why he desires so much the death of Gloster

HEN I hear thee, Henry, and I thus reply  
I do desire the death of bastard Gloster,  
For that he spends the Treasure of the Crown,  
I do desire the death of bastard Gloster,  
For that he doth desire to pull me down  
Or were this false (I purpose to be plain),  
He loves thee, and for that I him disdain

HEN Therein thou shewest a hate-corrupted  
mind,

To him the more unjust, to me unkind

QUEEN He loves you, as his father lov'd his  
mother

KING Fie, fie upon thee, hateful Elnor,  
I thought thou hadst been long since scarlet-dyed

HEN She is, and therefore cannot change her  
colour

RICH You are too strict, Earl Gloster's fault  
Merits not death

FAU By the rood, the Prince says true,  
Here is a statute from the Confessor<sup>1</sup>

HEN The Confessor was but a simple fool  
Away with books, my word shall be a law,  
Gloster shall die

LEI Let Gloster die the death

LAN Leicester, he shall not;  
He shall have law, despite of him and thee

---

<sup>1</sup> i.e., From the time of the Confessor

HEN What law ? will you be traitors ? what's the law ?

RICH His right hand's loss , and that is such a loss,

As England may lament, all Christians weep  
That hand hath been advanc'd against the Moors,  
Driven out the Saracens from Gad's<sup>1</sup> and Sicily,  
Fought fifteen battles under Christ's red cross ,  
And is it not, think you, a grievous loss,  
That for a slave (and for no other harm)  
It should be sundred from his princely arm ?

FAU More for example, noble Lancaster ,  
But 'tis great pity too—too great a pity

HEN I'll have his hand and head

RICH Thou shalt have mine, then

QUEEN Well said, stubborn Dick, Jack would not

Serve me so, were the boy here

RICH Both John and I have serv'd your will too long ;

Mother, repent your cruelty and wrong  
Gloster, you know, is full of mirth and glee,  
And never else did your grace injury

QUEEN. Gloster shall die

HEN Fetch him here, I'll see him dead

RICH He that stirs for him shall lay down his head.

FAU O quiet, good my lords , patience, I pray,  
I think he comes unsent for, by my fay

*Enter JOHN in GLOSTER'S gown*

RICH. What mean'st thou, Gloster ?

HEN Who brought Gloster hither ?

JOHN Let Gloster hang and them that . . .<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> i e, Spain , old copy, *Gads*

<sup>2</sup> A word or words left blank in the old copy

There lies his case,<sup>1</sup> a mischief on his carcase !

[*Throws off GLOSTER'S gown*]

QUEEN My dear son Jack !

JOHN Your dear son Jack-an-apes ,  
Your monkey, your baboon, your ass, your gull !

LEI What ails Earl John ?

JOHN Hence, further from my sight !  
My fiery thoughts and wrath have work in hand ,  
I'll curse ye blacker than th' Avernian<sup>2</sup> Lake,  
If you stand wond'ring at my sorrow thus  
I am with child, big, hugely swell'n with rage,  
Who'll play the midwife, and my throbs assuage ?

KING I will, my son

HEN I will, high-hearted brother

JOHN You will ? and you ? tut, tut, all you are  
nothing !

'Twill out, 'twill out, myself myself can ease  
You chafe, you swell ye are commanding King  
My father is your footstool, when ye please  
Your word's a law , these lords daie never speak  
Gloster must die , your enemies must fall !

HEN What means our brother ?

JOHN He means that thou art mad  
She frantic Leicester foolish I the babe—  
Thou grind us, bite us, vex us, charge and dis-  
charge

Gloster, O Gloster !

QUEEN Where is Gloster, son ?

HEN Where is Gloster, brother ?

KING I hope he be escaped.

JOHN O, I could tear my hair, and, falling  
thus

Upon the solid earth,  
Dig into Gloster's grave,  
So he were dead, and gone into the depth  
Of under-world—

<sup>1</sup> His gown

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *Levanian*



Or get sedition's hundreth thousand hand,  
 And, like Biareus, battle with the stars,  
 To pull him down from heaven, if he were there !

FAU Look to Earl John, the gentleman is mad  
 JOHN O, who would not be mad at this disgrace?

Gloster the fox is fled , there lies his case.

[Points to the gown  
 He cozen'd me of mine , the porter helped him.

HEN The porter shall be hang'd , let's part and seek him

Gloster shall die , all Europe shall not save him.

JOHN He is wise, too wise for us , yet I'll go with you

To get more fools into my company

QUEEN This is your father's plot , revenge it, son

HEN Father, by heaven, if this were your advice,

Your head or heart shall pay the bitter price.

Come, mother, brother, Leicester , let's away

JOHN Ay, I'll be one, in hope to meet the bastard,

And then no more myself will be his headsman

[Exeunt  
 KING Richard and Fauconbridge, follow the search ,

You may prevent mischance by meeting Gloster.

If ye find Skink, see that you apprehend him.

I hear there is a wizard at Blackheath ,

Let some inquire of him, where Skink remains.

Although I trust not to those fallacies,

Yet now and then such men prove soothsayers.

Will you be gone ?

FAU With all my heart, with all my heart, my lord

Come, princely Richard, we are ever yok'd

Pray God, there be no mystery in this.

RICH Be not suspicious, where there is no cause

FAU Nay, nothing, nothing, I am but in jest  
[*Exeunt*]

KING. Call in a pursuivant

LAN. Here's one, my hege

*Enter PURSUIVANT*

KING There is a porter likely to be hang'd  
For letting Gloster 'scape, sirrah, attend  
You shall have a reprieve to bring him us.  
These boys are too-too stubborn, Lancaster,  
But 'tis their mother's fault If thus she move me,  
I'll have her head, though all the world reprove  
me  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THE SIXTEENTH.

*Enter ROBIN HOOD and LADY FAUCONBRIDGE*

LADY F Do not deny me, gentle Huntington

ROB My lord will miss me

LADY F Tut, let me excuse thee

ROB Turn, woman? O, it is intolerable!  
Except you promise me to play the page.  
Do that, try one night, and you'll laugh for ever  
To hear the orisons that lovers use  
Their ceremonies, sighs, their idle oaths!  
To hear how you are prais'd and pray'd unto  
For you are Richard's saint. They talk of Mary  
The blessed Virgin, but upon his beads  
He only prays to Marian Fauconbridge  
LADY F The more his error, but will you agree  
To be the Lady Fauconbridge one day?  
ROB When is't?  
LADY F. On Monday

ROB. Wherefore is't?

LADY F. Nay, then, you do me wrong with inquisition,

And yet I care not greatly if I tell thee  
Thou seest my husband full of jealousy  
Prince Richard in his suit importunate,  
My brother Gloster threat'ned by young Henry.  
To clear these doubts, I will in some disguise  
Go to Blackheath, unto the holy hermit,  
Whose wisdom, in foretelling things to come,  
Will let me see the issue of my cares  
If destinies ordain me happiness,  
Ill chase these mists of sorrow from my heart  
With the bright sun of mirth, if fate agree  
To't,<sup>1</sup> and my friends must suffer misery,  
Yet I'll be merry too, till mischief come  
Only I long to know the worst of ill

ROB. I'll once put on a scarlet countenance

LADY F. Be wary lest ye be discovered, Robin

ROB. Best paint me, then be sure I shall not blush

*Enter BLOCK bleeding, GLOSTER with him*

BLO. Beat an officer, Redcap? I'll have ye talk'd withal!

Beat Sir Richard's porter? help, madam, help!

GLO. Peace, you damned rogue

LADY F. Brother, I pray you forbear.

GLO. Zwounds! an hundred's at my heels almost,  
And yet the villain stands on compliment

BLO. A bots on<sup>2</sup> you, is't you?

GLO. Will you to the door, you fool, and bar the gate?

Hold, there's an angel for your broken pate.  
If any knock, let them not in in haste

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *It*

Old copy, *one.*

BLO Well, I will do, as I see cause,  
 Blood, thou art dear to me  
 But here's a sovereign plaister for the sore  
 Gold healeth wounds, gold easeth hearts<sup>1</sup>  
 What can a man have more? [*Exit*

LADY F. Dear brother, tell us how you made  
 escape?

GLO You see I am here, but if you would know  
 how,  
 I cannot 'scape, and tell the manner too,  
 By this I know your house is compassed  
 With hell-hound search<sup>1</sup>

LADY F. Brother, I'll furnish you with beard  
 and hair,  
 And garment like my husband's  
 How like you that?

GLO Well, when I have them  
 Quickly, then, dispatch [*Exit LADY*] S'blood!  
 turn

Grey beard and hair  
 Robin, conceal, this dieteth my mind  
 Mirth is the object of my humorous spleen  
 Thou high, commanding fury, further device!  
 Jests are conceited I long to see their birth

*Re-enter LADY FAUCONBRIDGE*

What, come ye, sister? Robin, a thief's hand!  
 But, prythee, where hadst thou this beard and  
 hair?

LADY F. Prince Richard wore them hither in a  
 masque

GLO Say'st thou me so? faith, [I] love the  
 princely youth,  
 Tut, you must taste stolen pleasure now and then

---

<sup>1</sup> The word *search* is here, and again a little further on  
 used in the sense of *searchers*.

ROB But if she steal, and jealous eyes espy,  
She will be sure condemn'd of burglary

GLO Ha ' crake ' can your low stumps venture  
so deep  
Into affection's stream ? go to, you wanton !  
What want we now ? my nightcap ! O, 'tis here  
So now no Gloster, but old Fauconbridge  
Hark, the search knocks, I'll let them in myself  
Welcome, good fellows, ha ' what is't you lack ?

*Enter REDCAP, with two others*<sup>1</sup>

RED Ma-master Co-Constable, se-se-search you  
th-that way, a-and, you ho-honest man, th-that  
way I'll ru-run th-this way m-my own se-self.

*[They disperse themselves.]*

GLO What search you for ? what is it you  
would have ?

*Enter BLOCK.*

BLO Madam, what shall I do to these brown-  
bill fellows ? some run into the wine cellar, some  
here, some there

GLO Let them alone ; let them search their  
fills

BLO I'll look to their fingers for all that.

GLO Do so, good Block, be careful, honest  
Block

BLO Sir stammerer and your wa-watch, y'are  
pa-past, i'faith *[Exit.]*

GLO Will you not speak, knaves ? tell me who  
you seek

RED Ma-marry, sir, we s-seek a va-va-vacabond,  
a fu-fugative, my la-lady's own b-brother, but,

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *another*, but Redcap is evidently accompanied  
by two assistants.

and he were the po-po-pope's own b-brother, I would s-search f-f-for him, for I have a p-poor father r-ready to be ha-ha-hang'd f-f-for him

GLO O, 'tis for Gloster? marry, search, a' God's name,

Seek, peace,<sup>1</sup> will he break prison too?  
It's a pity he should live, nay, I defy him.  
Come, look about, search every little corner,  
Myself will lead the way, pray you, come  
Seek, seek, and spare not, though it be labour lost.  
He comes not under my roof, hear ye, wife?  
He comes not hither, take it for a warning

RED. You sp-sp-speak like an honest ge-ge-gen-  
tleman, re-re-rest you me-me-merry! co co-come,  
my f-f-friends, I be-believe h-h-he i-ran by the  
g g-garden w-wall toward the wa-water side

[*Exeunt running.*]

GLO This fellow is of the humour I would  
choose my wife

Few words and many paces, a word and away;  
and so

Must I Sister, adieu, pray you for me, I'll do  
the like for you.

Robin, farewell, commend me to the Prince

LADY F. Can ye not stay here safe?

GLO No, I'll not trust the changing humours of  
old Fauconbridge

Adieu, young earl, sister, let's kiss and part

Tush, never mourn, I have a merry heart [Exit.]

LADY F Farewell all comfort

ROB What, weeping, lady?

Then I perceive you have forgot Blackheath!

LADY F No, there I'll learn both of his life and  
death

ROB Till Monday, madam, I must take my leave.

---

<sup>1</sup> This appears to stand for officers of the peace, as the *watch* and the *search*.

LADY F You will not miss then ?

ROB Nay, if Robin fail ye,

Let him have never favour of fair lady !

LADY F. Meanwhile, I'll spend my time in  
prayers and tears,

That Gloster may escape these threat'ned fears

[*Exit*

## SCENE THE SEVENTEENTH

*Enter SKINK, like PRINCE*<sup>1</sup> JOHN

SKINK Thus jets my noble Skink along the  
streets,

To whom each bonnet vails, and all knees bend ,  
And yet my noble humour is too light

By the six shillings Here are two crack'd groats  
To helter-skelter at some vaulting-house<sup>2</sup>

But who comes yonder ? ha ! old Fauconbridge ?

Hath a brave chain , were John and he good  
friends,

That chain were mine, and should unto Black-  
heath

I'll venture , it's but trial luck may fall

Good morrow, good Sir Richard Fauconbridge

FAU. Good morrow, my sweet Prince, hearty  
good morrow<sup>3</sup>,

This greeting well becomes us, marry does it,

Better, i'wis, than strife and jangling

Now can I love ye , will ye to the sheriff's ?

Your brother Richard hath been there this hour

SKINK Yes, I am plodding forward, as you do ,  
What cost your chain ? it's passing strongly  
wrought,

I would my goldsmith had a pattern of it

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *King*

<sup>2</sup> A brothel.

FAU 'Tis at your grace's service show it him

SKINK. Then dare ye trust me?

FAU Who? the princely John!

My sovereign's son why, what a question's that  
I'll leave you, ye may know I dare trust you

SKINK I'll bring it ye to the sheriff's, excuse  
my absence.

FAU I will, my noble lord, adieu, sweet prince

[*Exit*]

SKINK Why so, this breakfast was well fed  
upon

When Skink's devices on Blackheath do fail,  
This and such cheats would set me under sail,  
I'll to the water-side, would it were later [on],  
For still I am afraid to meet Prince John

## SCENE THE EIGHTEENTH

*Enter GLOSTER like FAUCONBRIDGE*

But what a mischief meant Fauconbudge  
To come again so soon? that way he went,  
And now comes peaking. Upon my life,  
The buzzard hath me in suspicion,  
But whatsoever chance, I'll fetch a share

GLO Yonder's Prince John, I hope he cannot  
know me,

There's nought but Gloster, Gloster in their  
mouths,

I am half-strangled with the garlic-breath

Of rascals that exclaim, as I pass by,

Gloster is fled, once taken, he must die

But I'll to John—how does my gracious lord?

What babbles rumour now? What news of  
Gloster?

SKINK What news could I hear, since you left  
me last?



Were you not here even now? lent me your chain?

I think you dote.

GLO Sweet prince, age aye<sup>1</sup> forgets  
My brother's chain? a pretty accident!

But I'll have't, and be in the spite of John [*Aside*  
SKINK There's more and more, I'll geld it, ere  
it go [*He breaks the chain*

This same shall keep me in some tavern mery,  
Till night's black hand curtain this too clear  
sky

GLO<sup>2</sup> My sweet prince, I have some cause to  
use my chain,  
Another time (whene'er your lordship please)  
'Tis at your service, O marry God, it is

SKINK Here, palsy, take your chain, stoop and  
be hang'd, [*Casts it down*  
Yet the fish nibbled, when she might not swallow  
Go'ut<sup>3</sup> I have curtail'd, what I could not borrow  
[*Eat*

GLO He's gone away in frets, would he might  
meet  
My brother Fauconbridge in this mad mood,  
There would be rare ado. Why, this fits me,  
My brain flows with fresh wit and policy  
But, Gloster, look about, who have we yonder?  
Another John, Prince Richard, and the sheriff?  
Upon my life, the slave, that had the chain,  
Was Skink, escap'd the Fleet by some mad sleight  
Well, farewell he, better and better still,  
These seek for me, yet I will have my will

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *age*]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *Fau*, for *Fauconbridge*]

<sup>3</sup> [This might appear to be a corruption of *go out*, or of *God's gut* (*God's guts* is an ejaculation found elsewhere); but from a subsequent passage we can but conclude that the disease so called is intended.

## SCENE THE NINETEENTH

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE RICHARD, *and the*  
SHERIFF

JOHN Sheriff, in any case be diligent  
Who's yonder? Fauconbridge?

GLO How now, sweet chuck, how fares my  
lovely prince?

JOHN What carest thou? or well or ill, we crave  
No help of thee

GLO God's mother, do ye scorn me?

JOHN Go'ut! what then?

RICH Fie, leave these idle brawls, I prythee,  
John,

Let's follow that we are enjoin'd unto

GLO Ay, marry, prince, if now you slip the  
time,

Gloster will slip away, but, though he hate me,  
I have done service, I have found him out

RICH A shame confound thee for thy treachery,  
Inconstant dotard, timorous old ass,  
That shakes with cowardice, not with years

GLO Go, I have found him, I have winded him

JOHN O, let me hug thee, gentle Fauconbridge,  
Forgive my oft ill-using of thine age  
I'll call thee father, I'll be penitent,  
Bring me where Gloster is, I'll be thy slave,  
All that is mine thou in reward shalt have

GLO Soft, not too hasty; I would not be seen  
in't;

Marry a' God, my wife would chide me dead,  
If Gloster by my means should lose his head  
Princely Richard, at this corner make your stand  
And for I know you love my sister well,  
Know I am Gloster, and not Fauconbridge

RICH Heaven prosper thee, sweet prince, in thy escape !

GLO Sheriff, make this your quarter, make good guard ,

John, stay you here , this way he means to turn,  
By Thomas, I lack a sword, body a' me !

JOHN What wouldst thou with a sword, old Fauconbridge ?

GLO O sir, to make show in his defence,  
For I have left him yonder at a house,  
A friend's of mine, an honest citizen

JOHN We'll fetch him thence

GLO Nay, then, you injure me Stay, till he  
come , he's in a russet cloak,  
And must attend me like a serving-man

JOHN Hold, there's my sword, and with my  
sword my heart  
Bring him, for God's sake, and for thy desert  
My brother king and mother queen shall love thee

GLO Mark me, good prince , yonder away we  
come,

I go afore, and Gloster follows me ,  
Let not the sheriff nor Richard meddle with us  
Begin you first, seize Gloster, and arrest him.  
I'll draw and lay about me here and here ,  
Be heedful that your watchmen hurt me not

JOHN I'll hang him that doth hurt thee , pry-  
thee, away,

I love thee ; but thou kill'st me with delay

GLO Well, keep close watch , I'll bring him  
presently

JOHN Away then quickly

GLO Gloster, close, master sheriff, Prince  
Richard

RICH Gloster, adieu !

GLO I trust you.

RICH By my knighthood, I'll prove true

[Exit GLOSTER.]

JOHN Revenge, I'll build a temple to your name,  
And the first offering shall be Gloster's head,  
Thy altars shall be sprinkled with the blood,  
Whose wanton current his mad humour fed,  
He was a rhymers and a riddler,  
A scoffer at my mother, prais'd my father  
I'll fit him now for all—escape and all  
RICH Take heed spite burst not in his proper gall.

## SCENE THE TWENTIETH.

*Enter FAUCONBRIDGE and BLOCK*

JOHN. How now, what way took Fauconbridge,  
I wonder?

That is not Gloster, sure, that attends on him?

FAU. He came not at the sheriff's by the morrow-mass,

I sought the Goldsmiths' row, and found him not,  
Sirrah, y'are sure he sent not home my chain?

BLO Who should send [home] your chain, sir?

FAU The prince, Prince John, I lent it him  
to-day

JOHN What's this they talk?

BLO By my truth, sir, and ye lent it him, I think  
you may go look it for one of the drawers of the  
Salutation told me even now, that he had took up  
a chamber there till evening, and then he will  
away to Kent.

FAU Body of me, he means to spend my chain  
Come, Block; I'll to him.

JOHN Hear you, Fauconbridge,

FAU Why, what a knave art thou? yonder's  
Prince John.

BLO Then the diawer's a knave, he told me  
Prince John was at the Salutation

JOHN Where's Gloster, Fauconbridge?

FAU Sweet prince, I know not

JOHN. Come, jest not with me tell me where  
he is?

FAU I never saw him since the Parl'ament

JOHN Impudent liar, didst thou not even now  
Say thou wouldst fetch him? Hadst thou not my  
sword?

FAU Wert thou a king, I will not bear the lie  
Thy sword? no, boy, thou seest this sword is  
mine

BLO My master a liar? Zounds, wert thou a  
potentate!

FAU I scorn to wear thy arms, untutor'd child,  
I fetch thee, Gloster, shameless did I see thee,  
Since as I went this morning to the Sheriff's,  
Thou borrow'dst my gold chain!

JOHN Thy chain?

FAU I hope thou wilt not cheat me, princocks  
John!

JOHN I'll cheat thee of thy life, if thou charge  
me  
With any chain

FAU Come, let him come, I pray,  
I'll whip ye, boy, I'll teach you to out-face

BLO Come, come, come! but one at once, ye  
dastards, come

RICH Keep the king's peace, I see you are both  
deceiv'd,  
He that was last here was not Fauconbridge.

FAU They slander me, who says that I was  
here?

RICH. We do believe ye, sir, nor do you think  
My brother John deceiv'd you of a chain

FAU He did, I did deliver it with this hand

JOHN. I'll die upon the slanderer

FAU. Let the boy come

BLO Aye, let him come, let him come

RICH Fellow, thou speak'st even now, as if  
Prince John

Had been at some old tavern in the town !

BLO Aye, sir, I came up now but from the  
Salutation,

And a drawer, that doth not use to lie, told me

Prince John hath been there all this afternoon

JOHN The devil in my likeness then is there

FAU The devil in thy likeness or thyself

Had my gold chain

JOHN Thou art the devil, for thou

Hadst my good sword, all these can witness it

FAU God's mother, thou belieest me

JOHN Give me the lie ?

RICH Nay, calm this fury, let's down to the  
tavern,

Or one or both these counterfeits are there

FAU I know him well enough, that had my  
chain,

And there be two Johns, if I find one there

By'r Lady, I will lay him fast

RICH It is this Skink that mocks us, I believe

JOHN Alas, poor Skink, it is the devil Gloster,

Who if I be so happy once to find,

I'll give contentment to his troubled mind

RICH I hope he's far enough, and free enough,

Yet these conceits, I know, delight his soul [*Aside*

FAU Follow me, Blocker, follow me, honest  
Blocker.

BLO Much follow you ! I have another piece of  
work in hand, I hear say Redcap's father shall be  
hanged this afternoon, I'll see him slip a string,  
though I give my service the slip, besides, my  
lady bad me hear his examination at his' death  
I'll get a good place, and pen it word for word,  
and as I like it, let out a mournful ditty to the

tune of "Labandalashot," or "Row Well, ye Mariners," or somewhat as my muse shall me invoke  
[*Exit*]

### SCENE THE TWENTY-FIRST.

*Enter GLOSTER like FAUCONBRIDGE, with a PURSUIVANT, GLOSTER having a paper in his hand, the PURSUIVANT bare*

GLO A charitable deed, God bless the king,  
He shall be then reprieved

PUR Ay, sir, some day or two,  
Till the young king and Prince John change it—  
Especially if the good earl be not found,  
Which God forbid !

GLO What house is this,  
That we are stepp'd into, to read this warrant in ?

PUR A tavern, sir, the Salutation

GLO A tavern ?

Then I will turn prodigal, call for a pint  
Of sack, good fellow.

PUR Drawer !

DRA. [*Within.*] Anon, sir.

*Enter DRAWER.*

GLO A pint of thy best sack, my pretty  
youth.

DRA God bless your worship, sir,  
Ye shall have the best in London, sir

GLO What, know'st thou me ? know'st thou old  
Fauconbridge ?

I am no tavern-h[a]unter, I can tell thee

DRA But my master hath taken many a fair  
pound

Of your man Block, he was here to-day, sir,  
And emptied<sup>1</sup> two bottles of nippitate<sup>2</sup> sack

GLO. Well, fill us of your nippitate, sir;  
This is well chanced But hear<sup>3</sup> ye, boy!  
Bring sugar in white paper, not in brown,  
For in white paper I have here a trick,  
Shall make the pursuivant first swoon, then sick  
[Aside

Thou honest fellow, what's thy name?

PUR My name is Winterborne, sir

GLO What countryman, I prythee?

PUR Barkshire, and please ye

GLO How long hast thou been sworn a messenger?

PUR But yesterday, and please your worship,  
This is the first employment I have had

*Enter DRAWER, with wine and sugar*

GLO A good beginning, here, have to thee,  
fellow;

Thou art my fellow, now thou servest the king,  
Nay, take sugar too, God's Lady dear!  
I put it in my pocket, but it's here  
Drink a good draught, I prythee, Winterborne

[*He drinks and falls over the stool*

DRA O Lord, Sir Richard, the man, the man!

GLO What a forgetful beast am I! Peace, boy,  
It is his fashion ever, when he drinks  
Fellow, he hath the falling sickness,  
Run, fetch two cushions to raise up his head,  
And bring a little key to ope his teeth.

[*Exit DRAWER*

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *fill'd*, the compositor's eye, perhaps, having strayed to the next line.

<sup>2</sup> Strong See a long note in Nares, edit 1859, p. 606

<sup>3</sup> Old copy, *here*.



Pursuivant, your warrant and your box—  
These must with me, the shape of Fauconbridge  
Will hold no longer water hereabout  
Gloster will be a Proteus every hour,  
That Elinor and Leicester, Henry, John,  
And all that rabble of hate-loving curs,  
May minister me more mirth to play upon

*Re-enter* DRAWER, *with an* ASSISTANT

DRA Here's a key, sir, and one of our folk to  
help

GLO No matter for a key, help him but in,  
And lay him by the fire a little while,  
He'll wake immediately, but be [not] heart-sick  
There's money for a candle and thy wine,  
I'll go but up unto your alderman's,  
And come down presently to comfort him [*Exeunt*

SKINK [*Within*] Drawer! what Drawer? with  
a vengeance, Drawer!

DRA [*Within*] Speak in the Crown<sup>1</sup> there

## SCENE THE TWENTY-SECOND.

*Enter* SKINK, *like* PRINCE JOHN

SKINK. They bē come, the devil crown ye one  
by one  
Skink, thou'rt betray'd, that Master Fauconbridge,  
Missing some of his chain has got thee dogg'd  
Drawer! what Drawer?

DRA Anon, anon, sir

SKINK Was not Sir Richard Fauconbridge be-  
low?

DRA. Yes, and please ye

---

<sup>1</sup> A room in the Salutation so called.

SKINK It does not please me well    Knows he  
that I am here?

DRA No, I protest

SKINK. Come hither, sirrah. I have little money,

But there's some few links of a chain of gold.

Upon your honesty, knows not Sir Richard

That I am here ?

DRA No, by my holy-dam

SKINK Who's that was with him?

DRA Why, a pursuivant

SKINK Where is Sir Richard ?

DRA At the alderman's.

SKINK A pursuivant, and at the alderman's?

What pig, or goose, or capon, have you kill'd

Within your kitchen new?

DRA A pig new-stick'd

SKINK Fetch me a saucer of the blood, quick,  
run, [Exit DRAWER

I'll fit the pursuivant, and alderman,

And Fauconbridge, if Skink have any wit.

Well, Gloster, I did never love thee yet,

But thou'st the maddest lord that e'er I met

If I 'scape this, and meet thee once again,

Curse Skink, if he die penny in thy debt

*Re-enter* DRAWER.

DRA O my lord, the house is full of halberts, and a great many gentlemen ask for the room where Prince John is

SKINK. Lend me thy apron, run and fetch a  
pot from the next room

Betray'd, swounds, betray'd by gout, by palsy, by  
dropsy—

*Re-enter* DRAWER *with a pot*

O brave boy, excellent blood ! up, take my cloak

And my hat to thy share , when I come from Kent,  
 I'll pay  
 Thee like a king  
 DRA. I thank you, my lord      [*Exit* DRAWER

### SCENE THE TWENTY-THIRD

*Enter* JOHN, RICHARD, FAUCONBRIDGE, SHERIFFS,  
 and OFFICERS

SKINK Now, fortune, help or never They  
 come—and *ye were a prince, as ye say ye are, ye*  
*would be ashamed to abuse a poor servant thus, but*  
*and if ye were not of the blood royal, I'd break the*  
*neck of ye down the stairs, so would I, I'd teach you*  
*to hurt 'prentices*

RICH. Who hurt thee, fellow ?

SKINK. Prince devil or his dam , Prince John  
 they call him.

JOHN Gloster, I hope.

RICH I doubt not but 'tis Skink

JOHN Where is he ?

SKINK Up them stairs , take heed of him,  
 He's in the Crown

FAU Alas, poor fellow, he hath crown'd thee  
 shrewdly

JOHN In recompence, if it be him I seek,  
 I'll give thee his whole head to tread upon  
 Follow me, brother , come, old Fauconbridge ,  
 Keep the stairs, sheriff You see, it waxeth dark ,  
 Take heed he slip not by you      [*Exeunt*

SKINK Hang yourselves, this darkness shall  
 convey me out of doors,  
 I'll swim the Thames, but I'll attain Blackheath  
 London, farewell, curse, John, rave, Fauconbridge !  
 Skink 'scapes you all by twilight's privilege. [*Exit*

WITHIN Where is he? lights, bring lights,  
drag out that boy.

*Enter all with the Boy.*

JOHN This is my cloak, my hat, my rapier,  
And either it was Skink or Gloster

DRA I know not who 'twas, sir, he said he was  
Prince John, he took away my apron and a pottle-  
pot with him, and all-to blooded his head and face

FAU We met him, by St Anthony, we met him<sup>1</sup>

JOHN The fire of St Anthony confound  
This changing counterfeit, whatsoever he be

RICH It makes me laugh at envious greediness,  
Who feeds upon her own heart's bitterness

JOHN Sirrah, you that were born to cry anon,  
What other copes-mates have you in the house?

DRA Sir, my master's gues's<sup>1</sup> be none of my  
copesmates

JOHN. Well, your gues's<sup>1</sup> can you guess who  
they be?

DRA Marry, here's a pursuivant, that this gentle-  
man, sir, Richard Fauconbridge, left sick even now

FAU Marry of God, did I, thou lying knave?

DRA. I am a poor boy sir, your worship may  
say your pleasure, our maids have had a foul hand  
with him. You said he would be sick, so he is,  
with a witness

JOHN Look about, Fauconbridge, here's work  
for you<sup>1</sup>

You have some evil angel in your shape  
Go, sirrah, bring us forth that Pursuivant.

*Enter two, leading the PURSUIVANT, sick.*

RICH. Gloster, thou wilt be too-too venturous,

---

<sup>1</sup> Guests.

Thou dost delight in those odd humours so,  
That much I fear they'll be thy overthrow [*Aside*

PUR. O, O, O, not too fast, O, I am sick, O,  
very sick

JOHN What picture of the pestilence is this?

PUR A poor man, sir, a poor man, sir. down,  
I pray ye, I pray, let me sit down Ah, Sir  
Richard, Sir Richard! Ah, good Sir Richard!  
what, have I deserv'd to be thus dealt withal at  
your worship's hands? Ah! ah! ah!

FAU At my hands, knave? at my hands, paltry  
knave?

DRA And I should be brought to my book-oath,  
sir.

WITHIN. What, Jeffrey?

DRA. Anon, anon

JOHN A plague upon your Jeffring, is your  
name Jeffrey?

DRA Ay, and't please you, sir

RICH. Why, gentle Jeffrey, then stay you awhile,  
What can you say, if you come to your book?

DRA If I be pos'd upon a book, sir, though I be  
a poor 'prentice,

I must speak the truth, and nothing but the truth,  
sir

JOHN. And what's your truth, sir?

PUR O, O my heart.

DRA Marry, sir, this knight, this man of wor-  
ship——

FAU. Well, what of me? what did my worship do?

DRA Marry, ye came into the Bell—our room  
next the bar—with this honest man, as I take it

FAU As thou tak'st it?

PUR O, sir, 'tis too true, too true, too true. O  
Lord

DRA. And there he call'd for a pint of sack, as  
good sack (I'll be pos'd upon all the books that  
ever opened and shut), as any in all Christendom

FAU Body of me, I come and call for sack?

PUR O, ye did, ye did, ye did. O, O.

JOHN Well, forward, sirrah.

RICH. Gloster hath done this jest. [*Aside.*

DRA And you call'd then for suga, sir, as good sugar and as wholesome, as ever came in any cup of sack you drank to this man, and you do well, God be thanked—but he no sooner drank——

PUR But I, but I, but I—O my head! O my heart!

RICH I cannot choose but smile at these conceits

JOHN I am mad, and yet I must laugh at Fauconbridge

Brother, look how Sir Richard acts his rage!

FAU I came? I call? the man is like to die, Practice, by the mass, practice, by the marry God! I shall be charg'd here for a poison'd knave, Practice, by th' Lord, practice!—I see it clear

PUR And more, Sir Richard. O Lord, O Sir Richard!

FAU What more? what hast thou more? what practice more?

PUR O my box, my box, with the king's arms! O my box,

O my box! it cost me, O Lord, every penny, O my box!

RICH And what of your box, sir?

DRA Marry, sir, it's lost, and 'tis well known my master keeps no thieves in his house, O, there was none but you and he.

FAU O, then belike thou thinkest I had his box

PUR O Sir Richard, I will not, O Lord, I will not charge you for all the world, but—but—but for the warrant the old King sign'd to reprieve the porter of the Fleet! O God, O God!

JOHN The porter of the Fleet? the old King sign'd?

PUR Ay, my good lord, ay, ay.

JOHN Is he reprieved then ?

PUR No, my lord , O, Sir Richard took it from me with his own hand, O !

FAU. Here's a device to bring me in contempt  
With the old King, that I ever lov'd  
Princes and Sheriff, you can witness with me,  
That I have been with you this afternoon—  
Only with you, with nobody but you—  
And now a fellow, whom the King would save  
By a reprieve, this fellow says, is hang'd.

JOHN If thou hadst done it, I'd have justified it ,  
But, Richard, I conceit this jest already  
This mad-mate Skink, this honest merry knave,  
Meeting this Pursuivant, and hearing tell  
He had a warrant to reprieve a slave  
Whom we would hang, stole it away from him  
This is sure the jest , upon my life, it is !

PUR O, but my warrant, how shall I do ? O !

RICH But look about you, hot-brain'd brother  
John,

And I believe you'll find it otherwise ,  
Gloster hath got the warrant in disguise,  
And sav'd the fellow you so fain would hang

JOHN No, no , how say you, master Sheriff, is  
he not hang'd ?

SHER My lord, the gibbet was set up by noon  
In the Old Bailey, and I charg'd my men,  
If I return not, though it were by torchlight,  
To see him executed, ere they come

JOHN I am greedy to hear news

FAU Robb'd of my chain, out-faced I had a  
sword,  
Accused of poisoning, cozenage, seeking blood !  
Not to be borne ! it is intolerable !

RICH. Sir Richard, I prythee, have some patience.

FAU. I'll to Blackheath, talk not of patience ;  
It is intolerable, not to be borne.

JOHN It is intolerable, not to be borne ;  
 A warrant, brother , Fauconbridge, a warrant !  
 FAU I saw no warrant , I defy you all  
 JOHN A slave, a pursuivant, one Winterborn  
 FAU I care not for thee that, Winterborn  
 PUR O, it is I, sir , that's my warrant.  
 JOHN Is't you ? you rogue, you drunkard , ye  
 are cheated,

And we are cheated of the prisoner  
 Out, dog, dog

PUR. O, O, O, O my lord [*Exit with DRAWER*  
 SHER Have patience, and we will have a privy  
 search.

JOHN Go hang, ye blockheads, get ye from my  
 sight !

O, would I were a basilisk, to kill  
 These glear-ey'd villains.

SHER Come away , let 's leave him.  
 We have a warrant , let him do his worst

[*Exeunt SHERIFF and OFFICERS*

FAU I'll to Blackheath, I'll to the holy hermit,  
 There shall I know not only these deceivers,  
 But how my wife plays fast and loose with  
 Richard

Ha ! I shall fit them, I shall tickle them ,  
 I'll do it, I'll hence, I'll to the heath amain

[*Exit.*

JOHN. There shall I know where this damned  
 Gloster is,  
 I'll have the devils rous'd to find that devil,  
 O[r] else I'll conjure the old conjuror  
 I'll to Blackheath, and there with friends conspire,  
 But I'll have Gloster's head, my heart's desire

RICH. Would mad Earl Robin saw these hum-  
 ourists .

'Twould feed him fit with laughter ! O, 'twould fit  
 him

Wherever he is, I know the bare conceit



Is better to him than his daintiest food  
 Well, and it fits me well, now I have time,  
 To court my Lady Fauconbridge at leisure  
 Love, I implore thy aid, fair Cipria,  
 Thou sea-born mother at affection's ring,  
 Shine brightly in thy sphere, that art<sup>1</sup> my star,  
 My planet, thou of all lights most beauteous,  
 Be thou to my desires auspicious [Exit

### SCENE THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

*Enter* ROBIN HOOD *in the* LADY FAUCONBRIDGE'S  
*gown, night attire on his head*

ROB O, for this lady! Was never poor gentleman troubled with gentlewoman as I am with myself! My Lady Fauconbridge hath fitted me a turn. Here I am, visited with sleeveless errands and with asking for *This thing, Madam, and That thing, Madam*, that they make me almost mad in earnest. Whoop, here's another client

*Enter a* SERVING-MAN.

SER Here's my Lady Rawford's page attends to speak with your ladyship

ROB I pray ye bid her lordship's page come into my

Ladyship [Exit. SERVINGMAN] Well, Robin Hood, part with these petticoats,  
 And cast these loose devices from thy back,  
 I'll ne'er go more untruss'd, never be kerchief'd,  
 Never have this ado with *what do you lack?*

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *at*.

*Enter PAGE*

PAGE Madam, my lady greets your honour kindly,

And sends you the first grapes of her young vine

ROB I am much indebted to her honour, there's an angel for you to drink, set them up till after supper Humphrey, pray look about for Block. Humphrey! trust me, I think the fool be lost

PAGE No, forsooth, madam, he's upon the green, jesting with a stammerer, one Redcap

ROB It is a lewd fellow, pray, bid him come in, youth, I'll give him his welcome at the door. Commend me to your lady, I pray ye, heartily.

[*Exit PAGE*

Humphrey, I marvel where Sir Richard is so late! Truly, truly, he does not as beseems a gentleman of his calling, pray, let some go forth to meet him on the green, and send in that blockhead Block.

[*Exit HUMPHREY*

*Enter REDCAP, and BLOCK after him*

BLO Will ye tell tales, ye ass, will ye?

RED I'll te-te-tell your la-la-lady, or I would to G-God we were ha-hang'd else, as my fa father should have been

ROB Now, what's the matter there, I pray you? What company have you there, a-God's name? where spend you the day, I pray?

BLO Why, where you gave me leave, at the gallows I was—no farther

RED A-a-and you be his la-lady, you are the La-Lady Fau-Fauconbridge, the Earl of Glo-Gloster's sister.

ROB I am so, fellow

RED Y-y-your man B-B-Blocke here does nothing but f-f-flout m-me, a-and cr-cries r-run Re-

*Redcap and s-s-see you f-f-father ha-ha-hang'd* I sh-shall g-go-near to m-make m-murder, and he u-use it

ROB. Well, surrah, leave your mocking, you were best, I'll bob your beetle head, and if you mock him

BLO *He's run Redcap.*

RED *La-la-law, ma-madam.*

ROB. Away, ye saucy fool, go, wait within

BLO. *Run, Redcap, run, Redcap* [Exit

ROB Art thou the porter's son, that was condemned about my brother Gloster?

RED Ay, G-G-God be with you, I am the p-p-porter's son, I m-must r-run to s s-seek your b-br-brother

ROB Well, drink that, fellow, if thou find my brother, be not too violent, and I'll reward thee

RED I th-th-thank ye h-heartily, and I had not been cozened with Sk-Skink, I had no nee need of these ja-jaunts, for Gl-Gloster was s-safe enough

*Enter BLOCK and the PORTER with his cloak muffled.*

BLO Ah, farewell, Redcap.

RED. Fa-fare we-well, and be ha hang'd [Exit

ROB. You'll never leave your knavery. Who's there more

BLO One, madam, that hath commendations to you from your brother.

ROB Comest thou from Gloster? thou art welcome, friend.

BLO O, it's one of the kindest ladies (though she will now and then have a bout with Block) that ever breath'd, and she had been in her mood now, Redcap would have made her such sp-sp-sport as 't a' pa-pa-pass'd.

ROB Will you make sport, and see who knocks again?

BLO Our gates are like an anvil, from four to ten, nothing but knick-a-knock upon't

ROB Will you be gone, sir? [*Exit* BLOCK]

Honest friend, I am glad

My brother Gloster got thy liberty,  
Whose flight was cause of thy captivity.  
Nor shall there be in us such negligence,  
Though thou have lost thy office and thy house,  
But we will see thee better far provided  
Than when thou wert [the] Porter in the Fleet.

*Re-enter* BLOCK

BLO Madam, your old friend, Prince Richard,  
All alone,  
Making moan,  
Fetching many a grievous groan

ROB Prince Richard come so late? light's to his chamber,

Sirrah, in any case, say I am sick

BLO Very sick, sick, and like to die! I'll sing it, and you will

ROB Away, ye knave, tell him, in the morning I'll humbly wait upon his excellence

BLO That's all his desire to have ye lowly and humble, and 'tis a courteous thing in a lady

[*Exit.*]

ROB Hence, or else I'll set you hence  
good friend.

Come, Lady Fauconbridge, it's time to come;

Robin can hold out no longer, I see.

Hot wooers will be tempters presently. [*Exit*]

## SCENE THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

*Enter* SKINK *like a Hermit.*

SKINK. Now, holy Skink, in thy religious weed,  
Look out for purchase or thy wonted clients.

Warrants, quoth you ? I was fairly warranted ,  
 Young Robin Hood, the Earl of Huntington,  
 Shall never fetch me more unto his pounce.

*Enter* LADY FAUCONBRIDGE, *in Merchant's*  
*Wife's attire*

But, *paucæ verba*, Skink ! a prize, a prize ,  
 By th' mass, a pretty gill , close, hermit, close  
 Overhear, if thou canst, what she desires,  
 For so my cunning and my credit spreads

LADY F See, how affection aims my feeble  
 strength,

To this so desperate journeying all alone,  
 While Robin Hood, young Earl of Huntington,  
 Plays Lady Fauconbridge for me at home

SKINK What mystery is this ? The Lady Fau-  
 conbridge !

It's she ? Sweet fortune, thou hast sent her well ;  
 I will entice this morsel to my cell.

Her husband's jealous , I will give him cause.

As he believes, I hope it shall succeed

Nay, swounds, it shall, she's mine in scorn of speed

LADY F. By this broad beaten path, it should  
 appear,

The holy hermit's cave cannot be far,

And if I err not, this is he himself

SKINK What honour'd tongue enquireth for the  
 hermit ?

LADY F What honour'd tongue ?

SKINK. Ay, Lady Fauconbridge,

I know ye, and I know for what ye come,

For Gloster and your husband's jealousy

LADY F. O thou, whose eye of contemplation  
 Looks through the windows of the highest heavens,  
 Resolve thy handmaid, where Earl Gloster lives :  
 And whether he shall live, and 'scape the hate  
 Of proud young Henry and his brother John ?

SKINK. I'll have you first in, I'll tell you more anon.

Madam, they say bushes have ears and eyes,  
And these are matters of great secrecy,  
And you'll vouchsafe enter my holy cell,  
There what you long to know I'll quickly tell

*Enter JOHN and FAUCONBRIDGE*

LADY F. Stay, here are strangers

SKINK A plague upon them, come they in the nick,

To hinder Reynard<sup>1</sup> of his fox's trick?

[LADY FAUCONBRIDGE *retires a little*

JOHN Good day, old hermit.

FAU So to you, fair dame

JOHN By Elinor's grey eye, she's fair indeed  
Sweet heart, come ye for holy benisons?  
Hermit, hast thou good custom with such clients?  
I cannot blame your feats, your juggling tricks,  
Plague juggle you!

LADY F. Why curse ye sacred worth?

FAU Ill done, in sooth, my Lord, very ill done,  
Wrong holiness! a very pretty woman! [*aside*]  
Mock gravity! by the mass a cherry lip! [*aside*]  
Ah, it's not well done [to] deride a holy hermit!

JOHN. I have it in my purse shall make amends

SKINK His purse and yours shall make me some amends

For hind'ring me this morning from the lady;  
For scaring me at tavern yesternight  
For having back your chain, I'll fit you both.

[*Aside*

JOHN Hermit, a word

FAU. A word with you, fair mistress

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Reynald*.

JOHN. Where lie your devils, that tell all your news ?

Would you would trouble them for half an hour,  
To know what is become of traitor Gloster,  
That in my clothes broke prison in the Fleet ?

SKINK No, it was Skink

JOHN Come, old fool, ye dote.

SKINK But hear me.

FAU Hear him, Prince

JOHN 'Swounds, who hears you ?

I'll make your lady graft ye for this work —

[*Aside*]—

But to your tale, sir

SKINK Know, thrice-honoured Prince,  
That Skink did cosen Redcap of his clothes,  
Gloster did cosen Skink, and so escap'd.

JOHN Well done, Fauconbridge <sup>1</sup>

FAU. My lord, he tells you true

JOHN You find it on her lips but, forward, sir

SKINK 'Twas Skink in Gloster's gown, whom  
you did visit,

That play'd at bowls, and after stole your clothes,  
While you went into the Lord Morton's chamber

JOHN This savours of some truth

FAU 'Tis very like

JOHN. Well, Fauconbridge, by heaven, I'll tell  
your wife

FAU She'll much believe you <sup>1</sup> you will ? Come,  
Tell me not of my wife <sup>1</sup> this evening fail me not  
My wife, quoth you I'll send my wife from home  
Do tell my wife, Prince John, by my dear mother,  
I love her too-too well to like another

LADY F It seems so, fox, O, what a world is this !  
There most sin reigns, where least suspicion is.

FAU You'll come ?

LADY F. I will not fail, I warrant you

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy. *me of* ]





But tell me, when my lord shall have you, Lady,  
It's presently I venture for a baby

LADY F This night at Stepney, by my summer-house,

There is a tavern which I sometimes use,  
When we from London come a-gossiping,  
It is the Hind

JOHN Give me thy pretty hand  
Thou'lt meet me at the Hind? I'll be thy roe

LADY F One word's enough.

JOHN Suffice, then be it so

LADY F I'll fit my old adulterer and your grace,  
I'll send the Princess thither in my place. [*Aside*

FAU Prince John, Prince John, the hermit  
tells me wonders,

He says it was Skink that 'scap'd us at the  
tavern.

Skink had my chain—nay, sure, that Skink did  
all

SKINK I say, go but to yonder corner.  
And ere the sun be half an hour higher,  
There will the thief attempt a robbery.

JOHN Who? Skink?

FAU Will Skink?

SKINK Ay, Skink, upon my word

FAU Shall we go seize upon him, good Prince  
John?

JOHN. Nay, we will have him, that's no question.  
And yet not hurt the honest rogue  
He'll help us well in quest of changing Gloster.  
Hermit, farewell, Lady, keep your hour

FAU Adieu, old hermit soon in the evening, lass

LADY F I'll meet you both, and meet with<sup>1</sup>  
both of you  
Father, what answer do you give to me?

---

<sup>1</sup> To meet with is a very common phrase for to serve out, requite.

SKINK Lady, start down, I must into my cell,  
 Where I am curing of a man late hurt,  
 He dress'd, I must unto my orisons,  
 In half an hour all will be despatch'd,  
 And then I will attend your ladyship.

LADY F At your best leisure, father [Exit  
 life, O, the  
 That this thrice-reverend hermit leadeth here  
 How far remote from mortal vanities,  
 Baits to the soul, enticements to the eye!  
 How far is he unlike my lustful lord?  
 Who being given himself to be unchaste,  
 Thinks all men like himself in their effects,  
 And injures me, that never had a thought  
 To wrong the sacred rights of spotless faith.

*Enter SKINK with a patch on his face, and a falconer's lure in his hand*<sup>1</sup>

SKINK. Hermit, farewell, I'll pay ye or speak with ye next time I see ye Sweet mouse, the hermit bids you stay here, he'll visit you anon. Now, John and Fauconbridge, I'll match ye, and I do not say Skink's a wretch, a wren, a worm When I have tick'd them, madam, I will trim you Commodity is to be preferred before pleasure About profit, Skink, for crowns, for crowns, that make the kingly thoughts!

LADY F [Exit  
 (to the hermit supposed within) I am  
 assur'd that man's some murderer  
 Good Father Hermit, speak and comfort me,

---

<sup>1</sup> Skink issues from the hermit's house in the disguise of the man whom he is supposed to have cured, and as he leaves, addresses parting words to the hermit within.

Are ye at prayers, good old man? I pray ye,  
 speak. [*Enters*]  
 What's here? a beard? a counterfeited hair?  
 The hermit's portesse,<sup>1</sup> garments, and his beads?  
 Jesus defend me! I will fly this den,  
 It's some thief's cave, no haunt for holy men.  
 What, if the murderer (as I guess him one)  
 Set on my husband! Tush, Prince John and he  
 Are able to defend their<sup>2</sup> noble selves  
 Howe'er, I will not tarry, I'll away,  
 Lest unto theft and rape I prove a prey [*Exit*]

## SCENE THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

*Enter SKINK solus*

SKINK Yonder they are, I'll fit them, here's  
 my ground  
 Wa-ha-how, wa-ha-how, wa-ha-how!

*Enter FAUCONBRIDGE [and JOHN]*

FAU I warrant ye, my lord, some man's distress'd

JOHN Why, man, tis a falconer

FAU, Marry of me, good fellow, I did think  
 thou had'st been robb'd.

SKINK. Robb'd, sir? No, he that comes to rob  
 me shall have a hard match on't, yet two good  
 fellows had like to have been robb'd by one tall  
 thief, had not I stepped in. A bots on him! I  
 lost a hawk by him, and yet I car'd not to send  
 another after him, so I could find the thief, and  
 hereabout he is, I know he is squatted.

---

<sup>1</sup> Breviary.

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *them*.

FAU Say'st thou me so? we'll find him, by St Mary,  
An honest fellow, a good commonwealth's man  
JOHN There are caves hereabout, good fellow,  
are there not?

SKINK Yes, sir, tread the ground, sir, and you  
shall hear their hollowness, this way, sir,  
this way.

JOHN Help, Fauconbridge

FAU O, help me, good Prince John

SKINK I'll help you both, deliver, sir, deliver!  
Swounds, linger not Prince John, put up your  
purse, or I'll throw poniauds down upon your pate.  
Quickly! when? I am Skink, that 'scap'd ye yes-  
teight, and fled the Fleet in your cloak, carrying  
me clean out of wind and rain I broke the bonds  
and links that fettered your chain amity, this  
cheat is mine

Farewell, I cannot stay,  
Sweet Prince, old Knight, I thank ye for this  
prey [Exit

FAU God's marry mother, here's a jest indeed  
We came to take a thief takes us!  
Where are ye, good my lord?

JOHN No matter where,  
I think I was fore-spoken at the teat,  
This damn'd rogue serv'd me thus! Gloster and he,  
Upon my life, conclude in villany  
He was not wont to plot these stratagems  
Lend me your hand a little, come away,  
Let's to the cell again, perchance the hermit  
Is Skink and thief, and hermit, all in one

FAU Marry a God, then ten to one it's so,  
Well thought on, Princely John,  
He had my chain, no doubt he had your sword

JOHN. If there be now no hermit at the cell,  
I'll swear by all the saints it's none but he

[Exeunt

## SCENE THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

*Enter GLOSTER in the Hermit's gown, putting on the beard*

GLO This accident hath hit thy humour,  
 Gloster,  
 From pursuivant I'll turn a hermit now  
 Sure, he that keeps this cell's a counterfeit,  
 Else what does he here with false han and beard?  
 Well, howsoe'er it be, I'll seem to be  
 The holy hermit, for such fame there is,  
 Of one accounted reverend on this heath

*Enter SKINK*

I'll fain unto my cell, to my fair lady,  
 But John and Fauconbridge are at my heels,  
*[Sees John]*  
 And some odd mate is got into my gown,  
 And walks devoutly like my counterfeit  
 I cannot stay to question with you now,  
 I have another gown and all things fit,  
 These guests once rid, new mate, I'll bum,<sup>1</sup> I'll  
 mark you *[Exit]*  
 GLOS What's he, a God's name? he is quickly  
 gone  
 I am for him, were he Robin Goodfellow.  
 Who's yonder, the Prince John and Fauconbridge?  
 I think they haunt me like my *genii*,  
 One good, the other ill, by the mass, they pry,  
 And look upon me but suspiciously.  
 JOHN. This is not Skink, the hermit is not  
 Skink.

He is a learned, reverend, holy man;

---

<sup>1</sup> Brand.

FAU He is, he is a very godly man ,  
 I warrant ye, he's at his book at's prayers  
 We should have took you, by my halidom,  
 Even for a very thief.

GLO Now God forfend  
 Such noblemen as you should guess me so !  
 I never gave such cause, for ought I know

JOHN Yet thou did'st tell us Skink should do  
 a robbery,

Appointed us the place, and there we found him

FAU And he felt us, for he hath robb'd us both

GLO He's a lewd fellow , but he shall be taken

JOHN I had rather hear of Gloster than of him

GLO Gloster did cheat him of the same gold  
 chain,

That deceiv'd Sir Richard Fauconbridge.

He got your sword, Prince John 'twas he that  
 sav'd

The porter, and begul'd the pursuivant.

JOHN A vengeance on him !

GLO Do not curse, good prince ;

He's bad enough, 'twere better pray for him

JOHN I'll kill thee, and thou bid us pray for  
 him,

I'll fell [the] woods, and ring thee round with fire,

Make thee an offering unto fierce revenge,

If thou have but a thought to pray for him.

GLO I am bound to pray for<sup>1</sup> all men, chiefly  
 Christians

JOHN. Ha, ha, for Christians ? think'st thou he  
 is one ?

For men ? hast thou opinion he is a man ?

He that changes himself to sundry shapes,

Is he a Christian ? can he be a man ?

O irreligious thoughts !

GLO Why, worthy prince,

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, of

I saw him christened, dipp'd into the font

JOHN Then nine times, like the northern Laplanders,

He backward circled the sacred font,

And nine times backward said his orisons

As often curs'd the glorious host of heaven,

As many times invok'd the fiends of hell,

And so turn'd witch, for Gloster is a witch

GLO Have patience, gentle prince, he shall appear

Before your kingly father speedily

JOHN Shall he indeed? sweet comfort, kiss thy cheek,

Peace circle in thy aged honoured head

When he is taken, hermit, I protest

I'll build thee up a chapel and a shrine

I'll have thee worshipping'd as a man divine,

Assure [ye] he shall come, and Skink shall come

FAU<sup>1</sup> Aye, that same Skink, I prythee, send that Skink

JOHN Send both, and both, as prisoners criminate

Shall forfeit their lost<sup>2</sup> lives to England's state,

Which way will Fauconbridge?

FAU Over the water, and

So with all speed I may to Stepney

JOHN I must to Stepney too, and revel, and be blithe,

Old [Knight], wink at my muth, 't may make amends,

So thou and I, and our friends, may be friends

FAU With all my heart, with all my heart, Prince [John],

Old Fauconbridge will wait upon your grace

Be good to Gloster, for my Marian's sake,

And me and mine you shall your servants make

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Glo*

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *last*]

GLO Of that anon my pleasure being serv'd,  
Gloster shall have what Gloster hath deserv'd

FAU. Why, that's well said, adieu, good honest  
hermit [Exit

JOHN Hermit, farewell, if I had my desire,  
I'll make the world thy wondrous deeds admire  
[Exit

GLO Still good, still passing good, Gloster is  
still

Henry's true hate, foe to John's froward will,  
No more of that for them in better time  
If this same hermit be an honest man,  
He will protect me by his<sup>1</sup> simple life,  
If not, I care not, I'll be ever Gloster,  
Make him my footstool, if he be a slave,  
For baseness over worth can have no power  
Robin, bethink thee, thou art come from kings,  
Then scorn to be [a] slave to underlings,  
Look well about thee, lad, and thou shalt see  
Them burst in envy, that would injure thee  
Hermit, I'll meet you in your hermit's gown,  
Honest, I'll love you worse, I'll knock you down  
[Exit.

## SCENE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

*Enter PRINCE RICHARD, with music.*

P RICH Kind friends, we have troubled Lady  
Fauconbridge,  
And either she's not willing to be seen,  
Or else not well, or with our boldness griev'd,  
To ease these, I have brought you to this window,  
Knowing you are in music excellent  
I have penn'd a ditty here, and I desire  
You would sing it for her love and my content.  
MUS. With all my heart, my lord.

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *this*]



*Enter* ROBIN HOOD, *like the* LADY [FAUCON-  
BRIDGE]

ROB Your excellence forgets your princely  
worth,  
If I may humbly crave it at your hands,  
Let me desire this music be dismiss'd

RICH Forbear, I pray, and withdraw yourselves,  
Be not offended, gracious Marian [*Ecceunt musu*  
Under the upper heaven nine goodly spheres  
Turn with a motion ever musical,  
In palaces of kings melodious sounds  
Offer pleasures to their sovereigns ears  
In temples, milk-white-clothed quineisters  
Sing sacred anthems, bowing to the shrine,  
And in the fields whole quines of winged clerks  
Salute the<sup>1</sup> morning bright and crystalline  
Then blame not me, you are my heaven, my queen  
My saint, my comfort, brighter than the morn  
To you all music and all praise is due,  
For your delight, for you,<sup>2</sup> delight was born  
The world would have no mirth, no joy, no day,  
If from the world your beauty were away

ROB Fie on love's blasphemy and forgery,  
To call that joy<sup>3</sup> that's only misery!  
I, that am wedded to suspicious age,  
Solicited by your lascivious youth,  
I, that have [only] one poor comfort living—  
Gloster my brother, my high-hearted brother—  
He flies for fear, lest he should faint, and fall  
Into the hands of hate tyrannical

RICH What would you I should do?

ROB I would full fain  
My brother Gloster had his peace again

RICH Shall love be my reward, if I do bring  
A certain token of his good estate,

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *salutes he*

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *you for*

<sup>3</sup> Old copy, *in*

And after pacify my brother's wrath?  
Say you will love, he<sup>1</sup> will be fortunate!

ROB I will

RICH No more; I vow to die unblest  
If I perform not this imposed quest  
But one word, madam, pray, can you tell  
Where Huntington my ward is?

ROB I was bold

To send young Robin Hood, your noble ward,  
Upon some business of import for me

RICH I am glad he is employ'd in your affan s,  
Farewell, kind fair, let [not] one cloudy frown  
Shadow the bright sun of thy beauty's light  
Be confident in this—I'll find thy brother,  
Raise power but he'll<sup>2</sup> have peace only perform  
Your gracious promise at my back-return

ROB Well, here's my hand, Prince Richard,  
that same night,

Which secondeth the day of your return,  
I'll be your bed-fellow, and from that hour  
Forswear the loathed bed of Fauconbridge  
Be speedy, therefore, as you hope to speed

RICH O that I were as large-winged as the wind,  
Then should you see my expeditious will  
My most desire, adieu! guess by my haste  
Of your sweet promise the delicious taste [*Exit*

ROB Why so I am rid of him by this device,  
He would else have tired me<sup>3</sup> with his songs and  
sighs<sup>3</sup>

*Enter BLOCK.*

But now I shall have ease, here comes the saint,  
To whom such suit was made

BLO. My lady gentlewoman is even here in  
her privy-walk. Madam, here's the merchant's

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *we*]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *we'll*]

<sup>3</sup> [Old copy, *sighs and songs*]

wife was here yesterday would speak with ye  
I was somewhat bold to bring her in

*Enter LADY FAUCONBRIDGE disguised as a  
merchant's wife*

ROB Well, leave us, sir, y'are welcome, gentle-  
woman

BLO These women have no liberality in the  
world in them, I never let in man to my lady, but  
I am rewarded

ROB Please ye to walk, sir, wherefore mumble  
ye? *[Exit BLOCK]*

LADY F Robin, what news? how hast thou  
done this night?

ROB My ladyship hath done my part, my task,  
Lain all alone for lack of company,  
I might have had Prince Richard.

LADY F. Was he here?

ROB He went away but now,  
I have been lov'd and woo'd too simply,  
God rid me of the woman once again,  
I'll not be tempted so for all the world  
Come, will you to your chamber, and uncase?

LADY F Nay, keep my habit yet a little while,  
Old Fauconbridge is almost at the gate,  
I met him at Blackheath just at the hermit's,  
And, taking me to be a merchant's wife,  
Fell mightily in love, gave me his ring,  
Made me protest that I would meet him here.  
I told him of his lady—O, tut, quoth he,  
I'll shake her up, I'll pack her out of sight  
He comes, kind Robin Hood, hold up the jest

*Enter SIR RICHARD FAUCONBRIDGE and BLOCK,  
talking together.*

FAU. God's marry, knave, how long hath she  
been here?

BLO. Sir, she came but even in afore you.

FAU A cunning quean, a very cunning quean,  
Go to your business, Block, I'll meet with her

BLO Ah, old muttonmonger, I believe here's  
work towards [Exit

FAU. [*seeing the merchant's wife*] Do not believe  
her Moll, do not believe her,

I only spake a word or two in jest,  
But would not for the world have been so mad,  
Do not believe her, Moll, do not believe her

ROB What should I not believe? what do you  
mean?

LADY F Why, good Sir Richard, let me speak  
with you

Alas, will you undo me? will you shame me?

Is this your promise? came I here for this?

To be a laughing-stock unto your lady?

ROB How now, Sir Richard, what's the matter  
there?

FAU I'll talk with you anon, come hither,  
woman.

Did'st [thou] not tell my wife what match we made?

LADY F I tell your wife? think ye I am such a  
beast?

Now God forgive ye, I am quite undone

FAU Peace, duck, peace, duck, I warrant all is  
well. [Aside

Rob What's the matter? I pray ye, Sir Richard,  
tell me!

FAU. Marry, Moll, thus—about some twelve  
month since,

Your brother Gloster, that mad prodigal,  
Caus'd me to pass my word unto her husband

For some two thousand pounds, or more per-  
chance—

No matter what it is, you shall not know,

Nay, ye shall never ask to know.

ROB And what of this?

FAU Marry, the man's decay'd,  
 And I believe a little thing would please her ;  
 A very little thing, a thing of nothing  
 Go in, good Moll, and leave us two alone,  
 I'll deal with ye as simply as I can

LADY F Fox, look about ye, ye are caught,  
 i'faith

ROB Deal with her simply ! O, O, what kind of  
 dealing ?

Can ye not deal with her, and I be by ?

FAU Marry a God, what, are ye jealous ?  
 Ye teach me what to do ? in, get you in  
 O, I have heard Prince Richard was your guest,  
 How dwelt you then ? In, get you in, I say.  
 Must I take care about your brother's debts,  
 And you stand crossing me ? In, or I'll send you  
 in [Exit ROBIN  
 Ha, sirrah, you'll be master, you'll wear the yellow,<sup>1</sup>  
 You'll be an over-seer<sup>2</sup> marry, shall ye !

LADY F Ye are too curst (methinks, sir) to  
 your lady

FAU Ah, wench, content thee, I must bear her hard,  
 Else she'll be prying<sup>2</sup> into my dalliance  
 I am an old man, sweet girl, I must be merry  
 All steel, all spright : keep in health by change ,  
 Men may be wanton, women must not range

LADY F. You have given good counsel, sir , I'll  
 repent me

Here is your ring ; I'll only love my husband

FAU I mean not so, I think to-day thou told'st  
 me

Thy husband was an unthrift<sup>3</sup> and a bankrupt  
 And he be so, tut, thou hast favour store ,  
 Let the knave beg, beauty cannot be poor

<sup>1</sup> In this passage the phrase, *to wear the yellow*, seems hardly to bear the ordinary construction of, *to be jealous*

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *pinning*

LADY F Indeed my husband is a bankrupt—  
Of faith, of love, of shame, of chastity,  
Dotes upon other women more than me

FAU Ha! do he so? then give him tit for tat,  
Have one so young and fair, and loves another?  
He's worthy to be cuckolded, by the mass!  
What is he, old or young?

LADY F About your age

FAU An old knave,  
And cannot be content with such a peat!  
Come to my closet, girl, make much of me,  
We'll appoint a meeting-place some twice a week,  
And I'll maintain thee like a lady, ha!

LADY F O, but you will forget me presently,  
When you look well upon your lady's beauty

FAU. Who? upon her? why, she is a very  
dowdy,  
A dishclout, a foul gipsy unto thee  
Come to my closet, lass, there take thy earnest  
Of love of pleasure, and good maintenance

LADY F I am very fearful

FAU Come, fool, never fear  
I am lord here, who shall disturb us then?

Nay, come, or, by the rood, I'll make you come

LADY F Help, Madam Fauconbridge, for God's  
sake

*Enter ROBIN HOOD as LADY FAUCONBRIDGE, and  
BLOCK*

FAU How now, what mean'st?

LADY F Help, gentle madam, help!

ROB How now, what ail'st thou?

BLOCK Nay, and't be a woman: ne'er fear my  
master, madam

ROB<sup>1</sup> Why speak'st thou not, what ail'st thou?

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy gives this line to the lady, *i e*, the merchant's wife.

FAU Why, nothing, by the rood, nothing she  
ails

LADY F O madam, this vile man would have  
abused me,

And forc'd me to his closet

ROB Ah, old Cole,<sup>1</sup> now look about you are  
catcht !

LADY F Call in your fellows, Block

FAU Do not, thou knave

LADY F Do, or I'll crack your crown

BLO Nay, I'll do't I know she means to shame  
you

FAU Why, Moll, wilt thou believe this paltry  
woman ?

Huswife, I'll have you whipp'd for sland'ring me

ROB What, lecher ? no, she is an honest  
woman

Her husband's well known, all the household  
knows

BLO Here's some now to tell all the town your  
mind

LADY F Before ye all I must [now] sure com-  
plain.

You see this wicked man, and ye all know

How oft he hath been jealous of my life

Suspecting falsehood, being false himself

BLO O master, O master

FAU She slanders me, she is a cozening quean.  
Fetch me the constable. I'll have her punish'd

LADY F The constable for me ? fie, fie upon ye  
Madam, do you know this ring ?

ROB It is Sir Richard's.

BLO O, aye, that's my master's, too [—too] sure

---

<sup>1</sup> This seems to be some popular and well-understood allusion—well understood then, but now obscure enough, nor does Steevens's explanation help us much. See "Pop. Antiq. of Gr. Britain," 1870, iii. 322.

FAU. Ay, marry, I did lend it to the false  
drab

To fetch some money for that bankrupt knave,  
Her husband, that lies prisoner in the Fleet.

LADY F My husband bankrupt? my husband  
in the Fleet prisoner?

No, no, he is as good a man as you

ROB Ay, that he is, and can spend pound for  
pound

With thee, i'faith, wert richer than thou art  
I know the gentleman

LADY F Nay, madam, he is

Hard by there must be revels at the Hind to-  
night,

Your copesmate's there—Prince John

ROB There's a hot youth!

BLO O, a fierce gentleman!

LADY F He was fierce as you, but I have  
match'd him.

The princess shall be there in my attire.

FAU A plaguy, crafty quean, marry a God,  
I see Prince John courted as well as I,  
And since he shall be mock'd as well as I,  
It's some contentment

BLO Mass, he droops  
Fellow Humphrey, he is almost taken,  
Look about ye, old Richard

[*Aside*

FAU Hence, knaves, get in a little Prythee,  
Moll,

Let thou and I, and she, shut up this matter

ROB Away, sir, get in.

BLO Come, come,  
Let's go, he will be baited now Farewell

[*Exit* BLOCK

FAU Marry, sweet Moll, I say, I met this  
woman,  
Lik'd her, lov'd her,  
For she is worthy love, I promise thee.



I say, I courted her tut, make no brawl,  
'Twixt thou and I we'll have amends for all.

ROB Had I done such a trick, what then? what then?

FAU Ah prythee, Moll, tut, bear with men.

ROB Aye, we must bear with you, you'll be excus'd,

When women undeserved are abus'd

FAU Nay, do not weep pardon me, gentle lady,

I know thee virtuous, and I do protest  
Never to have an evil thought of thee

ROB Aye, aye, ye swear, who's that that will believe ye?

FAU Now, by my halidom and honest faith,  
This gentlewoman shall witness what I swear.  
Sweet duck, a little help me

LADY F Trust him, madam

FAU I will be kind, credulous, constant ever,  
Do what thou wilt, I'll be suspicious never

ROB For which I thank [the] noble Faucon-  
bridge

[*Discovers himself*]

FAU Body of me, who's this? young Hunting-  
ton?

LADY F. And I your lady, whom you courted  
last,

[*Discovers herself*]

Ye looked about you ill, fox, we have caught  
ye;

I met ye at Blackheath, and ye were hot

FAU I knew thee, Moll, now, by my sword, I  
knew thee

I wink'd at all, I laughed at every jest

ROB Aye, he did wink, the blind man had an  
eye<sup>1</sup>

FAU Peace, Robin, thou't once be a man as I.

LADY F Well, I must bear it all.

---

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to an old proverb.

FAU Come, and ye bear,

It's but your office, come, forget, sweet Moll

LADY. F I do forgive it, and forget it, sir.

FAU Why, that's well said, that's done like a good girl

Ha, sirrah, ha, you match'd me, pretty earl

ROB I have, ye see, sir; I must unto Black-heath

In quest of Richard, whom I sent to seek

Earl Gloster out I know he's at the hermit's

Lend me your coach , I'll shift me, as I ride ,

Farewell, Sir Richard [Exit

FAU Farewell, England's pride

By the matins, Moll, it is a pretty child,

Shall we go meet John? shall we go mock the prince?

LADY F We will.

FAU. O, then we shall have sport anon

Never wear yellow, Moll ; 'twas but a trick ,

Old Fauconbridge will still be a mad Dick  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THE TWENTY-NINTH

*Enter REDCAP and GLOSTER*

RED Do ye s-s-say, fa-fa-father hermit, th-that  
Gl-Gloster is about this heath?

GLO He is upon this heath, son , look about it  
Run but the compass, thou shalt find him out

RED R-r-run? I'll r-run the co-compass of all K-Kent but I'll f-find him out, my f-ffather (where'er he lays his head) dare ne-never come home. I know, t-t-till he be fo-fo-found.

GLO Well, thou shalt find him. Know'st thou  
who's a-hunting?

RED M-m-marry, 'tis the Earls of La-La-Lan-  
caster and Le-Leicester. Fa-fa-farewell, f-father,

and I find Skink or Glo-Gloster, I'll g-g-give thee  
the pr-price of a penny p-p-pudding for thy p-pains

[*Exit*

GLO Adieu, good friend this is sure the fellow  
I sent on message from the Parl'ament—  
The porter's son—he's still in quest of me,  
And Skink, that cosen'd him of his red cap !

*Enter* RICHARD, *like a Serving-man*

But look about thee, Gloster, who comes yonder ?  
O, a plain serving-man, and yet perhaps  
His bags are lin'd,  
And my purse now grows thin  
If he have any, I must share with him

*Enter* SKINK, *like a Hermit*

And who's on yond side ? O, it is my hermit,  
Hath got his other suit, since I went forth

SKINK Sblood, yonder's company, I'll back again,  
Else I would be with you counterfeit,  
I'll leave the rogue till opportunity,  
But never eat, till I have quit my wrong [Exit

RICH I saw two men attend like holy hermits,  
One's slipp'd away, the other's at his beads  
Now, Richard, for the love of Marian,  
Make thy inquire, where mad Gloster lives  
If England or the verge of Scotland hold him,  
I'll seek him thus disguis'd If he be pass'd  
To any foreign part, I'll follow him  
Love, thou art Lord of hearts, thy laws are sweet,  
In every troubled way thou guid'st our feet.  
Lovers, enjoin'd to pass the dangerous sea  
Of big-swoll'n sorrow in the bark Affection,  
The winds and waves of woe need never fear,  
While Love the helm doth, like a pilot, steer  
GLO. Here's some lover come, a mischief on him !

I know not how to answer these mad fools ,

But I'll be brief , I'll mar the hermit's tale

Off, gown , hold, buckler , slice it, Bilbo' blade

RICH What's this ? what should this mean ? old  
man, good friend

GLO Young fool, deliver , else see your end

RICH I thought thou hadst been holy and a  
hermit

GLO Whate'er you thought, your purse ! come,  
quickly, sir ,

Cast that upon the ground, and then confer.

RICH There it is

GLO Falls it so heavy ? then my heart is light

RICH Thou'lt have a heavy heart before thou  
touch it

Theft shrin'd in holy weeds, stand to't, y'are  
best.

GLO And if I do not, seeing such a prey,  
Let this be to me a disaster day

RICH Art thou content to breathe ?

*[Fight and part once or twice]*

GLO With all my heart

Take half thy money, and we'll friendly part

RICH I will not cherish theft

GLO Then I defy thee.

*[Fight again and breathe]*

RICH Alas for pity, that so stout a man,  
So reverend in aspect, should take this course

GLO This is no common man with whom I fight,  
And if he be, he is of wond'rous spright. *[Aside]*  
Shall we part stakes ?

RICH Fellow, take

The purse upon condition thou wilt follow me

GLO What, wait on you ? wear a turn'd livery,  
Whose man's your master ? If I be your man,  
My man's man's office will be excellent !

There lies your purse again , win it and wear it

*[Fight.]*

*Enter* ROBIN HOOD. *They breathe, offer again*

ROB Clashing of weapons at my welcome hither?  
Bick'ring upon Blackheath Well-said, old man  
I'll take thy side, the younger hath the odds.  
Stay, end your quarrel, or I promise ye  
I'll take the old man's part

RICH You were not wont  
Young Huntington, [be] still on Richard's side

ROB Pardon, gracious prince, I knew ye not

GLO. Prince Richard<sup>1</sup> then lie, envy, at his  
foot

Pardon thy cousin Gloster, valiant lord  
I knew no common force confronted mine

RICH<sup>1</sup> O heaven, I had the like conceit of thine  
I tell thee, Robin, Gloster, thou art met,  
Bringing such comfort unto Richard's heart  
As in the foil of war, when dust and sweat,  
The thirst of wreak,<sup>2</sup> and the sun's fiery heat,  
Have seized upon the soul of valiance,  
And he must faint, except he be refresh'd  
To me thou com'st, as if to him should come  
A perry<sup>3</sup> from the north, whose frosty breath  
Might fan him coolness in that doubt<sup>4</sup> of death  
With me then meet'st, as he a spring might meet,  
Cooling the earth under his toil-parch'd feet,  
Whose crystal moisture, in his helmet ta'en,  
Comforts his spirits, makes him strong again.

GLO Prince, in short terms, if you have brought  
me comfort,  
Know, if I had my pardon in this hand,  
That smit base Skink in open Parliament,  
I would not come to Court, till the high feast  
Of your proud brother's birthday be expired,  
For as the old king—as he made a vow

<sup>1</sup> Old copy gives this line to Gloster.

<sup>2</sup> Halliwell says "a squall"

<sup>3</sup> Old copy, *weak*.

<sup>4</sup> Fear.

At his unlucky coronation, [that I]  
 Must wait upon the boy and fill his cup,  
 And all the peers must kneel, while Henry kneels,  
 Unto his cradle—he shall hang me up,  
 Ere I commit that vile idolatry  
 But when the feast is pass'd, if you'll befriend me,  
 I'll come and brave my proud foes to their teeth

RICH. Come, Robin, and if my brother's grace  
 deny,

I'll take thy part, them and their threats defy

GLO Gramercy, princely Dick.

ROB I have some pow'r

I can raise two thousand soldiers in an hour

GLO Gramercy, Robin, gramercy, little wag,

Prince Richard, pray let Huntington

Carry my sister Fauconbridge this ring

RICH I'll carry it myself, but I had rather  
 Had thy kind company, thou might'st have mov'd  
 Thy sister, whom I long have vainly lov'd.

GLO I like her that she shuns temptation,  
 Prince Richard, but I bear with doting lovers  
 I should not take it well, that you urge me  
 To such an office but I bear with you  
 Love's blind and mad Hie to her boldly try her.  
 But if I know she yield, faith, I'll defy her

RICH I like thy honourable resolution,  
 Gloster, I pray thee pardon my intreat

GLO It is men's custom part, part, gentle prince,  
 Farewell, good Robin, this gold I will borrow,  
 Meet you at Stepney, pay you all to-morrow

ROB Adieu, Gloster.

[Exit ROBIN]

GLO Farewell, be short  
 You gone, I hope to have a little sport

RICH Take heed, mad coz.

GLO. Tut, tell not me of heed. [Exit RICHARD]  
 He that's too wary<sup>1</sup> never hath good speed.

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *wray*.

## SCENE THE THIRTIETH

*Hollooing within, enter LANCASTER with a broken staff in his hand*

Who's this? old Lancaster, my honour'd friend?

LAN These knaves have serv'd me well, left me alone,

I have hunted fairly, lost my purse, my chain,  
My jewels, and been bang'd by a bold knave,  
Clad in a hermit's gown, like an old man—  
O, what a world is this?

GLO It's ill, my lord.

LAN He's come again! O knave, 'tis the worse  
for thee [*Mistakes GLOSTER for the HERMIT*]  
Keep from me be content with that thou hast,  
And see thou fly this heath, for, if I take thee,  
I'll make thee to all thieves a spectacle  
Had my staff held, thou hadst not 'scap'd me so  
But come not near me, fellow, thou art not<sup>1</sup> best,  
Holla, Earl Leicester! holla, huntsmen, ho!

GLO Upon my life, old Lancaster, a-hunting,  
Hath met my fellow-hermit Could I meet him,  
I'd play [at] rob-thief, at least part stakes with  
him.

*Enter SKINK as a hermit*

SKINK Zounds, he is yonder alone.

*Enter REDCAP with a cudgel.*

SKINK Now revenge thyself on yonder slave,<sup>2</sup>  
'Snails, still prevented? this same Redcap rogue  
Runs like hob-goblin up and down the heath.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *not thou art.*

<sup>2</sup> *See* Gloster disguised also as a hermit.

RED Wh-wh-wh-whoop, he-hermit, ye ha-ha-ma-ma-made  
 Re-Redcap run a fine co-co-compass, ha-have you not?

SKINK I made thee run?

GLO Yonder's my evil angel  
 Were Redcap gone, Gloster would conjure him

RED Je-Je Jesus bl-bless me, whoop! t-t-two hermits? I'll ca-ca-caperclaw t-t-t'one of ye, for mo-mo-mocking me, and I d-d-do not ha-ha-hang me Wh-wh-which is the fa-fa-false k-k-k-knave? for I am s-s-sure the old he-he-hermit wo-would never mo-mock an honest man

GLO He is the counterfeit, he mock'd thee, fellow

I did not see thee in my life before,  
 He wears my garments, and has cosened me

RED Have you co-co-cosened the he-he-hermit and m-made

Redcap run to no pu-pu-purpose?

SKINK No, he's [a] counterfeit, I will tell no lies,  
 As sure as Skink deceiv'd thee of thy clothes,  
 Sent thee to Kent, gave thee thy fare by water,  
 So sure, he's false, and I the perfect hermit.

GLO This villain is a conjuror, I doubt,  
 Were he the devil, yet I would not budge.

RED Si-si-sirrah, you are the co-counterfeit. O, this is the tr-tr-true he-hermit Sta-sta-stand still, g-good man, at that, I'll bu-bumbast you i'faith, I'll make you g-give the old m-m-man his gown.

*[Offers to stake, GLOSTER trips up his heels; shifts SKINK into his place]*

G-G-God's lid, are ye go-good at that? I'll cu-cudgel ye f-f-for the tr-tr-trick.

SKINK It was not I; 'twas he, that cast thee down

RED You li-li-li-he, you ra-ra-rascal, you, I le-left ye st-standing he-here.



SKINK Zounds, hold, you stammerer, or I'll cut  
your stumps

GLO He is for me, he's weapon'd—I like that!

RED O, here's a ro-ro-rogue in-ca-ca-carnate,  
help, mu-murder, murder

*Enter LANCASTER and HUNTSMEN at one door,  
LEICESTER and HUNTSMEN at another.*

LAN Lay hold upon that thievish counterfeit

LEI Why, here's another hermit, Lancaster

GLO I am the hermit, sir, that wretched man  
Doth many a robbery in my disguise

SKINK It's he that robs, he slanders me, he lies

LAN Which set on thee?

RED Th-this f-f-fellow has a s-s-sword and a  
buckler

LAN Search him, this is the thief, O, here's  
my purse,

My chain, my jewels! O thou wicked wretch,

How dar'st thou, under show of holiness,

Commit such actions of impiety?

Bind him, I'll have him made a public scorn

SKINK Lay hold upon that other hermit,  
He is a counterfeit as well as I

He stole those clothes from me, for I am Skink

Search him, I know him not, he is some slave

GLO Thou liest, base varlet

RED O G-God, he has a sword too. Skink, are  
you ca-catcht?

LAN Villain, thou shalt with me unto the  
Court

LEI And this with me, this is the traitor  
Gloster

GLO Thou liest, proud Leicester; I am no  
traitor

RED. G-Gloster? O b-brave, now m-my father  
sh-shall be f-free.

LAN. Earl Gloster, I am sorry thou art taken.

GLO I am not taken yet, nor will I yield  
To any here but noble Lancaster.  
Let Skink be Leicester's prisoner, I'll be thine

LEI Thou shalt be mine

GLO First, through a crimson sluice,  
I'll send thy hated soul to those black fiends,  
That long have hovered gaping for their part,  
When tyrant life should leave thy traitor heart !  
Come, Lancaster, keep Skink ; I'll go with thee  
Let loose the mad knave, for I praise his shifts  
He shall not start away , I'll be his guide,  
And with proud looks, outface young Henry's  
pride

LEI Look to them, Lancaster, upon thy life

RED Well, I'll r-run and get a p-pardon of the  
k-k-k-king,

Gl-Gloster and Skink ta-ta-taken ! O b-b-brave,  
r-r-r-run, Re-Re-Redca-cap, a-and ca-ca-carry  
the first n-n-news to Co-Co-Court

LEI. Lancaster, I'll help to guard them to the  
Court

LAN. Do as you please

GLO. Leicester, do not come near me ,  
For, if thou do, thou shalt buy it dearly.

LEI I'll have thy hand for this

GLO Not for thy heart

SKINK Brave Earl, had Skink known thou  
hadst been the noble Gloster (whose mad tricks  
have made me love thee), I would have dyed  
Blackheath red with the blood of millions, ere we  
would have been taken , but what remedy ? we  
are fast, and must answer it like gentlemen, like  
soldiers, like resolute

GLO Aye, ye are a gallant Come, old Lan-  
caster

For thy sake will I go, or else, by heaven,  
I'd send some dozen of these slaves to hell

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE THE THIRTY-FIRST

*Enter* PRINCE RICHARD, ROBIN HOOD, *and* LADY FAUCONBRIDGE

LADY F Your travail and your comfortable news  
This ring, the certain sign you met with him  
Binds me in duteous love unto your grace ,  
But on my knees I fall, and humbly crave  
Importune that no more you ne'er can have

RICH Nay, then, ye wrong me, Lady Faucon-  
bridge,  
Did you not join your fair white hands,  
Swore that ye would forswear your husband s bed  
[And] if I could but find out Gloster ?

LADY F I swear so !

RICH [Yes,] by heaven

ROB. Take heed , it's an high oath, my lord

RICH What meanest thou, Huntington ?

ROB To save your soul ,  
I do not love to have my friends forsworn,  
She never promis'd, that you urge her with

RICH Go to , provoke me not

ROB. I tell you true ,  
Twas I in her attire that promis'd you  
She was gone unto the wizard at Blackheath,  
And there had suitors more than a good many

RICH Was I deluded then ?

LADY F No, not deluded ,  
But hind'ed from desire unchaste and rude  
O, let me woo ye with the tongue of ruth,  
Dewing your princely hand with pity's tears,  
That you would leave this most unlawful suit,  
If e'er we live, till Fauconbridge be dead,  
(As God defend his death I should desire)  
Then, if your highness deign so base a match,

And holy laws admit a marriage,  
 Considering our affinity in blood,  
 I will become your handmaid, not your harlot—  
 That shame shall never dwell upon my brow

ROB I' faith, my lord, she's honourably resolv'd,  
 For shame, no more, importune her no more

RICH Marian, I see thy virtue, and commend  
 it,

I know my error, seeking thy dishonour,  
 But the respectless, reasonless command  
 Of my inflamed love, bids me still try,  
 And trample under foot all piety,  
 Yet, for I will not seem too impious,  
 Too inconsiderate of thy seeming grief,  
 Vouchsafe to be my mistress use me kindly.  
 And I protest I'll strive with all my power,  
 That lust himself may in his heat devour.

LADY F You are my servant, then

RICH. Thanks, sacred mistress

ROB What am I?

LADY F You are my fellow Robert.

*Enter FAUCONBRIDGE in his hose and doublet*

FAU What, Prince Richard? noble Hunting-  
 ton?

Welcome, i' faith, welcome! by the morrow mass!  
 You are come as fitly as my heart can wish.  
 Prince John this night will be a reveller,  
 He hath invited me and Marian,  
 God's marry mother, go along with us,  
 It's but hard by, close by—at our town-tavern

RICH. Your tavern?

FAU. O, aye, aye, aye; 'tis his own made  
 match,

I'll make you laugh, I'll make you laugh, i' faith,  
 Come, come, he's ready. O, come, come away.

LADY F. But where's the princess?

FAU She is <sup>1</sup> ready too ,  
 Block, Block, my man, must be her waiting-man  
 Nay, will ye go ? for God's sake, let us go

RICH Is the jest so ? nay, then, let us away

ROB O, 'twill allay his heat, make dead his fire

FAU Ye bobb'd me first, ye first gave me  
 my hie,

But come, a God's name, P'ince John stays for  
 us

[*Exeunt*

ROB This is the word · ever at spendthrifts'  
 feasts,

They are gull'd themselves, and scoff'd at by their  
 guests

[*Exit*

## SCENE THE THIRTY-SECOND

*A tavern Enter JOHN, FAUCONBRIDGE, ROBIN  
 HOOD, RICHARD, and the others* <sup>2</sup>

JOHN Baffled and scoff'd ! Skink, Gloster, women,  
 Fools and boys abuse me I'll be reveng'd

RICH Reveng'd ? and why, good child ?

Old Fauconbridge hath had a worser basting

FAU. Aye, they have banded [me] from chase to  
 chase ,

I have been their tennis-ball, since I did court

RICH Come, John, take hand with virtuous  
 Isabel,

And let's unto the court, like loving friends  
 Our kingly brother's birth-day's festival  
 Is forthwith to be kept ; thither we'll hie,  
 And grace with pomp that great solemnity.

JOHN Whither ye will, I care not, where I go  
 If grief will grace it, I'll adorn the show

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *he's*

<sup>2</sup> Old copy gives as the stage-direction here merely,  
*Enter John*

FAU Come, madam, we must thither; we are bound

LADY <sup>1</sup> I'm loth to see the court, Gloster being from thence,

Or kneel to him that gave us this offence

FAU. Body of me, peace, woman, I prythee, peace

*Enter REDCAP.*

RED Go-Go-God [speed] ye, Go-God s-speed ye !

JOHN Whither run you, sir knave ?

RED R-r-run ye, sir knave ? why, I i-run to my La-Lady Fa-Fauconbridge, to te te-tell her Sk-Skink and Gl-Gloster is taken, and aie g-g-gone to the c-c-court with L-Loid Leicester and L-Lord La-La-Lancaster

JOHN Is Gloster taken ? thither will I fly  
Upon wiath's wings, not quiet till he die

*[Exit with PRINCESS]*

RICH Is Gloster taken ?

RED Aye, he is ta-taken,  
I wa-warrant ye, with a wi-witness

RICH Then will I to court,  
And either set him free, or die the death  
Follow me, Fauconbridge, fear not, fair madam  
You said you had the porter in your house ?  
Some of your servants bring him, on my life,  
One hair shall not be taken from his head,  
Nor he, nor you, nor Gloster, injured

FAU Come, Moll, and Richard say the word,  
ne'er fear

ROB Madam, we have twenty thousand at our call,  
The most young Henry dares is but to brawl

LADY F Pray God, it prove so,

RICH Follow, Huntington  
Sir Richard, do not fail to send the porter

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Lan*

FAU. Block, bring the porter of the Fleet to court

BLO. I will, sir

RED The p-p porter of the Fl-Fl-Fleet to court?  
What p p-porter of the Fl-Fl-Fleet?

BLO What, Redcap?

Run, Redcap, wilt thou see thy father?

RED My fa-father?

Aye, that I w-would s see my f-father, and there be  
A p-por-ter in your ho-house, it is my fa-father

BLO Follow me, Redcap, then [Exit

RED And you were tw-tw-twenty B-Blocks, I'd  
f-f-follow ye, s-so I would, and r-run to the co-co-  
court too, and k-kneel before the k k-king f-f-for  
his pa-pardon

BLO [Within] Come away, Redcap, run, Red-  
cap

RED I-I-I r-i-run as f-f-fast as I-I ca-ca-can  
run, I wa-warrant ye

### SCENE THE THIRTY-THIRD.

*Enter a Signet,<sup>1</sup> first two Heralds, after them LEICESTER, with a sceptre, LANCASTER, with a crown imperial on a cushion · after them HENRY THE ELDER, bare-headed, bearing a sword and a globe. after him YOUNG HENRY, crowned · ELINOR, the Mother-Queen, crowned. YOUNG QUEEN crowned HENRY THE ELDER places his son, the two Queens on either hand, himself at his feet, LEICESTER and LANCASTER below him.*

HEN. Herald, fetch Lancaster and Leicester coronets,

---

<sup>1</sup> Compare "First Part of Jeronimo," vol. iv, p 349, and the note,

Suffer no marquis, earl, nor countess enter,  
Except their temples circled are in gold

[*He delivers coronets to LEICESTER  
and LANCASTER*

Shew them our viceroys by our will controll'd,  
As at a coronation, every peer  
Appears in all his pomp, so at this feast,  
Held for our birthright, let them be adorn'd,  
Let Gloster be brought in, crowned like an earl

[*Exit HERALD*

This day we'll have no parley of his death,  
But talk of jouissance and gleeful mirth  
Let Skink come in, give him a baron's seat  
High is his spuit, his deserts are great

KING You wrong the honou of nobility  
To place a robber in a baron's stead

QUEEN It's well ye term him not a murderer

KING Had I misterm'd him?

QUEEN Ay, that had you, Henry  
He did a piece of justice at my bidding

KING. Who made you a justice?

HEN I, that had the power

KING You had none then

*Enter GLOSTER and SKINK*

LEI Yes, he was crown'd before

HEN Why does not Gloster wear a coronet?

GLO Because his sovereign doth not wear a  
crown

HEN By heaven, put on thy coronet, or that  
heaven,

Which now with a clear [arch] lends us this light  
Shall not be curtain'd with the veil of night,  
Ere on thy head I clap a burning crown  
Of red-hot iron, that shall sear thy brains

RICH. Good Gloster, crown thee with thy coronet.

LAN Do, gentle earl.



SKINK. Swounds, do, would I had one.

QUEEN. Do not, I prythee, keep thy proud heart  
still [*Aside.*]

GLO. I'll wear it but to cross thy fioward will.

HEN Sit down, and take thy place

GLO It's the low earth,  
To her I must, from her I had my birth<sup>1</sup>

HEN We are pleas'd thou shalt sit there.  
Skink, take thy place among my nobles

*Enter JOHN and ISABEL, with coronets*

SKINK Thanks to King Henry's grace

JOHN John, Earl of Morton and of Nottingham,  
With Isabel his countess, bow themselves  
Before their brother Henry's royal throne<sup>1</sup>

HEN Ascend your seats, live in our daily love

*Enter RICHARD and ROBERT, with coronets*

RICH Richard, the Prince of England, with his  
ward,  
The noble Robert Hood, Earl Huntington,  
Present then service to your majesty

HEN Y'are welcome, too, though little be your  
love [*Aside*]

*Enter FAUCONBRIDGE with his LADY, she a coronet*

FAU Old Richard Fauconbridge, Knight of the  
Cross,  
Lord of the Cinque Ports, with his noble wife,  
Dame Marian, Countess of West-Hereford,<sup>2</sup>  
Offer their duties at this royal meeting

---

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *breath*]

<sup>2</sup> [Compare Couthope's "Historic Peerage," 1857, i  
Hereford]

HEN Sit down, thou art a neuter, she a foe  
Thy love we doubt, her heart too well we know.

[*Aside*

What suitors are without? let them come in

GLO And have no justice, where contempt is  
king

HEN Madman, I give no ear to thy loose words

JOHN O sir, y'are welcome, you have your old  
seat

GLO Though thou sit higher, yet my heart's as  
great

QUEEN. Great heart, we'll make you lesser by  
the head.

GLO Ill comes not ever to the threatened <sup>1</sup>

*Enter BLOCK and REDCAP*

HEN. What are you two?

RED M-ma-marry, and't please you, I am  
Re-Re-Redcap

HEN And what's your mate?

BLO A poor porter, sir

JOHN The porter of the Fleet, that was con-  
demned?

BLO No, truly, sir, I was porter last, when  
I left the door open at the tavern

JOHN. O, is't you, sir?

LEI. And what would you two have?

RED. I co-co come to re-re-re-qui-quire the young  
k-k-king of his go-goo-goodness, since Glo-Gloster  
is t-taken, that he, wo-wo-would let my fa-fa-father  
have his pa-pa-pardon.

HEN. Sirrah, your father has his pardon sign'd  
Go to the office, it shall be delivered.

RED And shall he be p-p porter a-ga-gain?

---

<sup>1</sup> [In allusion to the proverb, *The caten'd men live long*]

HEN Aye, that he shall, but let him be advis'd,  
Hereafter how [he] lets out prisoners

RED I wa-warrant ye, my lord

HEN What hast thou more to say?

RED Marry, I wo-would have Skink pu-punish'd  
For co-co coney-catching me

LEI Is that your business?

RED, Aye, by my t-t-troth is it

HEN Then get away

GLO Against Skink (poor knave) thou gett'st  
no right this day

BLO O, but run back, Redcap, for the pursuivant!

O L-Loid, s-sir, I have another s-suit for the  
p-p-pursuivant,

That has l-l-lost his b b box and his wa-wa warrant

HEN. What means the fellow?

RED Why, the pu-pu-pursuivant, sir, and the  
po-po-porter

GLO The box, that I had from him—there it is

FAU Marry a me, and I was charg'd with it  
Had you it, brother Gloster? God's good mercy!

HEN And what have you to say?

BLO Nothing, sir,  
But God bless you! you are a goodly company!  
Except Sir Richard<sup>1</sup> or my lady will command me  
Any more service

FAU Away, you prating knave! hence, varlet,  
hence [Exit BLOCK

LEI Put forth them fellows there

RED Af-fo fore I g-go,  
I b-b be-s-s-seech you, let Sk-Skink and Gl-Gloster  
be lo-lo-looked to,  
For they have p-p-play'd the k-k-knaves too-too-  
too-b-b-bad

HEN Take hence that stuttering fellow; shut  
him<sup>2</sup> forth.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *William*]

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *them*

RED Nay, I'll ru-u-run, faith, you shall not  
n-n-need to b-b-b-bid him ta-t take m-me away,  
for Re-Re-Redcap will i-i-u-run rarely

[Exit REDCAP]

HEN The sundry misdemeanors late committed,  
As thefts and shifts in other men's disguise,  
We now must (knave Skink) freely tell thy faults

SKINK Sweet king, by these two terrors<sup>1</sup> to  
mine enemies, that lend light to my body's dark-  
ness Cavilero Skink being beleaguer'd with an  
host of leaden heels, arm'd in ring Irish.<sup>2</sup> cheated  
my hammerer of his *red cap* and coat, was sur-  
pris'd, brought to the Fleet as a person suspected,  
pass'd current, till Gloster stripped me from my  
counterfeit, clad my back in silk and my heart in  
sorrow, and so left me to the mercy of my mother-  
wit How Prince John released me, he knows,  
how I got Fauconbridge's chain, I know But how  
he will get it again, I know not

FAU Where is it, sirrah? tell me where it is?

GLO I got it from him, and I got John's sword

JOHN I would 'twere to the hilt up in thy heart

RICH O, be more charitable, brother John

LEI My liege, you need not by particulars  
Examine, what the world knows too plain,  
If you will pardon Skink, his life is sav'd,  
If not, he is convicted by the law  
For Gloster, as you worthily resolv'd,  
First take his hand, and afterward his head

HEN Skink, thou hast life, our pardon and our  
love

SKINK [to JOHN] And your forgiveness for my  
robbery?

JOHN Tut, never trouble me with such a toy,  
Thou hind'rest me from hearing of my joy.

<sup>1</sup> Something seems to have dropped out of the text

<sup>2</sup> I do not find this phrase anywhere

HEN Bring forth a block, wine, water, and  
towel,  
Knives, and a surgeon to bind up the veins  
Of Gloster's arm, when his right hand is off—  
His hand that struck Skink at the Parliament

SKINK I shall bear his blows to my grave, my  
lord

KING Son Henry, see thy father's palsy hands,  
Join'd like two suppliants, pressing to thy throne  
Look, how the furrows of his aged cheek,  
Fill'd with the rivulets of wet-ey'd moan  
Begs mercy for Earl Gloster<sup>1</sup> weigh his guilt  
Why for a slave should royal blood be spilt?

SKINK You wrong mine honour Skink must<sup>1</sup>  
be reveng'd

HEN Father, I do commend your humble  
course,  
But quite dislike the project of your suit  
Good words in an ill cause makes the fact worse  
Of blood or baseness justice will dispute  
The greater man, the greater his transgression  
Where strength wrongs weakness, it is mere  
oppression.

LADY F O, but, King Henry, hear a sister speak  
Gloster was wrong'd, his lands were given away,  
They are not justly said just laws to break,  
That keep their own right with what power they  
may

Think, then, thy royal self began the wrong,  
In giving Skink what did to him<sup>2</sup> belong

QUEEN Hear me, son Henry, while thou art a  
king,  
Give, take, prison · thy subjects are thy slaves  
Life, need, thrones,<sup>3</sup> proud hearts in dungeons  
fling,

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *may*

<sup>2</sup> *i e*, Gloster

<sup>3</sup> There is an evident corruption here Query, *Life kneels*  
*to thrones*

Grace men to day, to-morrow give them graves  
A king must be, like Fortune, ever turning,  
The world his football, all her glory spurning  
GLO Still your own counsel, beldam policy !  
You're a fit tutress in a monarchy

RICH Mother, you are unjust, savage, too cruel,  
Unlike a woman    Gentleness guides their sex ,  
But you to fury's fire add more fuel  
The vexed spirit will you delight to vex ?  
O God, when I concert what you have done,  
I am ashamed to be esteem'd your son

JOHN Base Richard, I disdain to call thee  
brother,

Tak'st thou a traitor's part in our disgrace ?  
For Gloster wilt thou wrong our sacred mother ?  
I scorn thee, and defy thee to thy face  
O, that we were in field ! then should'st thou try.

ROB How fast Earl John would from Prince  
Richard fly !

Thou meet a lion in field ? poor mouse,  
All thy careers are in a brothel house.

JOHN 'Zounds, boy !

RICH Now, man !

LEI Richard, you wrong Prince John

RICH Leicester, 'twere good you prov'd his  
champion.

JOHN Hasten the execution, royal lord[s],  
Let deeds make answer for their worthless words

GLO. I know, if I respected hand or head,  
I am encompassed with a world of friends,  
And could from fury be delivered  
But then my freedom hazards many lives  
Henry, perform the utmost of thy hate,  
Let my<sup>1</sup> hard-hearted mother have her will  
Give frantic John no longer cause to prate  
I am prepared for the worst of ill

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *thy*

You see my knees kiss the cold pavement's face,  
 They are not bent to Henry nor his friends,  
 But to all you whose blood, fled to your hearts,  
 Shows your true sorrow in your ashy cheeks  
 To you I bend my knees you I entreat  
 To smile on Gloster's resolution  
 Whoever loves me, will not shed a tear,  
 Nor breathe a sigh, nor show a cloudy frown  
 Look, Henry, here's my hand, I lay it down,  
 And swear, as I have knighthood, here't shall be  
 Till thou have used all thy tyranny

LADY F Has no man heart to speak?

GLO Let all that love me keep silence, or, by  
 heaven,  
 I'll hate them dying

QUEEN Harry, off with his hand, then with his  
 head

FAU By the red rood, I cannot choose but weep,  
 Come love or hate, my tears I cannot keep

QUEEN When comes this ling'ring executioner?

JOHN An executioner, an executioner!

HEN Call none, till we have drunk . father, fill  
 wine,

To-day your office is to bear our cup

RICH I'll fill it, Henry [RICH *kneels down*

HEN Dick, you are too mean

To bow unto your sovereign

GLO Kneel to his child?

O hell! O torture! Gloster, learn

Who would love life to see this huge dishonour?

HEN Saturn kneeled to his son, the god was  
 fain

To call young Jove his age's sovereign  
 Take now your seat again, and wear your crown,  
 Now shineth Henry like the mid-day's sun,  
 Through his horizon darting all his beams,  
 Blinding with his bright splendour every eye.  
 That stares against his face of majesty.

The comets, whose malicious gleams  
Threat'ned the ruin of our royälty,  
Stand at our mercy, yet our wiath denies  
All favour, but extieme extremities  
Gloster, have to thy sorrow, chafe thy arm,  
That I may see thy blood (I long'd for oft)  
Gush from thy veins, and stain this palace-roof

JOHN 'Twould exceed gilding

QUEEN Aye, as gold doth ochre

GLO It's well ye count my blood so precious

HEN Leicester, reach Gloster wine

LEI I reach it him<sup>1</sup>

HEN Proud earl, I'll spurn thee, quickly go  
and bear it

GLO I'll count it poison, if his hand come near it

HEN Give it him, Leicester, upon our dis-  
pleasure

GLO Thus Gloster takes it thus again he flings it,  
In scorn of him that sent it, and of him that  
brought it

SKINK O brave spirit !

LADY F. Bravely resolv'd, brother, I honour  
thee.

QUEEN. Hark, how his sister joys in his abuse  
Wilt thou endure it, Hal ?

FAU Peace, good Marian

HEN Avoid there every under officer  
Leave but [with] us our peers and ladies here  
Richard, you love Earl Gloster look about,  
If you can spy one in this company  
That hath but<sup>1</sup> done as great a sin as Gloster,  
Choose him, let him be the executioner

RICH Thou hast done worse then, like, rebel-  
lious head,  
Hast arm'd ten thousand arms against his life,  
That lov'd thee so, as thou wert made a king,

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *not*



Being his child , now he's thy underling '  
 I have done worse ' thrice I drew my sword,  
 In three set battles for thy false defence '  
 John hath done worse , he still hath took thy part  
 All of us three have smit our father's heart,  
 Which made proud Leicester bold to strike his  
                   face,

To his eternal shame and our disgrace !

HEN Silence, I see thou mean'st to find none  
                   fit

I am sure, nor Lancaster, nor Huntington,  
 Nor Fauconbridge, will lay a hand on him  
 Mother, wife, brother, let's descend the throne,  
 Where Henry, as <sup>1</sup> the monarch of the west  
 Hath sat <sup>2</sup> amongst his princes dignified  
 Father, take you the place see justice [done]

KING It's unjust justice, I must tell thee, son

HEN Mother, hold you the basin, you the  
                   towel

I know your French hearts thirst for English  
                   blood ,

John, take the mallet , I will hold the knife,  
 And when I bid thee smite, strike for thy life  
 Make a mark, surgeon Gloucester, now prepare thee

GLO Tut, I am ready, to thy worst I dare thee

HEN Then have I done my worst, thrice-  
                   honour'd earl, .

I do embrace thee in affection's arms

QUEEN What mean'st thou, Henry? O, what  
                   means my son?

HEN I mean no longer to be lullabi'd  
 In your seditious arms

HEN. WIFE *Mordieu* !<sup>3</sup> Henry

HEN *Mordieu* nor devil, little tit of France,  
 I know your heart leaps at our heart's mischance

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *us*

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, *set*

<sup>3</sup> *is Mont de Dieu*

JOHN 'Swounds, Henry, thou art mad !

HEN I have been mad

What, stamp'st thou, John ? know'st thou not who  
I am ?

Come, stamp the devil out, suck'd from thy dam ?

QUEEN I'll curse thee, Henry

HEN You're best be quiet,

Lest, where we find you, to the Tower we bear  
you,

For, being abroad, England hath cause to fear  
you<sup>1</sup>

KING I am struck dumb with wonder

GLO I amaz'd, imagine that I see a vision.

HEN Gloster, I gave thee first this Skink, this  
slave,

It's in thy power his life to spill or save

SKINK He's a noble gentleman, I do not doubt  
his usage.

HEN Stand not thus wond'ring, -princes, kneel  
all down,

And cast your coronets before his crown.

Down, stubborn Queen, kneel to your wronged  
king,

Down, mammet ! Leicester, I'll cut off thy legs,  
If thou delay thy duty ! when, proud John ?

JOHN. Nay, if all kneel of force, I must be one

FAU. Now, by my halidom, a virtuous deed !

HEN Father, you see your most rebellious son,  
Stricken with horror of his horrid guilt,  
Requesting sentence fitting his desert  
O, tread upon his head, that trod [upon]  
Your heart : I do deliver up all dignity,  
Crown, sceptre, sword, unto your majesty

KING My heart surfeits with joy in hearing  
this,

And, dear[est] son, I'll bless thee with a kiss

---

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *ye*

HEN I will not rise, I will not leave this  
ground  
Till all these voices, joined in one sound,  
Cry God save Henry, second of that name,  
Let his friends live, his foes see death with  
shame !

ALL God save Henry, second of that name,  
Let his friends live, his foes see death with  
shame !

HEN Amen, amen, amen !

JOHN Hark ! mother, hark !

My brother is already turned clerk

QUEEN He is a recreant, I am mad with  
rage

HEN Be angry at your envy, gracious mother,  
Learn patience and true humility  
Of your worst-tutor'd son, for I am he  
Hence, hence that Frenchwoman, give her her  
dowry,

Let her not speak, to trouble my mild soul,  
Which of this world hath taken her last leave  
And by her power will my proud flesh controul  
Off with these silks, my garments shall be grey,  
My shut hard hair, my bed the ashy dust,  
My pillow but a lump of hard'ned clay  
For clay I am, and with clay I must  
O, I beseech ye, let me go alone,  
To live, where my loose life I may bemoan

KING Son !

QUEEN Son !

RICH Brother !

JOHN Brother !

HEN Let none call me their son, I'm no  
man's brother,  
My kindred is in heav'n, I know no other  
Farewell, farewell, the world is your's, pray take

## LOOK ABOUT YOU

LADY F Wondrous conversion !

FAU Admirable good

Now, by my halidom, Moll, passing good

RICH H' hath fir'd my soul, I will to Palestine,  
And pay my vows before the Sepulchre.

Among the multitude of misbelief,  
I'll show myself the soldier of Christ  
Spend blood, sweat tears, for satisfaction  
Of many—many sins, which I lament,  
And never think to have them pardoned,  
Till I have part of Syria conquered

GLO He makes me wonder, and inflames my  
spirits,

With an exceeding zeal to Portingale,  
Which kingdom the unchris'ned Saracens,<sup>1</sup>  
The black-fac'd Africans, and tawny Moors,  
Have got unjustly in possession  
Whence I will fire them with the help of heaven

SKINK Skink will scorch them, brave Gloster  
Make carbonadoes of their bacon-fitches,  
Deserve to be counted valiant by his valour,  
And Rivo<sup>2</sup> will he cry, and Castile too,  
And wonders in the land of Seville do

ROB O, that I were a man to see these fights  
To spend my blood amongst these worthy knights

FAU Maury, aye me, were I a boy again,  
I'd either to Jerusalem or Spain

JOHN Faith, I'll keep England, mother, you  
and I

Will live from<sup>3</sup> all this fight and foolery

KING Peace to us all, let's all for peace give  
praise,

Unlook'd-for peace, unlook'd-for happy days !

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *Sarasons*

<sup>2</sup> An exclamation of doubtful meaning and origin See  
a long note in Nares, edit 1859, *v Rivo*

<sup>3</sup> Old copy, *for*

Love Henry's birth-day ; he hath been new-born ;  
I am new-crowned, new-settled in my seat.  
Let's all to th' chapel, there give thanks and  
praise,  
Beseeching grace from Heaven's eternal throne,  
That England never know more prince than one.  
[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS.